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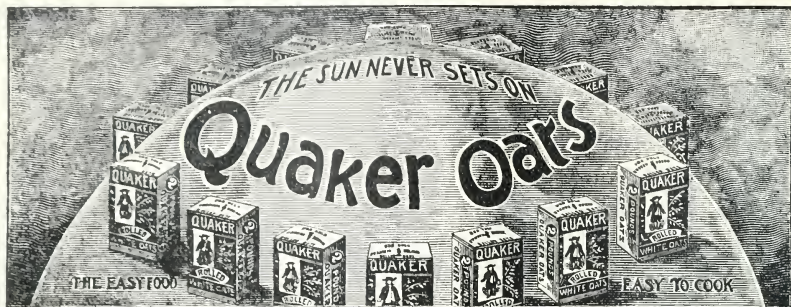
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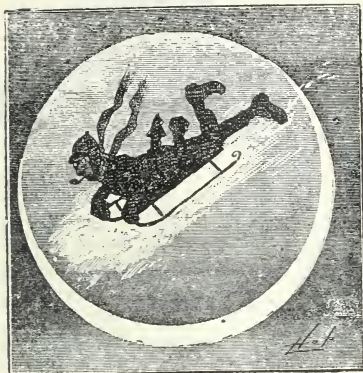
THE WORLD'S PORRIDGE!

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Bulletin

ASTRONOMICAL.

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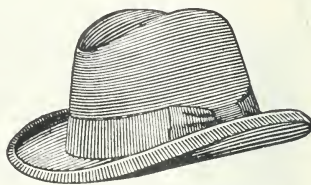
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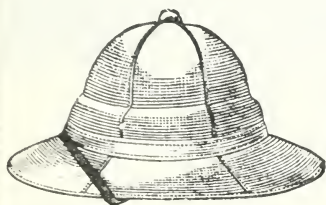
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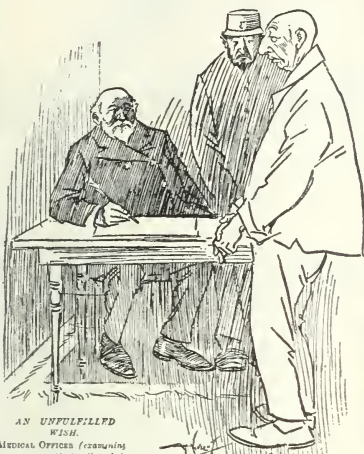
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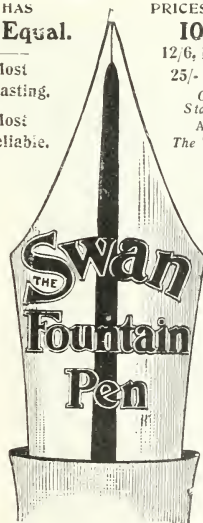
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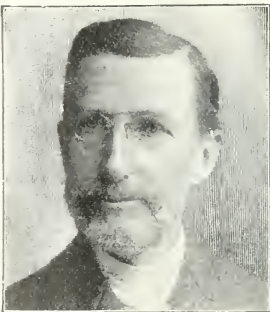
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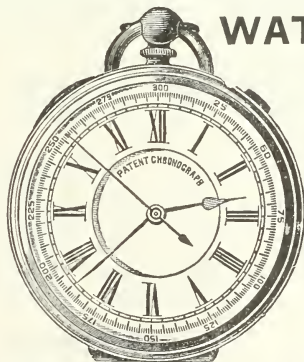
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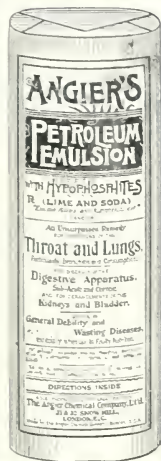
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THE FAMOUS REMEDY FOR

COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA AND CONSUMPTION.

Has the Largest Sale of any Chest Medicine in Australia.

Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its wonderful influence. Sufferers from any form of Bronchitis, Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Pain or Soreness in the Chest, experience delightful and immediate relief; and to those who are subject to Colds on the Chest it is invaluable, as it effects a Complete Cure. It is most comforting in allaying irritation in the throat and giving strength to the voice, and it neither allows a Cough or Asthma to become Chronic, nor Consumption to develop. Consumption has never been known to exist where "Coughs" have been properly treated with this medicine. No house should be without it, as, taken at the beginning, a dose is generally sufficient, and a Complete Cure is certain.

BEWARE OF COUGHS!

Remember that every disease has its commencement, and Consumption is no exception to this rule.

CONSUMPTION.

TOO ILL TO LEAVE HIS BED.
A COMPLETE CURE.

"Mr. W. G. Hearne—Dear Sir,—I am writing to tell you about the wonderful cure your medicine has effected in my case. About three years ago I began to cough. At first the cough was not severe, but it gradually got worse, and became very weak and troubled with night sweats, pain in my chest, and great quantities of phlegm. On several occasions there was blood in the expectorated matter. I had been treated by a doctor, who pronounced my case to be Consumption, and various other treatments had been tried, but without benefit. It was at this stage that I heard of your Bronchitis Cure, and sent to you for a course of the medicine. When it arrived I was too ill to leave my bed, but I commenced taking it at once, and gradually improved. I am glad to say that the two lots of medicine you sent have effected a complete cure, for which accept my very best thanks—Yours gratefully."

"J. BLAIR.

"Westminster, Bridge-road, S.E., London."

AGONISING COUGH—NINE MONTHS' TORTURE.
RELIEVED BY ONE DOSE OF HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE. CURED BY TWO BOTTLES.

"Dergholm, Victoria.

"Dear Sir,—I wish to add my testimony to the wonderful effect of your Bronchitis Cure. I suffered for nine months, and the cough was so distressingly bad at nights I was obliged to get up and sit by the fire. I had medical advice, and tried other 'remedies,' without avail. I tried yours, and never had a fit of coughing after taking the first dose, and though I have had but two bottles I feel I am a different man, and the cough has vanished. You may depend upon my making known the efficacy of your wonderful remedy to anyone I see afflicted."

"Yours faithfully, JAMES ASTHURY."

GRATITUDE AND APPRECIATION.
HUNDREDS CURED IN THEIR OWN CIRCLE.

"The SCIENTIFIC AUSTRALIAN Office, 169 Queen-st., Melbourne.

"Dear Mr. Hearne,—The silent workers are frequently the most effective, and if there is anybody in Victoria who during the last few years has been repeatedly working for and singing the praises of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, it is our Mr. Phillips. This gentleman, some three years ago, was recommended to try your Bronchitis Cure by Mr. Barham, accountant, Collins-street, and the effect that it had was so marked that he has had but two bottles. We are glad to add this our testimony to the value of Hearne's most valuable Bronchitis Cure, which has eased the sufferings of hundreds and hundreds of people even in our own circle of acquaintances. Believe us always to be yours most faithfully,

"PHILLIPS, ORMONDE & CO."

QUEENSLAND TESTIMONY.
FROM BRISBANE WHOLESALE CHEMISTS.

"69 Queen-st., Brisbane, Queensland.

"Mr. W. G. Hearne. Dear Sir,—Please send us 36 dozen Bronchitis Cure by first boat. We enclose our cheque to cover amount of order. We often hear your Bronchitis Cure spoken well of. A gentleman told us to-day that he had given it to a child of his with most remarkable result, the child being cured by three doses."

"We are, faithfully yours,

"THOMASON, CHATER & CO., Wholesale Chemists."

We, the undersigned, have had occasion to obtain Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, and we certify that it was perfectly and rapidly successful under circumstances which undoubtedly prove its distinct healing power. Signed by the Rev JOHN SINCLAIR, Myers-street, Geelong, and fifty-nine other leading residents

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PREVIOUS TREATMENT FAILED. A SEVENTEEN YEARS' CASE CURED BY THREE BOTTLES.

Mr. Alex. J. Anderson, of Oak Park, Charlesville, Queensland, writes:—"After suffering from Asthma for seventeen years, and having been under a great many different treatments without benefit, I was induced to try Hearne's medicine for Asthma. After taking three bottles of this medicine I quite got rid of the Asthma, and since then, which was in the beginning of 1883 (18 years ago), I have not had the slightest return of it. The medicine quite cured me, and I have much pleasure in recommending it."

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A FEW EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

"I used your Bronchitis Cure for three of my family, and it cured each of them in from one to three doses.—P. F. MULLINS, Cowie's Creek, Victoria."

"Your Bronchitis Cure relieved my son wonderfully quick. I only gave him four doses, and have some of the medicine yet; but I am sending for another bottle in case I should want it.—D. McDONALD, Trlinky, via Quirindi, N.S.W."

"My wife is 82 years old, and I am 79, and I am glad to inform you that your Bronchitis Cure has done us both a wonderful deal of good. It having quickly cured us both.—R. BASSETT, Strath Creek, via Broadford, Victoria."

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"I have finished the Bronchitis Cure you sent, and am amazed at what it has done in the time. The difficulty of breathing has all gone.—J. HARRINGTON, Bingegong, Morundah, N.S.W."

"I lately administered some of your Bronchitis Cure to a son of mine, with splendid effect. The cure was absolutely miraculous.—D. A. PACKER, Quirindi, Neutral Bay, Sydney, N.S.W."

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"Please send me half-a-dozen of your Bronchitis Cure. This medicine cured me in the winter, and has now cured a friend of mine of a very bad Bronchitis.—A. ALLEN, Ozone House, Lorne, Victoria."

"Your Bronchitis Cure has done me much good. This is a new experience, for all the medicine I previously took made me much worse. I am satisfied that the two bottles of Bronchitis Cure I got from you have pulled me through a long and dangerous illness.—HENRY WURLOD, Alms, near My-yorrough, Victoria."

"The bottle of Bronchitis Cure I got from you was magical in its effects.—CHAS. WHYBROW, Enoch's Point, via Darlingford, Victoria."

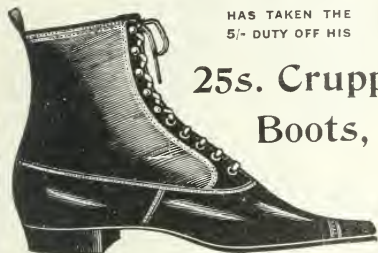
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THE GREAT HERBAL BLOOD REMEDY.

Mr. PARKS, of Frederick Gully, Bendigo, Victoria, swears that VITADATIO has cured him of

CANCER IN THE TONGUE.

To Mr. Palmer—

May 31, 1901.

I, Frederick Parks, of California Gully, near Bendigo, in the State of Victoria, do solemnly and sincerely declare that this is my testimonial to you on behalf of my cure. I have been a sufferer with cancer in the mouth for the past six years. I went to the hospital, and the first thing they did was to take the tongue right out. In two months' time, after the operation, the cancer grew again; it got larger than before. The doctors said that nothing could be done, so I went home and was put to bed. I asked my wife to get me a bottle of VITADATIO. I took half a bottle that night, and in three days I was able to take oatmeal and sage, and have had no other medicine but VITADATIO within my mouth. I can solemnly declare that the world does not know the power of VITADATIO. I am the only one living out of forty-five cases of cancer treated last year, and can solemnly swear that only for VITADATIO I would not be here now, so I think you can guarantee a cure for cancer, as mine was a very bad case; there being no hope, the doctors said, and now I can take any kind of food the same as before the operation. And I make this solemn declaration, conscientiously believing the same to be true, and by virtue of an Act of Parliament of Victoria rendering persons making a false declaration punishable for wilful and corrupt perjury.

F. PARKS.

Declared before me, at Bendigo, in the State aforesaid, this 14th day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one.

J. M. DAVIES, J.P.

CONSUMPTION versus VITADATIO.

Another Victory for the Great Herbal Remedy.

READ MR. RUDDOCK'S TESTIMONY.

192 Elizabeth-st., North Richmond, Melbourne.

MR. S. A. PALMER,

April 22, 1901.

Dear Sir,—It affords me very great pleasure to let you know what Webber's VITADATIO has done for

me. Two years ago last January I was brought home to my wife very ill; a very peculiar feeling came over me; which caused me to become quite helpless. My wife sent for a doctor; he ordered me to be painted with iodine. This was done for seven weeks, and he (the doctor) then ordered me to the Alfred Hospital. After being there for two months, the doctor sent me home, stating that I was too weak to go under an operation, and said that I must go for a trip in the country. I did so, and returned home slightly better; but after a few days I became much worse with pneumonia, and after suffering six months between life and death, it was decided that I should go to the Sanatorium for Consumptives at Echuca. My wife interviewed the lady secretary of the Sanatorium, stationed at Kew, and after examination by the doctors they pronounced me a fit patient for that institution, as I was full of consumption, but that I could not get in for a fortnight, as there would not be a vacant bed till then. At this time, Mr. Campbell, grocer and wood and coal merchant, of Vere and Nicholson streets, Abbotsford, and now of Fairfield, urged me very strongly to try VITADATIO, which I did. The first bottle upset me very much, but by the time I had finished the second bottle I was able to get out of bed, and on taking the third bottle I felt so improved that I decided not to go to the Echuca Sanatorium. My wife took that message to the secretary to that effect. I continued with VITADATIO, and after taking nine bottles I was able to go to work, so I called on Mr. Wallbridge, carrier, Lincoln-street, North Richmond (my last employer) and started at once, and have been there ever since. I do very heavy work; delivering coal. I feel strong and healthy, and can truthfully say that VITADATIO has saved my life, and the least I can do is to hand you this testimonial. It is one year and eight months since I took the last bottle of VITADATIO. I have lived in this locality for many years, and am well known. I will give further information to anyone calling at my above address as regards my illness and cure by VITADATIO, and you can refer to any of the undermentioned names, who are quite prepared to substantiate my statement.—Yours faithfully,

THOMAS O. RUDDOCK.

F. Ruddock, 28 St. Phillip-st., Abbotsford.

A. Starr, Varian and Hunter streets, Abbotsford.

Samuel Eadley Hambleton, bootmaker, 352 Smith-street, Collingwood.

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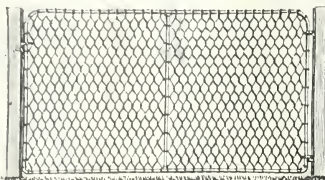
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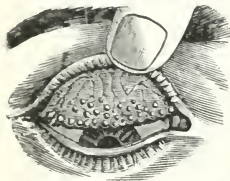
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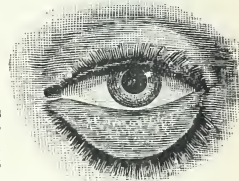


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Procter's Universal Eye Ointment as a family Salve has no equal; cures Blight, sore and inflamed Eyes.
Granular Eyelids, Ulceration of the Eyeball, and restores Eyelashes. 2/6, post free to any part of the Colonies.
A careful housewife should be without **Procter's Eye Lotion**, more especially in the country places, as
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TESTIMONIAL.

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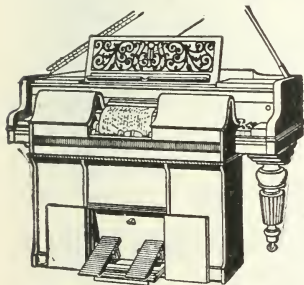
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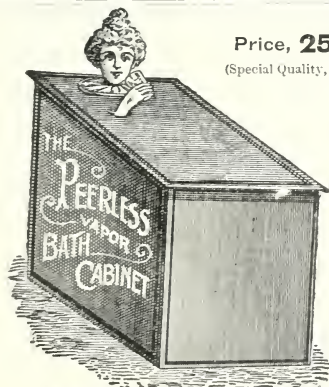
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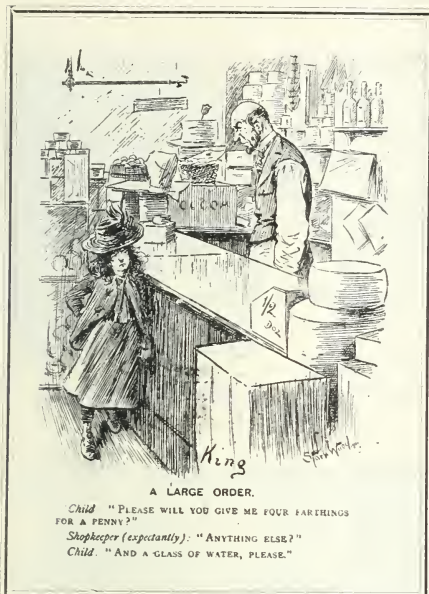
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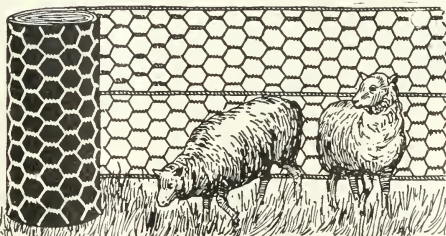
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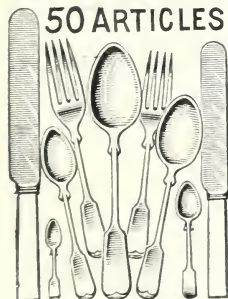
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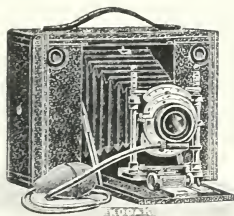
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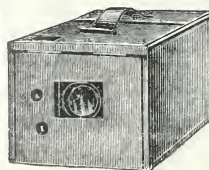
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THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

Criticism

The Federal Government has reached—as was inevitable—the stage of criticism; and the criticism is keen and general. It is accused of delay, of extravagance, of a want of perspective in its policy, of ineffectiveness. It has introduced many measures, and passed none of them. The one vital measure, the tariff, loiters. The Federal Parliament is congested with a score of other measures, some of them unnecessary, and all of them second-rate. The effect on the Federal Parliament itself is mischievous. Both Houses at times seem to be mere debating societies, absorbed in academic discussions, and firing off into space abstract resolutions that convince nobody and effect nothing. The principal achievement of the Federal Parliament, so far, is to produce an enormous “Hansard,” some 6,000 pages of wide-wandering distracted eloquence, which nobody will ever read, and which costs an enormous sum of money. The Canadian Dominion Parliament passed eighteen complete measures, including the tariff, in six weeks; in sixteen weeks, the whole term of its first session, it passed seventy-two measures! The Federal Parliament has sat over three months, and has literally passed nothing, and is not within sight of the tariff. The talking power of the two Houses is stupendous; but from this mist of words nothing solid emerges.

Who is to Blame? The Canadian Parliament had, as leader and Prime Minister, Sir John Macdonald, one of the greatest Parliamentarians of this generation. The Federal Parliament has—Mr.

Barton. And with all his manifold gifts, Mr. Barton has no driving power. He is accused, justly or unjustly, of being inert himself, and a cause of inertness in others. But is it fair to blame Mr. Barton solely for the long and wasteful delay that has occurred? “The man in the street” is apt to reflect that if there had been fewer lawyers, and more men of business, in the Cabinet, the tariff—the one vital measure of the session—would at least have made its appearance before this; and there is an uncomfortable degree of force in that criticism. With a new and unknown tariff about to emerge, the business of the Commonwealth is practically suspended. No merchant under such conditions will either buy or sell more than he can help. An alert business man, with adequate commercial intelligence, in the Cabinet, would have understood this. A Cabinet of lawyers is blind to it. One Bill, for a lawyer, is just as good as any other. And the want of what may be called perspective in the order of Government business is undeniable. The mischiefs of the long-delayed tariff are far-spreading. They affect not merely the general commerce of the whole Commonwealth, but the public finances of each State. And we have only to compare the stupendous size of the Federal “Hansard” with the absolutely blank pages of the Federal Statute-book to see that public discontent has at least some justification.

Is Money Wasted? The Federal Cabinet, too, has been sharply attacked on the ground of alleged extravagance. The official estimate of the cost of Federal administration was £300,000. Sir William

Lyne has already announced that the cost will be £500,000! This cost would not be grudged if it were proved to be necessary; but some of the items already announced are absurd. It is reckoned, for example, that the Government printing will cost over £40,000 a year; and the details given of the Government Printing Office may well make the hair on any business man's head stand on end with astonishment. Much criticism, again, is provoked by the discovery that the sufficiently generous salaries of Federal officers are supplemented by almost more generous "allowances." Ministers, when travelling on public business, claim an allowance of £3 3s. per day—a rate since reduced to £2 2s.; and the officers of the Commonwealth who reside in other States have allowances ranging from £2 2s. a week downwards, for expenses during duty in Melbourne. Ministers are energetically setting themselves to "cut down expenses;" but it is an unhappy circumstance that they were ever allowed to come into existence; and the criticism on this point has undoubtedly damaged the Government. Mr. Barton, however, in a speech at Ballarat, claimed that "when fair allowances were made for the necessarily heavy expense of bringing the various departments together, it would be seen that they were keeping within the estimate of £300,000 a year."

One evil result of the facts we have recited is that there is already a tendency to criticise and attack the Federal Administration. In the New South Wales Assembly, for example, the Federal Government has been fiercely attacked for its "extravagance," and Mr. See has promised to give the House during the session "an opportunity of discussing the alleged invasion of the rights of the State by the Federal Parliament." In the South Australian State Parliament a formal resolution has been moved attacking the Federal Government for various alleged offences. It was inevitable that the State Parliaments would, sooner or later, display a certain amount of jealousy towards the Commonwealth Parliament, and it is matter for profound regret that this somewhat unworthy feeling has found a more or less plausible excuse for its manifestation. Hardly anything could be more disastrous for the Commonwealth than the creation of any permanent mood of jealousy betwixt the Federal and the State Parliaments.

A Cabinet on Wheels

As the Commonwealth is still without a capital, this circumstance itself creates some administrative difficulties. Mr. Barton has explained that the Administration, during this interregnum, must be regarded as a vagrant thing, without any definite habitation; an Administration, in a word, on wheels. It must itinerate, with the Governor-General, at least as far as Sydney; and each Federal Minister, with his official "tail," will wander off—Mr. Barton and Sir William Lyne to Sydney; Mr. Drake, perhaps, to Brisbane; Sir Philip Fysh to Hobart; and, say, Sir John Forrest to Perth. The Federal offices must exist in this way in duplicate, or even in triplicate, with much additional cost both in time and cash to the Commonwealth. It is contended, on the other hand, that, as Melbourne is the seat of the Federal Parliament for the present, the Federal offices ought to be established there. How can the whole machinery of Government flit to and fro from one State capital to another? The dispute will settle itself in some way, but that it exists is an additional reason for settling the question of the capital of the Commonwealth as speedily as possible.

A Royal Message

The Duke of York has completed his Australasian tour, and at the moment we write is drawing near the Cape. The royal visit to Australasia spread through nearly three months, and it is pleasant to reflect that it was unmarred by any disaster, and unspoilt by any signal breakdown in the arrangements. The visit will be memorable for the display of loyal and patriotic sentiments it has evoked. Both Australia and New Zealand will in future have a quite new place in the affection and esteem of the mother-land. But if anyone desires a proof, not merely of the wealth and the energy, but of the quick artistic tastes of these States, it may well be found in the magnificent and beautiful display which marked every stage of the royal visit. None of the great cities of the Old World could have clad themselves in splendour and beauty in honour of royal visitors more successfully than did each of the great cities of Australasia in turn. The Duke of York sent a very grateful farewell message to Australia. The message, it is true, is a somewhat laboured performance. The Duke toils to leave no class unrecognised and no kindness unacknowledged; and his message, as a result, somewhat resembles a long and



THE LATE MR. W. H. GROOM,
M.P. for Darling Downs, Queensland.

diligent catalogue of items. But the sincerity of the message is undeniable, and its closing sentences deserve to be long remembered:—

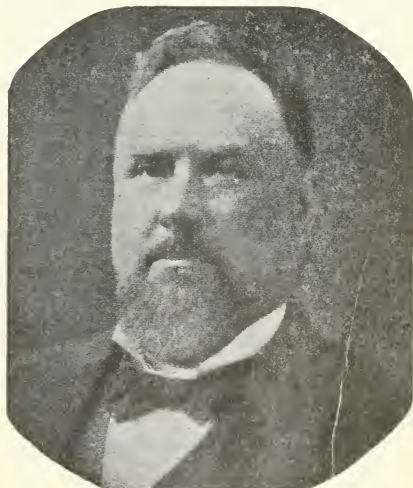
We leave with many regrets, mitigated, however, by the hope that, while we have gained new friendships and goodwill, something may also have been achieved towards the strengthening and welding together of the empire, through the sympathy and interest which have been displayed in our journey—both at home and in the colonies. The Commonwealth and its people will ever have a warm place in our hearts. We shall always take the keenest interest in its welfare, and our earnest prayer will be for its continued advancement, not only in material progress, but in all that tends to make life noble and happy.

The Imperial Parliament is anxious that the royal title should be expanded so as to cover the area of the Empire, and it has passed, by 210 votes to 153, a Bill empowering the King to adopt a title in which the great colonies of the Empire shall find a place. The titles suggested, so far, are not very happy. Lord Salisbury suggested "King of the British dominions beyond the seas;" Mr. Chamberlain wished the title to run "King of Great Britain and Ireland and Greater Britain beyond the seas." The Federal Cabinet accepted neither of these titles, but suggested, in addition to "King of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender

of the Faith, Emperor of India," the phrase, "and Sovereign Lord of British realms beyond seas." The King is to choose his own title; but there is an opportunity for any ingenious person, with a gift for happy phrasing, to suggest a royal title which shall reflect the new scale of the British Empire.

Notable Deaths

The Federal Parliament has lost a member by death during the month, and a member whom it could ill spare. Mr. W. H. Groom might well claim to be the "father of the Federal House of Representatives." He was nearly seventy years of age, and for no less than thirty-nine years he had represented Drayton and Toowoomba in the Queensland Parliament. That is a record without parallel in the political history of Australia. He was a man of kindly temper, high character, and shrewd judgment, as well as vast experience; and, though not a great talker, he was one whose utterances were listened to with profound respect by the House. Queensland has had ill-fortune, so far, in its representatives. Two of them—and two of the ablest and most respected—have died in the brief space since the Federal elections. New Zealand, too, has lost a courageous and vigorous administrator—who kindled both ardent affection and vehement criticism—by the death of Sir John Mackenzie.



THE LATE SIR JOHN MCKENZIE,
Ex-Minister of Lands for N.Z.

N.Z. Finance Cheerfulness is a real political virtue, an element of strength. A bad digestion, or a disordered bile-gland, may do more to destroy a politician than even a grave blunder in policy. There are signs that Mr. Seddon is losing that courageous cheerfulness which has hitherto marked both his character and his policy. New Zealand finances, in spite of a procession of surpluses, are being sharply criticised on both sides of the sea. Mr. W. P. Reeves, the New Zealand Agent-General, valiantly defends the credit of his colony in London; but Mr. Seddon himself complains of the pressure put upon him to expand unwisely the national expenditures. He frankly regrets that the colony has been borrowing with more courage than wisdom. New Zealand, he says in effect, must both borrow less and raise more. The expenditure for old age pensions has reached unexpected dimensions, and seriously disturbs the public finances. It is whispered that Mr. Seddon contemplates increasing the land tax.

Labour Troubles Meanwhile, labour troubles in New Zealand increase in volume, and grow more bitter in temper. It is admitted that the Conciliation Act does not conciliate, and the Arbitration Courts are congested with disputes. Mr. Seddon has spoken on the subject with characteristic frankness. He told a deputation of trades' unions at Wellington that he "depreciated the wholesale summoning of employers, as there was no necessity for doing so. It was riding the Act to death, and in time both the men and the employers would get sick of it. That was what was going to happen. The employers did not want to be everlasting in a turmoil. The law was a good law, but of late it had been brought into disrepute. Great care must be taken, or there would be a revulsion of public opinion on the matter." Later, speaking in Parliament, Mr. Seddon told the House that "something would have to be done to put an end to the incessant strife prevailing between workmen and employers. He condemned the Conciliation Boards for their unbusiness-like methods, and said there would have to be an alteration in their personnel and constitution. Parliament," Mr. Seddon added, "would probably be asked to do something in the matter this session."

**Town
versus
Country**

The breakdown of the much-praised labour legislation of New Zealand—even though it be only temporary and partial—is a very

noteworthy circumstance, and is sure to attract attention all over the world. Mr. Seddon's sensitiveness on this subject is probably quickened by a hostile movement amongst the farmers. Hitherto the Cabinet has commanded the labour vote by its "advanced" legislation, and the country vote by its land settlement policy. But sooner or later a conflict betwixt the interests of the farmers and the political ideals of the Labour party was inevitable. Nature itself makes it impossible that agricultural labour can be brought under the same conditions as city factories. The very order of the seasons is fatal to such an arrangement. And as the wages of certain classes are artificially raised by legislation, the great natural producing interests, which cannot possibly be brought under such legislation, must grow jealous and uneasy. The New Zealand farmers are apparently realising the fundamental conflict betwixt their own interests and labour ideals, and a farmers' union has been formed, having for its object, amongst other things, the demand that "the economical laws of the country be so altered as to raise the profits of the farmer to an equality with those of the other industrial classes." A conflict betwixt town and country interests would open up strange possibilities in the politics of New Zealand!

N.Z. and the Pacific Mr. Seddon has a keen eye for the larger politics of the Empire, and a courageous willingness to assist in them. He suggested to Lord Salisbury that the New Zealand policy of advances to settlers might be applied with advantage to Egypt; he advised Mr. Chamberlain to commandeer merchant ships as military transports; and he dealt very faithfully with the British Prime Minister on the subject of Samoa, the New Hebrides, and the general interests of Australasia in the Pacific. Mr. Seddon has triumphed over Sir George O'Brien in Fiji. Sir George, apparently, had a gift for indiscreet utterances. His speech to the native chiefs on leaving Fiji was a miracle of bad taste and unwise counsel. He warned the chiefs against New Zealand. That guilty colony, he told them, had dark designs on their communal system, on their lands, and desired to confine them to a diet of foul and brackish water, etc. Mr. Chamberlain has suspended the absurd law which made anyone in Fiji who caused political dissension liable to six months' imprisonment, and Sir George O'Brien has left Fiji with a seriously damaged

reputation for wise reticence and sober political judgment.

**New
Governors**

The various Australian States are slowly discovering the new type of Governor they will need. It is a happy appointment which gives Sir Arthur Havelock to Tasmania, and it is an equally fortunate appointment which sends Sir George S. Clarke to Victoria. He is a scientific soldier of distinction, a man of affairs and judgment, and—curiously enough—with a genius for mechanics. It is clear, however, that Sir George is appointed to Victoria with a keen eye for the general interests of the Commonwealth. He is declared by General French to be "one of the ablest military engineers living," and he will be an expert adviser of authority to the Governor-General on all questions relating to the defence of the Commonwealth. He will thus serve a double office.

**State
Politics**

There has been a want of confidence debate waged during the month in two of the State Parliaments. In the Sydney Assembly, Mr. Lee moved a vote of censure on the ground that Ministers did not call Parliament together before the General Election. The Labour party supported the Ministry, however, and Ministers won by a vote of 66 to 28. The result is to give the Cabinet a new title to office. In the South Australian Assembly, Ministers were fiercely attacked for the appointment of Mr. Grainger in place of Sir John Cockburn as Agent-General. Mr. Price, on behalf of the Labour party, moved a vote of censure in very strong terms. He found an additional reason for discontent in the proposal of the Government to deal directly, and **not by way of** Convention, with the question of the reduction of members. Mr. Price's motion was lost by 30 votes to 11, and the result is a blow to the Labour party. It is probable that the decision of the Cabinet against the plan of a Convention saved them from a defeat on the question of Mr. Grain-ger's appointment.

**The Price of
"A White
Australia"**

The Immigration Restriction Bill introduced into the Federal Parliament is being fiercely criticised. It is one of the measures designed to produce "a white Australia." The Imperial Government will not suffer a mere colour test, and the Bill, in addition to certain health disabilities, prohibits the landing in Australia of any person "who, when asked to

do so by an officer, fails to write out and sign in the presence of the officer a passage of fifty words in length in the English language dictated by the officer." This test would probably exclude seven foreigners out of every ten. It is being loudly asked what would have happened to the United States if, in the hour of its birth, such a test had been adopted; or what would happen to Australians themselves if all the Continental Powers barred their ports with such a law! What, again, must befall the unhappy shipowners under the Bill? They must examine for themselves in European or Asiatic ports all passengers they take aboard, or else they may be unable to land them when they reach Australia. They may be liable, indeed, for a fine of £100 for every member of their crew that deserts in these ports. The question, no doubt, bristles with difficulties. The one thing that recommends the clause is the circumstance that there is reason to believe the Imperial Government will accept it.

**A
Forgotten
Interest**

The Federal Defence Bill is being sharply attacked, partly on account of its so-called "conscription clauses," and partly because it practically treats the defence of the Commonwealth as a purely military business. The larger subject of naval defence has apparently escaped Sir John Forrest's attention altogether. The word "naval," it is true, finds a place in the title of the Bill, but there is nothing "naval" in the Bill itself. Apparently the "conscription" clauses are to have a sea, as well as a land, application; as though a sailor could be evolved at pleasure and by a drop of legislative ink! Sir John Forrest frankly declares that he has shaped his Bill on the Swiss model. Switzerland, of course, does not possess a single yard of sea frontier, and has no need of a fleet or of a sailor. And, on the Swiss precedent, Australia is treated as though it were an inland State, buttoned up in mountains, and beyond even the sound of a sea wave! No naval officer found a place in the committee that drafted the Bill, and not a single naval idea is discoverable in it. The Bill, from this point of view alone, is visibly and fatally inadequate.

**A Slump
in Mines**

Victoria has witnessed during the last twelve months a long, obstinate, and very disastrous mining "slump." Everyone knew that prices of mining stock had sunk, as the mercury in a barometer sinks before a storm; but no one quite realised the scale of the "slump,"

or took the trouble to analyse its causes. Mr. G. D. Meudell, of Melbourne, a competent authority, shows that the shares of twenty-six companies quoted on the Melbourne Stock Exchange alone have fallen during the year to a degree which represents a total loss of £7,500,000. If the share list of all the Victorian companies be taken, the loss is probably not less than £10,000,000. Yet the mining interest of the State itself is healthy and vigorous. The share market has fallen, as the result of external shock; and this shock itself is the result of many facts, ranging from the Boer War, the financial crash in Germany, wild-cat booming in the United States, etc. We do not always realise the extent to which purely Australasian industries are affected by events on the other side of the world—a good or bad harvest in the United States, a war scare on the Continent, a bank collapse in Berlin, etc. Mr. Meudell predicts that directly the Boer War comes to an end, with its financial waste, the whole mining industry of Australasia will experience a dramatic revival.

Poisoned Food

The new Queensland Health Commissioner, Dr. Ham, who brings to his office high scientific attainments, has analysed 123 samples of food, beverages, drugs, etc., bought in Brisbane in the ordinary way, with results which would be amusing if they were not disquieting. Samples of butter were found to be rough with boracic acid. Beers were rank with salicylic acid; wines were sweet to sickness with sugar. Fruit syrups were discovered which had not even a nodding acquaintance with fruit, or were loaded with "preservatives." Samples of tea were analysed, and proved to have grown on no vegetable stem whatever. No less than thirty chests were found to have been "made by mixing magnetic oxide or iron with tea dust and sand, rolled by means of starch into little pellets of various sizes, in imitation of genuine teas." The report states that the common method of making whisky is to dilute essence of whisky with proof spirit, and then artificially "head" the mixture by adding sulphuric acid and olive oil, etc. Human ingenuity is great; but in these cases it is certainly in deadly quarrel with the human stomach.

Wages Boards

Victoria has witnessed during the month a remarkable outburst of feeling against the system of Wages Boards, under which one great trade after another is being brought

That the system works mischief in certain trades is undeniable. Practically all the tanneries and fellmongery establishments are being closed by it. Wherever, indeed, there is an industry with a narrow margin of profits the system of Wages Boards, as at present administered, must be fatal to it. It is frankly claimed on the side of the employees that they have nothing to do with the question of whether or not a given industry can afford to pay a decent wage. If it cannot afford to do so, it has no right to exist, and the sooner it is killed off the better! There is on the part of the manufacturers a loud and agitated demand that the Wages Boards shall all be suspended until a Federal law covering the whole Commonwealth, and putting all industries under equal conditions, can be established. Mr. Peacock, however, who is energetically on the side of the Wages Boards, declines to hear of suspending them; but he shows his good sense by refusing, for the present, to bring more trades under the Act, and by trying to establish different treatment for country, as against city, industries.

Conflicting Views

It is easy to understand the views and feelings of both parties to this great dispute. The employees—or the majority of them—cling resolutely to the system of Wages Boards. It practically enables them to determine their own wages and conditions of labour. It gives them a partnership in the industry at which they labour, and this without the risks of partnership. With the help of a complaisant or sentimental chairman, the employees can practically vote themselves what wages they please, and can raise the rate as often as they please. There is no other limit than their own self-restraint. The employers, on the other hand, feel that they are no longer masters of their own affairs. They can never tell when they may be called upon to suffer another turn of the wages screw. They may determine every other item of expenditure save their wages-sheet. That depends on the Wages Board, or on Mr. Peacock! They know, too, that when, under intercolonial free trade, they have to face competition with their rivals in other States, who have not their handicap, they must emigrate or perish. The conflict is certain to be obstinate; but the Act expires in May, 1902, and by that time the logic of events will make one of two things necessary—the abandonment of the Victorian system, or its extension over the whole Commonwealth. But Victoria cannot enforce the Act

over its own area; what hope can there be of extending it over the Commonwealth!

It is, meanwhile, amusing, in a sense, to notice how the situation has brought to signal and public wreck a whole procession of platitudes in the free-trade versus protection controversy. Protectionists in Victoria, for example, have sniffed with scorn at industries under free trade in Sydney. It was declared they were sham industries; the vigorous industries, nurtured under the shelter of a high tariff in Victoria, could outwork them and out-sell them. But all this rhetoric has suddenly gone to utter wreck. When intercolonial free trade comes, it is not Melbourne that will invade Sydney, but Sydney which will march in victorious procession on Melbourne! In the press and on the platform alike, protectionists in Victoria are shrieking in alarm at the prospect of the manufacturers of free-trade Sydney bringing them to instant and utter ruin. But it is protection plus the Wages Boards, they add, which imperil the industries of Melbourne when put into competition with those of Sydney.

A very important contribution to the Kanaka problem has appeared in the shape of a report, laid before the Federal Parliament, by Dr. Maxwell, an expert of the highest standing. Dr. Maxwell shows that the Kanaka is a rapidly dwindling factor in the sugar industry, and that while the volume of sugar production has grown, year by year, the number of Kanakas employed has steadily diminished. Here are his figures:—

Year.	Acres of Cane Crushed.	Tons of Sugar Made.	Pacific Islanders in Queensland.
1885..	38,557	55,796	10,755
1890..	40,203	68,924	9,689
1899..	79,435	123,289	8,828

As regards the cost of the two types of labour, Dr. Maxwell gives the following figures:—

	Cost Per Year.	Cost Per Week.	Cost Per Work- ing Day.
White labour ..	£80 7 11	£1 10 11	£0 5 2
South Sea Island labour ..	36 14 10	0 14 1½	0 2 4½

The Kanaka, it is to be noticed, works on an average two hours per week more than does the white man.

But the most valuable part of Dr. Maxwell's report is that in which he shows that the white man's value as a worker varies with the climate. He costs more, and produces less, in the tropical north; while the Kanaka exactly inverts these conditions. The white man's labour power is lowest at Cairns, while his wages are twenty-six per cent. higher than at Bundaberg. The Kanaka, however, reaches his highest value in Cairns, and exactly there the cost of his labour is least.

Dr. Maxwell sees reason to believe that invention may be expected to assist in solving the problem by producing machines which will do with ease and speed what human labour now accomplishes with toil and difficulty. He is clear, too, that the Kanaka problem is finding its own slow and happy solution. He says:—

The increase of white settlers upon the sugar-growing lands during the past decade, and the concurrent increase in the volume of sugar produced with the reduction in the number of Islanders employed, demonstrate the present tendency, and indicate that under the current operation of given natural laws, and particularly in certain latitudes, the Pacific Islander is a relatively declining factor in the sugar production of Queensland.

Give nature, and the ordinary laws of economics, time enough, in a word, and the Kanaka problem will disappear. Human nature, however—especially when quickened by class interest—is apt to be impatient. But Dr. Maxwell's report makes it clear that no wise legislation can ignore the special and varying natural conditions of the great Queensland sugar industry.

The most important ecclesiastical event of the month is the union of the Presbyterian Churches throughout Australia. The union was formally ratified, and the new Federal Assembly, representing Australian Presbyterianism as a whole, met in Sydney, and its proceedings were marked by great scale and enthusiasm. The event is notable as showing the general trend of sentiment in the religious world. The forces which make for division amongst the Churches seem to have exhausted themselves, and the new tendency is towards union. All the Methodist Churches throughout Australasia become one on January 1, 1902; the Presbyterian Churches, as we have seen, have closed their ranks, and there are vague indications of a yet larger union coming. Both the Federal Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and the Anglican Synod in

**Climate
and Labour**

The Future

**Church
Union**

**Abandoned
Arguments**

**The Kanaka
Problem**

hydney, passed resolutions in favour of a federation of all the Protestant Churches. The Anglican Synod urged the Bishops to put themselves in communication with the heads of other Churches for this purpose. The whole movement is full of significance and of hope, and it certainly has the general public conscience on its side.

LONDON, July 1, 1901.

The Coronation

Preparations are being made for the coronation of Edward VII. and Alexandra next June. The ceremony, which is very elaborate, will attract universal attention, and London hotel-keepers are already looking forward with joy to the prospect of an immense influx of visitors. The Coronation is one of the greatest opportunities the Crown has for scenic advertisement, and it is true to its instincts in making the most of it. The resources of reclaim at the disposal of monarchs is one department of government in which they possess an unquestionable superiority over republics. The immense success of the tour of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall through the colonies of the Antipodes is an illustration of the extent to which the pictorial charm of royalty appeals even to the most advanced democracies. The great problem which we shall have to solve in the future is how to end the hereditary privileges of the peers without damaging the historic interest of the monarchies and the peerage. The Peers will keep their titles, of course. As Mr. Rhodes said of the British flag, they constitute a commercial asset of the very first value. But the charms of a coronet for an American heiress would not be materially damaged if its wearer was no longer entitled to sit in a Second Chamber.

Another Russian Princess

The Empress of Russia last month gave birth to her fourth child, which, contrary to general expectation and universal hope, was a girl. The Tsar has now four daughters and no son, and his brother still continues to be heir to the throne. The Emperor has signalled the birth of his fourth child by remitting the sentences of those students who had been sent to Siberia for participation in the recent disturbances—an act of clemency which has been very well received. Beyond that wise and considerate act there is nothing to report from Russia, excepting that the tariff war

begun between the United States and M. Witte continues. It will be remembered that Mr. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury, at Washington, being legally advised that the Russian method of dealing with the production of sugar amounted to a bounty, applied a countervailing duty on Russian sugar, to which M. Witte replied by depriving American iron of the benefit of the minimum tariff. To this Mr. Gage responded by putting a duty upon Russian petroleum, to which M. Witte's retort was an increased duty upon American bicycles and American white resin. This war of tariffs will inflict mutual injuries with no compensating advantages. It is to be hoped that Mr. Senator Beveridge, who is now on his way home across Siberia, may bring back with him some suggestion as to the best way of straightening out this tangle.

No Third Term for Mr. McKinley

President McKinley has formally repudiated the somewhat harum-scarum suggestion put forward by Mr. Chauncey Depew that he should stand for the third term as President of the United States. There is no reason, in the nature of things, why an American President should not be twice re-elected; but Mr. McKinley was probably right in thinking that he had better enjoy the last three years of his term of office with freedom from all anxiety as to the future, rather than allow the second Presidency, like the first, to be torn by anxiety as to an electoral campaign drawing nearer every day. Death, by the way, has removed last month one notable American, who was talked about as a possible Republican candidate for the Presidential chair. When ex-Governor Pingree, of Michigan, died in London last month, one of the most notable and typical of American Radicals quitted the stage. Mr. Pingree, who was three times Mayor of Detroit and twice Governor of Michigan, displayed a rare fidelity to duty and a resolute courage in defending the interests of the common people which is not often seen in any country.

An Important Appointment

A thousand times we are reminded of the truth of the familiar line, "We see dimly in the present what is small and what is great;" and it is quite possible that among the events of this midsummer that which will have the most potent influence in governing the immediate future history of the world is one which was chronicled in a single line in the "Times." The appointment of M. Paul Lessar to the

Russian Embassy in Pekin is an event of the first importance. For years past M. Lessar has been the right-hand man of M. de Staal at the Russian Embassy. He first became known in England when he came over in 1885 to assist in settling the Penjdeh dispute. Since then, except for a brief period when he reigned as Resident in Bokhara, he has been the counsellor and Charge d'Affaires at the Russian Embassy in London. In that capacity all the important negotiations between England and Russia have passed through his hands, and he has been intimately concerned with the settlement of the many difficulties which arose from time to time in connection with the Chinese question. M. de Giers has been transferred to Munich, and M. Lessar, after a brief stay in St. Petersburg, will proceed to Pekin, there to occupy what promises to be for some time to come the most important diplomatic post in the Russian service.

M. Lessar M. Lessar is still a comparatively young man, who has regained of late some of the physical health the lack of which ten years ago seemed likely fatally to injure his diplomatic career. He has a rich and varied experience, is familiar with Asiatics, and intimately acquainted both with the weakness and with the strength of British statesmen. A man of philosophic mind, somewhat prone to a pensive pessimism in relation to this welter of a world, whose history seems to him like the restless ebb and flow of an ocean tide rather than the steady progress of a great river, he indulges in no dreams of inaugurating millenniums, he steadily applies himself to do the best from day to day to keep the peace, to stave off war, and to secure the success of the policy of his country. He has a firm grasp of fundamental principles, combined with a marvellous mastery of minute detail. I have never met a diplomatist more frank and sincere. It is a great loss to England that he should be removed from London. I know no one in the whole range of the Russian diplomatic service who can adequately fill his post. At the same time, it is a distinct gain that there should be as Russia's representative in Pekin an Ambassador whose views are so sound, whose head is so clear, and whose nerve is so steady.

His Probable Policy It is announced that the Chinese Court will not return to Pekin, a fact in which M. Lessar will probably see nothing to regret. At Pekin the Chinese Government is more or less

under the thumb of all the Powers. Elsewhere Russia is the only great Power who can make her pressure effective on the rulers of China. M. Lessar fortunately is a man of peace. His chief ambition in going to China will probably be to enable the great Yellow Empire to rest and to settle down in its new moorings, without further perturbations. But as China must live side by side with Russia, so it will be M. Lessar's duty to see to it that Russian and Chinese politics are in harmonious accord. There may be no Russo-Chinese Alliance, but it will not be M. Lessar's fault if Pekin and St. Petersburg do not work hand and glove. Of one thing we may be sure, and that is that M. Lessar's sojourn to England has not predisposed him to support what may be described as the missionary-gunboat policy. "A missionary in China," said M. Lessar once, in a memorable phrase, "should have no consul but Jesus Christ, no nationality but that of the Kingdom of Heaven." Neither will the other Powers, whether commercial or diplomatic, who are seeking to profit by the weakness of China, find an accomplice in M. Lessar. The position is such that he might easily gravitate into becoming the unassuming but all-potent protector of China against the encroachments of the West. There is no bluffing M. Lessar. He knows us a great deal too well for that.

Wanted—An Opposition: Dr. Max Nordau is in the habit of telling an Eastern fable at Zionist meetings, which recurs to me just now in connection with the fuss which has been made all last month concerning the dissensions in the ranks of the English Liberals. A fox having set out one day to rob a poultry-yard, fell into a stream and found himself carried away by its eddies. "Help! Help!" he cried. "The whole world is coming to an end." But a duck who heard his lamentations came to the side of the stream. She looked at him for a moment, and then said: "It does not seem to me the world is coming to an end. I only see a little fox drowning in the troubled water." The apologue may be commended to the journalists who, in their comments upon the latest phase of the decomposition of the Opposition, imagine that the world is coming to an end because Mr. Asquith eats a dinner more or less. Mr. Asquith's dinners are matters which primarily concern Mr. Asquith's own digestion. That their importance should have been so absurdly exaggerated is only a sign of the utter failure of the Liberal leaders to read the signs of the times. An Opposition which is paralysed at

every turn by the fact that many of its members desire to support the policy of the Government must pass through a period of transition before it can be reconstituted as an effective element in the constitutional machine. The same thing has happened time and again.

**New
Yorkers
in London**

One of the pleasantest episodes of last month was the visit of the members of the New York Chamber of Commerce to London. Mr. Jesup, who was at the head of a judiciously selected party of notable New York men of business, was received by the King and Queen at Windsor, and spent a week in those pleasant entertainments by which the nations endeavour to show hospitality to their distinguished guests. Mr. Jesup, who is a man of great public spirit and of wide general culture, was very much under the influence of that humanitarian Imperialism which, as we know from our own painful experience, is apt in other hands to ripen into baleful Jingoism. He and all his fellow-guests spoke lovingly of the old country, and evidently were impressed with the idea that the Anglo-American race has joint responsibilities to the rest of the world which can only be carried out in co-operative union. This is true, and the more this idea eats into the common consciousness of people on both sides of the Atlantic, the more will the conclusion be general that a great federation of English-speaking Commonwealths is the only solution of the question.

**Germany
and the
Monroe
Doctrine**

It is well that this idea should be kept steadily before the public, because a momentous alternative may soon be offered for our decision. It is evident that the German Emperor has taken alarm at the expansion of the United States. Whether he has designs upon Brazil, which he wants as a field for German colonisation, whether he merely wishes to have a coal-lading station in Venezuela, or whether his ambition takes some other form, there seems to be no doubt that there is in the air a sense of coming antagonism between America and Germany. Our American guests from New York, although men of peace and full of expressions of detestation of war, were as uncompromising as the strongest Jingos in declaring that Uncle Sam would spend his last dollar rather than allow any European Empire to annex even a yard of territory either in Central or Southern America. An all-pervading sense of the threatening pressure of American industrial competition tends to deepen the

impression that the Old and the New Worlds will before long come into more or less violent collision. Should that time ever come, it would be difficult for England to remain neutral. The German Emperor has made up his mind—so he said, when he was in this country—that the attack will first be directed against England, and that Germany will obligingly come to our rescue. Nothing could be worse for our interests, or more opposed to our true policy. If Europe and America must fight, we are American rather than European.

**The
American-
isation
of Britain**

Meanwhile, leaving out of account all those remoter possibilities of the dim and distant future, it is pleasant to note the steady progress of the work of assimilating the Empire and the Republic. Mr. Carnegie's gift of £2,000,000 to the Scotch universities is a pleasant reminder of the fact that millions made in one country may be spent in the other. At the same time, the enterprise and energy of Sir Weetman Pearson, who is constructing a railway across Mexico at Tehuantepec, is an indication of the fact that men of the old country have still their work to do in the New World. Somewhat less has been heard about trusts last month; but the steady growth of American exports seems to indicate that the American manufacturer has at last discovered that the United Kingdom offers an open field for him, which is worth a very great deal more than that visible through the Open Door in China, or that which has been won by the sword in the Philippines.

**The
War Office
Report**

Parliament will probably pass Mr. Brodrick's Bill for increasing the expense of the Army without rendering it a more efficient instrument for anything except the repulse of an impossible invasion; but the report of what is called Mr. Dawkins' Committee, which was appointed to examine into the administration of the War Office, has effectually destroyed any hope of improvement until the whole system of administering the army is radically remodelled from bottom to top. This Committee reports that practically every business principle has been trodden under foot, that no official knows exactly what he ought to do, that every department is more or less in a state of uncertainty as to its jurisdiction and as to the limits of its authority, and that, in short, endless friction is generated which leaves no time for the consideration of vital questions on the efficiency of the Army. With such a report before us as to the system on which the Army is

administered, it certainly seems mere midsummer madness to go on pouring more and more millions into that sieve of mismanagement and waste.

**Is the Fleet
in
Fighting
Trim?** All such protests, however, would have fallen upon deaf ears if it had not been for the sudden alarm which has been sounded from the Mediterranean. Mr. Arnold White's paper in the "National Review," which is noticed elsewhere, is a message which, if taken to heart betimes, ought to result in cutting down the abnormally swollen Estimates for war which have been accepted by the House of Commons. According to this authority, both the admirals in the Mediterranean Fleet, the admiral in the Channel Fleet, together with all their eighteen captains, are unanimously of opinion that the ships under their command are inadequately equipped for actual warfare. Many of the guns are muzzle-loaders; others are not supplied with smokeless powder, while the fleet itself is singularly lacking in the indispensable auxiliaries for efficient and immediate action. It is impossible to dismiss as a mere piece of alarmist sensationalism a statement to which the Admiral gives the imprimatur of his authority, for Admiral Fisher is the Nelson of to-day. One word from him weighs more than twenty from Lord Charles Beresford. If what he says is true, we ought to have the Lords of the Admiralty dangling from the lamp-posts in Whitehall as the first result of the declaration of war against France.

**The
Limitation
of
Families** The census returns show unmistakably that the principle of the limitation of the family, which at one time was regarded as a special sin of the French people, has spread from our rich upper classes to the masses of the people. The Dean of Ripon points out that in a quarter of a century we have reduced the birth-rate of the United Kingdom from thirty-five per thousand to twenty-nine. If our people were multiplying at the 1875 rate, the population would be increasing at a quarter of a million per annum more than it is increasing to-day. The significant diminution of the reproductive energies of the race has been marked by a decline in the death-rate. In 1875 it stood at 21 per thousand; in 1900 it had dropped to 18. The Dean, pointing to these figures, says there is no reason to doubt that the limitation of families will go on beyond any assignable limits, unless the conscience of the nation awakens to its tremendous danger. The de-

cline in the death-rate is largely due to the increased care that is taken of children. The Dean is probably mistaken in thinking that the reduction of the number of families is altogether due to comfort-loving materialism. It may also be due in part to an increased sense of the responsibilities of parenthood, and an awakening of the conscience of the individual to a sense of the wickedness of bringing into the world children whom their parents are not able either to feed or educate properly. The real trouble is that good people inveigh indiscriminately against any limitation of the numbers of families, instead of pointing out that as the future belongs to the children, it is the absolute duty of every person who has sufficient conscience and brain to appreciate the moral consequences of parenthood to produce as many children as they can adequately equip for the battle of life. Otherwise, if the moral and intelligent classes reduce their families to ones and twos, they hand over the future to the litters who are spawned every year by the thousand by parents who have as little sense of the responsibilities of fatherhood and motherhood as the fishes in the sea.

**Zionism
and
Its Chief** A movement which deserves a kindly welcome is Zionism. Dr. Herzl visited London last month, fresh from his reception by the Sultan. He found Abdul Hamid apparently sympathetic, and not indisposed to co-operate in the idea of the Zionists; but the need of money blocks the way. Without a million and a half, Dr. Herzl cannot begin to carry out his idea of the reconstitution of the Jewish nationality in its ancient site. The idea is a splendid one, which appeals to Christians as much as to Jews, and the fascination which it appears to have for the higher minds of the Jews must be accounted among the most reassuring signs of the time. A great deal of nonsense is written about Zionism. It is thought that, because the Jews wish to have a homeland of their own, they contemplate a transportation of all the Jews of the world to the narrow strip of territory that lies on either side of the River Jordan. That is not the dream of the Zionists. This little island in the northern seas is the motherland of millions of the English-speaking race, who could not possibly find foothold upon its shores. What the English race would be if England were overrun by a Chinese horde, that the Jews are to-day. What wonder, then, if they desire to get back their old country, and make it the

rallying-ground and fatherland of a race which has made the whole world its debtor, but which is scattered abroad throughout all the nations of the earth.

The Millenary of King Alfred, recalls to the popular memory one of the few great heroic figures in English history. Alfred, William the Conqueror, Richard Coeur de Lion, Edward III., the Black Prince, Prince Hal, Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, Charles I., and Oliver Cromwell stand apart by themselves in the gallery of popular fame. It is well that the list should begin and end with a hero typical of the best qualities of the English people. A statue by Hamo Thornycroft will be unveiled in August, but the National Home-Reading Union last month held a series of meetings at Winchester which may be said to have begun the commemoration.

Bismarck's Monument Europe when Prince Bismarck's monument was unveiled at Berlin. Count von Bulow made an oration on the occasion, paying due homage to his great predecessor in terms which were both eloquent and just. His eloquence, however, does not appear to have assuaged the feeling of bitterness which lingers in the Bismarck family, and the relations between the Imperial Chancellor and the heir of his great predecessor are still evidently much strained.

To Berlin: New Style which witnessed the inauguration of the statue of the man whose diplomacy assisted in the proclamation of the German Empire in the palace of Louis XIV. at Versailles witnessed the first great popular fete in which the French and Germans have taken part for thirty years. The great automobile race from Paris to Berlin was won by a French competitor, M. Fournier, on a Mors machine. Prizes were offered by the Emperor of Germany and the President of the French Republic, and the victory of the Frenchman was hailed with immense enthusiasm by a German crowd. The-time made

was an average of forty-four miles an hour for 780 miles. The whole line of the route was en fete. How little Prince Bismarck could have foreseen this friendly invasion of automobiles careering from Paris to Berlin amid the frantic enthusiasm of the populace! It would be curious if the india-rubber tyres of the automobile were to be instrumental in rubbing out the frontiers which have been traced so carefully upon the map by the military engineer.

One Death Day in June On the same day in June died Sir Walter Besant, the famous novelist, Mr. Robert Buchanan, the erratic but gifted poet of revolt, and Lord Wantage, better known as Colonel Lloyd-Lindsay, who was a conspicuous figure in social and military circles some twenty years ago. Of the three, Sir Walter Besant will be much the most missed. He was a fervent and energetic promoter of everything that tended to the union of the English-speaking race, and the Atlantic Union, an admirable association formed for the purpose of promoting social intercourse between Britons and Americans, is much the poorer by his death. He also devoted much of his untiring energy and great capacity for laborious detail to the study of old London. Death hurried him hence before his great work was completed, but it is to be hoped that his mantle will fall upon someone not unworthy to succeed him in his labour of love.

The Australian Commonwealth will find many memorials; but it is hardly likely to find one more graceful, and perhaps more enduring, than a volume of sermons entitled "The Church and the Commonwealth," published by Melville and Mullen, Melbourne, and edited by Canon Tucker. The sermons are by representative men of all the Churches, including the Anglican Primate, Dr. Marshall of Melbourne, Canon Potter, the Bishop of Adelaide, of Perth, of Ballarat, etc., and the subjects all relate to the perils, the opportunities, and the duties of national life. Canon Tucker has produced a valuable and admirably edited book, a fitting literary memorial of a great historic event.

THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH IN CARICATURE.



"WAR TO THE KNIFE AND FORK." OR THE DREAD ARBITRAMENT OF DINNER.



OPPOSITE POLES.

Mr. Campbell-Bannerman (to Mr. John Morley): "Maybe I'm wrong; but I think your end's going best."

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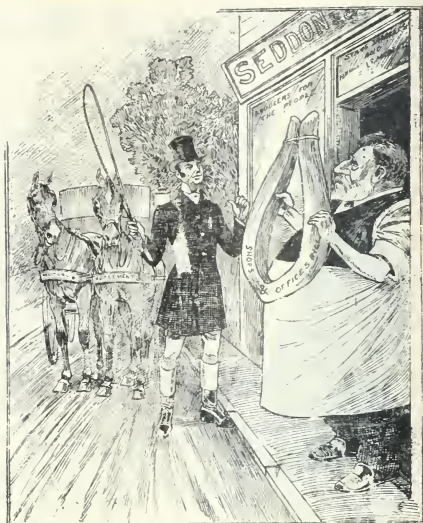


"N.Z. Graphic."]

BLACK MONDAY.

The Hon. R. J. (regretfully): "It's all over, Jo—beg pardon, Sir Joseph—we've got to get back to work again to-day."

Sir Joseph: "Ah—ah—ah—hm ! ! !"



"N.Z. Graphic."]

"LET THE GALLED JADE WINCE," ETC.

Saddler-in-Chief: "Now, can't I persuade you to buy one of these new collars? They're made on exactly the same model as the Shops and Shops Assistants' collar, which has given such general satisfaction."

Driver of Warehouse Team: "Thank 'ee, but I find my 'osses runs best in our own old breast-plate, and likes it best, too."



BUSHING THE BABY SHOW.

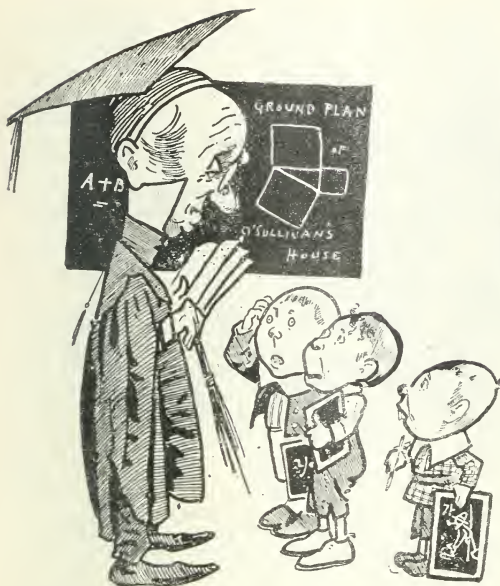
UNCLE SAM: "You're altogether too early, ladies; the show doesn't open for a shoot while yet."—From the Journal (New York).



MR. MORGAN AS THE NEW ATLAS.

ATLAS: "Well, that takes a load off my shoulders, and how easily he seems to handle it!"

From the Journal (Minneapolis).



Dr. Blimber: "First class in Political Economy, stand up! And if the present of a gold watch and a purse of sovereigns will induce a Minister of the Crown to dream of 8s. a day as a minimum wage, how many gold watches and sovereigns would it take to make the dreams run to 10s.?"



The N.S.W. Womanhood Suffrage League held a meeting recently at which The O'Sullivan, of course, was present, and (of course) The O'Sullivan made a speech.

"On behalf of my Government," he said in effect, "I promise you not only THESE, but that they shall only be a stepping-stone to induce me, when political times get better, to promise the braces that usually go with them!" (Deafening applause.)



The streets of Sydney are horribly muddy. Why not crossingsweepers? I would make good billets for politicians who neglect their opportunities. If, for example, Barton postpones appointing himself Chief Justice while the political sun shines, he may come to something of this sort one day.



"The King will confer South African medals on the City Corporation of London and the City Companies, in recognition of the raising of the City Imperial Volunteers."



SOCIETY'S LATEST CRAZE.

(A nice quiet game for the home.)

This is only a little game of "Ping-pong" in progress, and some of the balls are missing!

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NIL DESPERANDUM.

Tomkins (who has hooked his first Thames trout, fallen out of his punt, and come over the weir): "Excuse me, madam, but would you kindly bring me my rod, and please keep the point well up, and give him plenty of line!"

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"Bulletin"]

"THE ROCKS" AND THE PICTURESQUE.

The Minister for Works, N.S.W., has determined to have sketches made of a few of the most picturesque and interesting of the quaint cottages and other structures about to be demolished, to hang in the Art Gallery as relics of that historic locality. The work will be given to a few artists in distress.

The "Bulletin's" own particular "distressed artist" has applied for the billet to hold goats while the other "distressed artists" work them into their sketches.



S.A. "Critic."]

THE N.T. QUESTION.

South Australia: "I say, Barton, give us a hand, will you? Or, if you'll pull it yourself, you can have the lot."



MR. CARNEGIE'S IDEA OF THE CLIMAX OF A THRILLING
WORLD DRAMA.

"The time is coming when the powers will combine to
smash Great Britain. The United States will step in and
say, 'Don't!'"—ANDREW CARNEGIE.

From the *Journal* (New York).

IN one way or another, the position of Great Britain
has had more attention from the cartoonists dur-
ing the past month than any other group of topics.
Those in American papers have expressed unbounded
amusement over John Bull's state of mind respecting

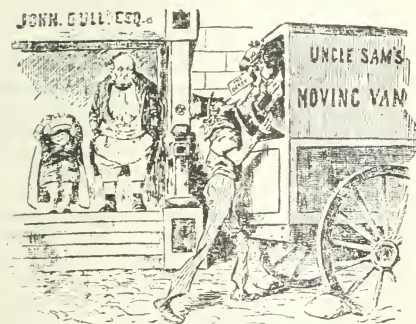


LIKELY TO HAPPEN ANY TIME.

"Why are you carrying away the throne?"
"Morgan's bought it, boss. He says it'll make a nice porch
chair for his summer cottage."

From the *Journal* (New York).

the so-called American invasion of England. The car-
toons on this page, particularly those by Mr. Opper, of
the *New York Journal*, are typical examples. It was
bad enough to have Americans buying up London rail-
ways and British steamship lines, but the climax was
reached when an American actually won the Derby!



JOHN BULL: "Oh, I say, Ed'ard, Ed'ard!"

From the *World* (New York).



CARNEGIE: "When these chaps jump on you all at once
yell for your Uncle Sam."—From the *Journal* (Detroit).

THE VICTORIAN FACTORY ACT AND WAGES BOARDS.

By SIR WILLIAM M'MILLAN, M.P.

The last century can well be described as the golden age of humanitarianism. At its commencement the old order which had practically dominated for centuries still held sway. A savage, criminal code, a caste representation in politics, industrial servitude, a pauperising poor law, and a thousand restrictions on human liberty and human thought testified to the dead hand of old codes and regulations framed without any regard to the interests of the majority of the nation. But from the time when Waterloo closed the long years of destructive warfare which had piled up a debt un-

The Historic Keypoint.

What was the keynote of the humanitarian struggle of the last century? Liberty—liberty in its broadest sense—equality under the law, the right of every man, as long as he obeyed the law, to go where he liked, to occupy himself as he liked, to use his abilities and his opportunities to the very best advantage and in his own interests, of which he was the sole and uncontrolled judge. The humanitarians of the nineteenth century demanded only absolute rights—rights which, at any rate in the abstract, nobody denied. They were not theorists bred in the schools, or expounders of impossible doctrinaire opinions; they were practical men, fighting for the fullest extension of the principles of human liberty, determined to fight without laying down their arms until every citizen in their country was in all the relations of his political and municipal life placed on an absolute equality with every other citizen. The tyrannical interference of Government, and the legalised privileges of favoured classes, were the two great obstructions to democratic progress at which Liberals levelled blow after blow, until the old fabric of organised tyranny, both of Government and of the individual, was swept into the limbo of the past.

Now we have what will possibly be called by its advocates the humanitarianism of the twentieth century. Let us allow at once, in all honour and fairness to those from whom we differ, that the same high and lofty spirit which dominated previous generations of public men may also inspire them in their attempt through legislative enactments to lift the working classes of our industrial population to a higher grade of prosperity and comfort. It is not necessary for our argument to deny that their aim is good. Neither is it necessary for theirs to deny that we may be inspired with as strong humanitarian ideas as themselves, and anxious to find, if possible, a similar goal. The man who has made a life-long study of pauperism and the relief of the deserving poor, but who, with his heart full of human kindness, sets himself strongly against indiscriminate charity to mendicants in the street, may be a much more practical humanitarian than the man who scoffs at experience by simply dealing with the evil on the surface.



SIR WILLIAM M'MILLAN, M.P.

dreamt of in previous history, a great force began to operate, favoured by a long period of comparative peace, and before the century terminated produced changes which in their effects on the social and industrial life of the people practically created a new world—the world in which we now live at the beginning of the twentieth century.

The Defeat of Liberty.

The great aim of recent so-called reformers is to apply this remedy of legislative enactment to the solutions of industrial and social problems which to them seem impossible of solution in any other way. If you warn them that experience, common sense, logic, are all opposed to their theories, that in their endeavour to assist mankind they are really forging a new set of fetters to replace those which the last century struck off, and that in the rebound of failure they must meet inevitable disaster, their answer is that they will risk the experiment as a forlorn hope. This "experimental" legislation, the result of an ignorant cry, has been rampant in Victoria during its protective, or Chinese, period of isolation; and the dream is being rudely dispelled by the fresh air of the whole continent of Australia, which for the first time its citizens are beginning to take into their lungs. If one could imagine a community in a little island of its own, in some unknown sea, and with no communication with the rest of the universe, we might allow that it could make laws, social and industrial, exactly as it liked. It could become Collectivist, Communist, or aspire to any Utopia of which philosophers in their studies have continually dreamt. But once open to it other countries, trades, competitions, and the whole fabric falls to pieces. Its paper money might have been equal to gold in its own little island, but it will be only dirty paper in the country beyond the seas. When the larger atmosphere has awakened its great politicians, they may possibly say, "Oh, we must make all other countries conform to our habits, so that the whole world will be like our little island." But the world won't; and hence the fierce utterances of chagrin and despair in Victoria because all the rest of Australia refuses to obey its mandate.

The Problem for Australia.

We may say here that although we propose to consider the question of fixing wages through Wages Boards under Factory Acts as it will affect us in our Australian industries under the Commonwealth, we are equally convinced that, by the operation of ordinary economic laws, this attempt in Victoria to dictate to responsible manufacturers the scale of wages they shall pay to their employes would ultimately have broken down in disastrous failure, even if Victoria had remained an independent State. But the question of fixing wages is now broader than Victoria, and the principle underlying it, the policy of incessant interference by Parliament in industrial affairs, is broader still. The question as to what are the real limitations of a legislature in regulating a people's life will be one of the problems of the

century. I desire, however, now to confine my remarks to the actual position which Victoria has to face, and the possible attitude of the other States of Australia.

Under the Commonwealth Constitution all factory and shop legislation is reserved to the State. And all laws dealing with arbitration and conciliation in trade disputes, except where disputes overlap two or more States, are also reserved to the States. Thus, except in some general inter-State disturbance of industrial life, the Commonwealth has absolutely no power in dealing with this kind of legislation. It is now, however, very clearly seen that, although we shall, on the imposition of a uniform tariff, have free trade in the ordinary sense throughout Australia, nevertheless the operation of different industrial laws, through the self-imposed restrictions in wages and hours, may place the more "Experimental" or "Progressive" State at enormous disadvantage. At present, of course, the trouble is largely one between Victoria and New South Wales. The former was hoping that, after years of protection and the careful fostering of certain exotic industries, it could, when Federation was accomplished, rule the Australian market. With the aid of the other States it hoped to make the Victorian tariff the basis of the Commonwealth finance, and with the long start of thirty years it magnanimously hoped that New South Wales would certainly be generous enough to look to Victoria as the entrepot of all Australian manufactured goods. To the restrictive mind, Boards for the fixing of wages were the necessary corollary of protection, while, at the same time, such a policy appeared to appeal to that socialistic wave which, emanating chiefly from New Zealand, has found slavish advocates in all the States. Indeed, when the late Premier of New South Wales received a deputation of employers to discuss the "Compulsory Conciliation" Bill before the Legislative Assembly, the only answer he could give to reasonable argument was: "I shall telegraph to Victoria and New Zealand to see what is done there." Surely a sorry condition for a politician to be in, when, as the occupant of such a high position, his fellow-citizens naturally expected him to have a policy of his own!

What Will New South Wales Do?

But will New South Wales expand her factory legislation beyond the legitimate bounds which now confine it to matters of sanitation and the protection of women and children? To this I can, of course, give no answer, but it does not seem to me that the infantile cry of Victoria, after thirty years of isolation and industrial antagonism, is likely to hasten legislation which may play di-

rectly into the hands of Victorian manufacturers. The public men of New South Wales may now argue a little on the lines laid down by the ingenious people who first led Victoria astray in the slippery paths of protective fiscalism. We think we can recollect the old plea that the duties were originally imposed only for a period—that, as a matter of abstract right and of economics, they were unjustifiable except as a wily expedient to get the better of neighbouring States of the same nationality—and that when the object was attained, they would be quietly removed. So the New South Wales politicians, having learned from such astute masters, may say: "We do think there should be some legislation regarding wages; but as our present system gives us a distinct advantage over a neighbouring State, we will hold our hand for the present, until we are reasonably level with our competitors, and then we will take the matter into consideration."

But apart from the above rail-sitting argument, let us look at the question as a matter of honest principle.

The whole spirit of the objectionable section in the Victorian Factories Act, as well as the proposal in so-called Conciliation Boards, is the tyrannical element of compulsion. In the haste and impetuosity of ignorant reformers (so called) we have scorned the intermediate steps of legislation, which, without interfering with the liberty either of employers or employees, might have led to voluntary association and voluntary contract, the latter made strictly observable under the law. And even if everything were not attainable, there are worse things than strikes—much as we deplore the devastation and ruin which they create. Through the complete information now given by the press to the public, no industrial dispute can take place without the fullest ventilation, and neither side can hold out long against a strong expression of public opinion. But there may be a more insidious thing than even the waste and the bitterness of a strike. There may be an armed truce which is more wearying and more destructive of national resources than a short period of industrial war. Whatever may be said, there has not been an unfriendly feeling between labour and capital except in a few isolated instances in Australia, and there is probably, as regards the bulk of our industries, no country in the world where wages are relatively better, or the condition of the working-man, as a whole, so sound and comfortable.

Necessary Conditions.

There are two things we must always recollect, though they may be quoted ad nauseam: First,

that increase of wages is little good to a man if the price of every commodity he buys increases in the same proportion. And, secondly, that moderate wages and constant work are better than artificially high wages and intervals of non-employment. Let us take for granted that under the system of Governmental coddling, Victoria has had at intervals seasons of high wages and continuous work. Is this restrictive system strong enough to withstand the ordinary and inevitable laws of political economy; and will not the freedom of trade throughout Australia (especially with Victoria's policy of "shutting out the foreigner," precipitate in a few years a state of affairs which the humanitarian does not like to contemplate?

With a protectionist policy, if we have one, our very isolation is our danger. With the millions of people and the millions of capital rushed into the United States after the Civil War, and with her boundless western territory to conquer, the full force of a protectionist policy did not operate in that country until she was a great free-trade world of her own. Will our population increase like that? Will not New South Wales, with her coal and varied resources, under a restrictive policy, wage a fierce fight for the manufacturing supremacy of Australia, and will not every State more or less enter into the battle? It does not require much prescience to see that, under a policy which will not allow people, under natural laws, to feel their way to their own requirements, but puts a premium upon exotic manufactures, there will come a time of over-production, and what will then be the result? If the articles are manufactured at a high artificial price, either immense losses must accrue in disposing of them in the markets of the world, or the active conditions of manufacture must be suspended until the stocks are reduced. And what becomes of the operators when the works are shut down? Or it might occur that by working half-time for a period matters might gradually return to their normal conditions.

But the iron-handed Wages Board, as confessed by one of its officers the other day, said: "I have nothing to do with trade conditions. I have to decide what is a fair thing for a man to live comfortably upon." But does not every man worthy of the name desire to see a decent living-wage prevail—a wage with a reasonable purchasing power providing for honest workers decent conditions of living and, with reasonable economy, a prospect of provision for old age? There is certainly no evidence of wisdom or thought in the actions or arguments of these latter-day reformers, as disclosed in the proceedings of Parliament.

The same men who rushed with such ignorant impetuosity into "experimental" legislation which is now breaking down in New Zealand and Victoria, passed concrete schemes for old age pensions without a single reliable calculation before them regarding the ultimate cost to the country. Surely it has been left to our legislators—not with their own money, but the hard-earned money of their fellow-citizens—to exhibit the insane spectacle which no man of sense, and which they themselves in their private business would never contemplate, of launching a vast undertaking with the most absolute ignorance of its ultimate cost.

We may, of course, by taxing thrift, pay away hundreds of thousands of pounds in foolish undertakings, despite the groanings of the public treasury. But when we attempt, as long as the present industrial system exists, to regulate wages in all the complicated operations of modern industry, as if these could be reduced to scientific precision, instead of being affected by thousands of factors outside the ken of the wisest of mankind, we break down with disastrous results proportionate to the childish presumption which defies the laws of the universe. As well might we declare by Act of Parliament that our Government Astronomers shall not only foretell the weather, but regulate by an almighty power the rainfall to meet the special exigencies of all parts of Australia.

Economic Blunders.

Wages Boards, such as those established in Victoria, instead of being, as their advocates aver,

heralds of peace and good-will, are really means of kindling industrial war and throwing labour and capital into a position of legalised hatred. There is no mutuality or conciliatory machinery, capable of breeding mutual respect and confidence. It is more properly a system of militarism or industrial court-martial governed by iron rules and absolutely alien to the spirit which must lie at the bottom of a well-regulated and well-organised industrial life. It makes no allowance for changing conditions, for periods of depression when capital is depleted, when not merely all the profits go to the wage-earners, but the capital fund is being encroached upon to prevent absolute suspension of business. It never allows for a crisis when, unless an industry is to be absolutely destroyed, labour must for a time take less to save the remnant of capital left. It is, in fact, ready, like Samson, sooner than allow that ignorant legislators cannot control national industry, to pull down the temple of industry, even if in the very act it perpetrates national suicide. This experimental legislation is very interesting to the philosopher and to those who look at it from afar, but if not kept within common-sense bounds, and carefully weighed in all its ultimate bearings, it will sooner or later bring bitter retribution to those whom every man who loves his country would desire to see happy and prosperous, the men who work in our fields and our cities, and to whose honest toil we mainly owe the fabric of civilisation built up by four millions of British people in the Southern World.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan

AS A UNIVERSAL BENEFACTOR.

Mr. E. C. Machen contributes to the June "Cosmopolitan" a sketch of Pierpont Morgan. Either Mr. Machen is quite wrong, or the general conception of Mr. Morgan needs revolutionising.

Mr. Machen will not talk of "trusts;" he speaks of co-operation or progress towards it. Mr. Morgan is the most notable organiser who has yet appeared, and his

exceptional position is closely associated with a unique personality. If I am correct in the deductions to be made thereon, the latter will assume a singular and beneficial potency. John Pierpont Morgan dominates individually—a thing that cannot be said of either Rockefeller or Carnegie, however great their moneyed influence or mental power has been or may continue to be.

Mr. Morgan is essentially American, and, therefore, personally democratic—the reverse of all that veils the Rothschilds. . . . "He is human, and not a mere scrub or adding machine." His sagacious desire for general security transcends love of power, and even of the wealth that commands it. He is a man of rugged health and physical qualities, yet his brain is cultivated and his tastes are intellectual and keen.

He is not carnivorous, for he loves peace and well-doing. War is horror to him personally, as well as because it disturbs values and upsets exchange. It is wasteful and cruel.

Mr. Machen admits that the relations between labour and capital will want at any rate revising before long; that co-operation must succeed competition. Will Mr. Morgan see this, he asks? He thinks he will

yet be the largest personal factor, the chief agent, of harmony between capital and labour. I think so because he is the statesman in business circles.

Mr. Comrie Colquhoun, in the "Universal Magazine," has a very eulogistic article upon Lord Milner. Speaking of his liking for swimming, Mr. Colquhoun mentions that when bathing at Hayling Island, Lord (then Mr.) Milner almost lost his life through miscalculating the tide. As a matter of fact, the only things almost lost were his clothes, which the rising tide had reached by the time the swimmer returned. There was never any question of drowning.

CORRESPONDENCE DEPARTMENT.

[The "Review of Reviews for Australasia" has not, hitherto, given any space in its columns to correspondence. Yet many letters reach us which are of general interest, and which we should be very glad to publish. To serve as a vehicle for the expression of public opinion is both a legitimate and a useful office for either a magazine or a newspaper. We shall be glad to give space in each issue for letters of general interest.—Editor "Review of Reviews for Australasia."]

A Soldier of the Empire.

A correspondent, writing from Lismore, N.S.W., asks us to publish a brief resume of the career of a young soldier of the Empire, Trooper Harry Gaggin, of the N.S.W. Mounted Rifles, whose recent death has caused intense sorrow throughout New South Wales.

"His was a young life," says our correspondent, "highly gifted and accomplished, and of the brightest promise. Son of a medical man (Dr. R. N. Gaggin,



THE LATE TROOPER HARRY GAGGIN.

Of the N.S.W. Mounted Rifles.

of Lismore, N.S.W.), and a medical student himself, he volunteered for the front in January, 1900, when England's fortunes in this desperate war were at their lowest ebb. A rifleman of Australasian fame, though so young—only twenty-three—having shot in the Australian Cup match, in that team of eight, picked from the best veteran riflemen of N.S.W., small marvel was it that he left with the record opposite his name of the best marksman sent by N.S.W. to South Africa.

Having taken part in twenty-seven engagements, in one of which he received a bullet wound in the forehead, and having endured the cruel hardships and privations of the campaign, Trooper Harry Gaggin was struck down by a virulent attack of enteric fever. He rallied, and, while apparently convalescing from it at Wynberg (Cape Colony), Lord Roberts offered him a lieutenant's commission. But that dreaded disease, consumption, supervened, and ran its inexorable course, just allowing the young volunteer to return, death-stricken, to Australia, but fating him to die there in a Queensland health resort, far from his loved ones. Scarred in the forehead by the Boer bullet, though disease slew him, he died, as the Premier of New South Wales wrote, 'as nobly and truly for his country's sake as though slain in the heat of action on the battlefield.' Tender and generous-hearted to all, the chivalrous gentleman in every fibre of his being, and with the mind of a true poet (as proved by many beautiful verses he wrote), he died as brave and gallant a soldier of the Empire as ever breathed.'

A Wrong to Port Pirie.

Mr. Thos. C. Simpson writes from Solomontown, Port Pirie, S.A.:—

"I have taken the 'Review of Reviews' for years, and have had great pleasure in reading the able articles from time to time. But this is spoilt on reading the able but incomplete history of South Australia, by H. T. Burgess, LL.B. Why, no mention is made of Port Pirie, rightly termed the Liverpool of South Australia. I must infer that other subjects may be written in the same manner. Dr. Burgess must know the commercial value of Port Pirie in South Australia. The Government draw a larger revenue from our railway than from any other (I mean profit). We have the most complete smelting and desilvering works in the world. We have steamers and ships up to 3,000 tons coming up to the wharves; wharves owned by the Government, paying interest on money spent by the Government, in improvement to the harbour, etc., and a lot of wharves private property. Our population is nearly 9,000. The B.H.P. Co. pay over £5,000 as wages, salaries, etc., fortnightly, at present £2,000 more than that for the construction of the railway to the Iron Knob."

Testimonies to the "Review of Reviews for Australasia."

We have received many very pleasant testimonies to the value and interest of our April number as a memorial of the greatest event in Australian history, the opening of the Commonwealth Parliament: we append some of these:—

THE HON. W. P. SCHREINER.

Dear Sir,—I have your letter of May 20, which reached me last week. I fear the promised copy of your April number has gone astray, as it has not reached me. As an interesting memento of a great

occasion, I should much like to have it, and you may perhaps be kind enough to forward another. My poor little message—certainly not an ambitious one, has caused much indignation in the soul of our local thunderer; but, if you look at the sad state of South Africa after nearly two years of the "forward policy" in full action, you may in Australasia heartily pity our condition. It is not enough to say that, in a frenzy of fear and anger, the naughty, baited lamb, butted the wolf rather badly. It was a naughty lamb, and it was a very foolish lamb, and the wolf has eaten it, and is now engaged in digesting it. The forward policy, which took shape in 1895, will yet be found to be a backward policy. We are now engaged in looking at the roots of all the young South African plants,—but it might have been better to let them grow, and tend and trim them.—I am, yours truly,

W. P. SCHREINER.

Cape Town, June 26, 1901.

LORD DUFFERIN.

My Dear Mr. Fitchett,—I am very much obliged to you for sending me such an interesting copy of the "Review of Reviews for Australasia," and I have greatly admired, not only the way in which its varied contents have been displayed and co-ordinated, but I must also congratulate you on the excellence of the printing, the paper, and the general appearance of the work. Such a publication cannot fail to be most useful, for in these busy days, when everyone's time is so fully occupied, it will prove to its readers a mine of useful information easily reached, in which they can delve with little labour and with great results. Believe me, my dear Mr. Fitchett,—Yours very sincerely,

DUFFERIN AND AVA.

Clandeboyne, Ireland, July 5, 1901.

IAN MACLAREN.

Dear Sir,—I am much obliged to you for sending me the April number of the "Review of Reviews," and am glad to see you are serving the Empire so loyally. We are all delighted at the cordial welcome given to the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. With best wishes for the prosperity of the "Review of Reviews,"—I am, yours faithfully,

JOHN WATSON.

17 Croxeth-road, Liverpool, July 1, 1901.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

Dear Sir,—Many thanks for your letter of May 20 last, and for the copy of the April number of the "Review of Reviews for Australasia," which has safely arrived. I am greatly obliged to you for your kindness in sending it. It is very interesting, indeed, and I hope the magazine may soon become as well known in England as in the colonies. Wishing you every success,—I remain, yours most faithfully,

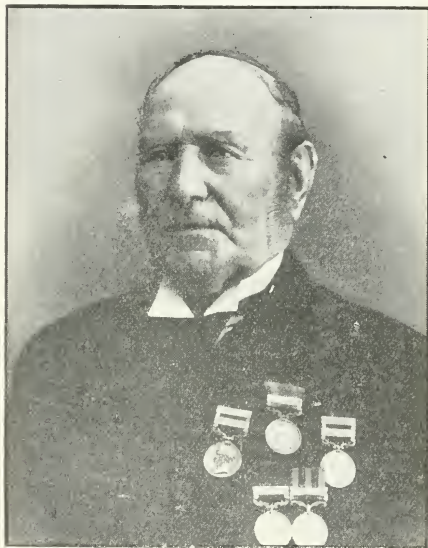
CHARLES BERESFORD.

H. M. S. "Ramillies," at Gibraltar, June 29, 1901.

A Veteran of the Great Wars.

A correspondent sends us a very interesting account, with photograph, of the services of Colour-Sergeant Joseph Bissell, late of the 32nd, and now residing in Hawthorn (Vic.). Sergeant Bissell is an admirable example of the English infantry soldier: of medium height, stocky build, well set up still, in spite of his seventy-nine years; and his record is one of which any soldier might be proud. He is the son of a soldier, born in India; enlisted in 1837, when only fifteen years old; volunteered for the 32nd in 1846, and

spent twenty-two years of hard and active service in India. He shared in the Afghan campaign, under General Pollock, in 1842, when the Kyber Pass was forced, and the destruction of the British army in that pass was avenged. He fought on the Sutlej under Lord Gough, in 1845-6, and took part in the three great battles of that campaign, ending with the great fight at Sohraon. He shared, too, in the desperate fighting and bloody sieges of the campaign in the Punjab in 1848-9, and again on the North-west Frontier, under Colin Campbell, in 1852. Sergeant Bissell formed part of the scanty garrison that held the Residency at Lucknow against the Sepoys. His company formed part of the garrison of what was called "Gubbins' Post." It was reduced to one sergeant, one corporal, and sixteen privates; and, says Bissell, "I was that sergeant." What other soldier in Australia can claim to have taken part in five great campaigns, and in sixteen skirmishes, beside so many general engagements? He has



COLOUR-SERGEANT JOSEPH BISSELL,

Late of the 32nd.

five medals for five different campaigns; and Sergeant Bissell declares, with just pride, "I have never seen or heard of a man, in or out of Her Majesty's service, in the United Kingdom or in India or in the colonies, that could produce a record of services to exceed mine." Our correspondent sends us interesting notes of a chat with this veteran:—

"You went through the Afghan campaign of 1842?" "Yes." "And fought your way through the Kyber Pass?" "Yes; right up through and back." "What was the hardest fighting of that campaign?" "Well, I think Jugdulough and Tezeen." "Who was your officer in that campaign?" "Major-General Pollock." "Was he a good general?" "Yes, he was so!" "Did the Afghans fight hard?" "Well, they wouldn't stand at all. We didn't get any close-quarter fighting with them." "What was the temper of your men—were they anxious to get the steel into them?" "Oh, yes; our men were willing enough to fight, but they couldn't get the enemy to stand." "I suppose your men wanted to revenge the massacres that had taken place?" "Yes; there was some talk of that, specially as there

had been some ladies in the affair." "When you went through the Kyber Pass in 1842, were there any relics of the massacre discoverable?" "Not a great many. We came across plenty of saddles, and remnants of horses—that was up near the Teezee, but we saw very few men's bodies about. The men were mostly in the caves, I think." "Well, then, you were in the campaign of '43, under Lord Gough?" "Yes." "Which was your toughest fight in that campaign?" "Ferozeeshah." "Did your regiment suffer much?" "Yes, we lost pretty heavily—I can't say exactly how many men—in the fighting, and we had some very severe marching at that time—as much as thirty miles a day." "What sort of a fight was it?" "It was at night time. We had just got into camp when the enemy came across country from Ferozeeshah, and met us just as we were in the midst of pitching our tents. The bugle sounded to fall in, so we fell in and the fight lasted nearly all the night. In the morning the enemy fell back. I suppose it was about four o'clock when the fight began, and it lasted all night." "Was it a close fight? Did you get in actual touch of steel with them?" "Oh no, it was just fire away, volleys and individual firing all the time there was anything to fire at." "Was Lord Gough a good general?" "Yes, very good. Very fond of fighting—one of the old sort." "You were, then, in the fighting of 1849?" "Yes; our hardest fighting there was, I think, in besieging Multan. We had some very laborious work outside the town, digging trenches; and the storming of the suburbs, and, afterwards, of the city itself, was hard enough." "Did your regiment take part in the storming?" "Yes, my regiment was right through it." "And you fought your way up through the breach?" "No, not exactly through the breach. That proved too high, so we had to go round another way, but we got in all right." "Was the bayonet used much?" "No, they wouldn't stand up for that. Then I went through a campaign on the North-west Frontier, under General Campbell." "Which of these three famous generals was the best?" "I think General Gough was. I don't know that there was much to choose between them, though, only Gough got more fighting than the others. Campbell's—that I saw of it—was mostly frontier work, in the hills." "Was the fighting during the Mutiny harder than the fighting in the campaigns you went through?" "I daresay it was, in some places." "At Lucknow, for instance?" "Yes. I was at Lucknow, and it was hard there. It was day and night, you may say." "Did the Sepoys come close up to the walls?" "Oh, yes, quite close—close enough to see their faces. I was at Gubbins' Post." "During the siege, did your men ever think they would have to surrender or be taken?" "Oh, no! I never heard a word about being taken. We were inside, and we thought we could hold the Residency all right." "Do you remember Havelock's coming to the relief of Lucknow?" "Yes. I might say I was one of the first to see them coming. I had gone up to the hospital to see a comrade buried, when I happened to turn round and saw them coming round the corner of the Bailey Guard." "Who came first?" "I couldn't tell who were leading; but, as far as I recollect, it was a Scotch regiment. I was at Mr. Gubbins' house when Havelock came up. He lived there afterwards, and I saw him several times." "What sort of a fellow was he?" "He was an ordinary-sized man, rather thin in the face and not particularly stout." "Did the men believe in him?" "Yes, they did indeed." "Have you ever met with any comrades in the army?" "No, I never met one." "Never saw a man who flinched?" "No, never." "And what sort of officers had you, on the whole?" "First-class. In those days an officer had to purchase his commission, and, of course, they joined the army for honour, and not for a living, as they do now. We never cared about following a man who rose from the ranks. The men used to say, 'He is no better than we are, but we will go anywhere with a gentleman.' It was a saying in the ranks that the gentlemen officers were 'Come-along boys,' and those who had risen from the

ranks were 'Go-along boys.' I don't say they were all like that; but, somehow, the men believed in the gentlemen officers, and would go anywhere with them." "Did you ever know an officer to fail in courage?" "No, never. They were good fighting men, too." "Was the discipline good in India?" "Yes, it was very strict." "Were the Sepoy regiments up to the English soldiers?" "Oh, no, nothing like it. When there was any fighting to be done, there would be, perhaps, two or three British regiments in a brigade, and three or four native regiments, and when it came to storming a position, the native regiments were always well behind." "If you had to go over your life again, would you be a soldier?" "Well, I have often said if anyone had told me, when I was a boy, I would have to go through what I have done, I would have said it was impossible; but you don't know what you can do till you try." "I suppose you have had to suffer hardships at times?" "Yes." "Were you ever wounded?" "Only once, when I got a sabre cut at Lucknow. Mr. Gubbins' bungalow had a mud wall round it, and opposite this was an outhouse, near which the enemy had erected a breastwork. This was very troublesome to us, because if a man put his head up they would immediately shoot. There was a hole in the mud-wall, through which we used to creep on sorties, and we had made up our minds to pull down the breastwork on the first opportunity. One day I crept out without orders, went up to the breastwork, and was in the act of pulling it down, when a native came up with a sabre to cut me down. My piece was beside me, and I hadn't time to put it to my shoulder, but just raised it to my hip and shot him, and, as he fell backwards, his sabre caught me, under the arm." "Had you any men with you?" "No, one man came out just afterwards, and helped me to get back." "How far was the breastwork from Mr. Gubbins' wall?" "About twenty yards."

Shall England be New-Zealandised? A Reply

Mr. R. C. Bruce, of Hunterville, New Zealand, late M.H.R. for his district, sends us a very able reply to the article, "Why not New-Zealandise England?" which appeared in our June number. We regret that we are quite unable to find room for Mr. Bruce's article, but give its conclusion:—

"The decisions [of the Conciliation Boards] appear, so far, to have been of such a nature as to materially increase the cost of living in the large centres of population, so that, to use an Americanism, the men are likely, eventually, to 'come out at the same hole where they went in.' When it is remembered how the prices or values of the products of labour fluctuate, the empiricism of regulating and determining a scale of wages for years ahead will be at once apparent, having a manifestly disturbing effect upon new industries, and thus, eventually, proving extremely injurious to labour itself. It is almost certain that these artificial scales determined upon by the Boards will, at the first breath of depression, tumble down like a child's house of cards. As illustrative of the dislocation of industry resulting from this paternal system, it has been recently shown that timber goes in barks from Auckland to Australia, and returns in manufactured articles to the same city, notwithstanding an ad valorem duty of twenty per cent. But the madness is upon us, and the disputes are so numerous and continuous that some of our newspapers allude to the position as the 'perpetual strike,' or the 'labour war.' And this is 'Fraternalism,' the herald of a new era! As against Mr. Lloyd's opinion, that of Mr. Booth, one of the principals in a very high-class firm of manufacturers of agricultural implements and machinery in Christchurch, may, out of many of a similar character, be placed. Amongst much valuable and interesting information, given by Mr. Booth before the Arbitration

Court at Dunedin, he is reported to have said, 'It was ridiculous to say that the public had benefited, for it was not even asserted that better value was given; they had had to give more, and had not received any increase in value. On the contrary, the employer had suffered seriously; the loss of time, the disturbance of ordinary business operations that was involved, merely in attendances at Boards of Conciliation and Courts of Arbitration, to discuss matters with his workmen, entailed a very serious loss upon the employer. It would probably be impossible to find out exactly what these disputes had cost the colony as a whole, but he did not believe he was saying a word too much if he said that, since the Conciliation and Arbitration Act came into force, the cost to the colony of industrial disputes had been greater than all the strikes that New Zealand had ever seen. He did not think this was over-stating the facts, but was really an understatement of the truth.' And it is all this phantasmagoria of empirical experiments, styled 'Practicalism,' which Mr. Stead suggests as a policy for the Liberal Party of the mother country, a party led but yesterday by such individualistic giants as Cobden, Bright, and Gladstone, the echoes of whose eloquent voices have scarcely died away. Any prosperity which New Zealand enjoys is attributable to well-known causes, to her natural wealth and to the industry of her people, and exists, not because of, but in spite of, the rampant charlatanism of the past decade. A Government which can claim credit for such prosperity obviously places itself upon the horns of an extremely awkward dilemma. Any infraction of natural law is, sooner or later, visited with a penalty commensurate with the offence, and authorities from Aristotle down to Herbert Spencer might be quoted as indicating that there must be a day of reckoning in store for our 'advanced' little colony. But our rulers appear to think otherwise. What with Socialists and Fabian Socialists, Single-taxers and Land Nationalisers, Progressives, Radicals, Democrats, and 'Advanced Liberals,' 'Hide-bound Tories,' Prohibitionists, Protectionists, and Bi-metallists, male and female advocates of 'Women's Rights,' etc., etc., surely New Zealand politics present, to-day, such a witches' cauldron as can find neither precedent nor parallel in any British community.'

A Latin Version of Verses by John Milton.

Canon Serjeant, B.A., Oxford, writing from Traralgon (Victoria), sends us a very scholarly translation of some verses supposed to have been written by John Milton a little before his death, in 1674, but not found in his collected works.

I am old and blind,
Men point at me, as smitten by God's frown,
Afflicted and deserted of my mind;
Yet am I not cast down.
I am weak, yet strong;
I murmur not that I no longer see;
Poor, old, helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme, to Thee.
Oh, Merciful One,
When men are farthest, then Thou'rt most near;
When friends pass by, my weakness shun,
Thy chariot I hear.
Thy glorious face
Is shining on me, and its Holy Light
Illuminates my lonely dwelling-place
And there is no more night.
On my bended knee,
I recognise Thy purpose, clearly shown.
My vision hast Thou dimm'd, that I may see
Thyself, Thyself alone.

I have nought to fear,
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing,
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here
Can come no evil thing.
Oh, I seem to stand,
Trembling, where the foot of mortal ne'er hath been.
Wrapp'd in the radiance of Thy mighty hand,
Which eye hath never seen.
Visions come and go,
Shapes of celestial beauty round me throng;
From angel-lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.
It is nothing now,
When heaven's opening on my sightless eyes,
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
That earth in darkness lies.
In a purer clime
My being's filled with rapture; waves of thought
Roll in upon my soul; strains sublime
Break over me unsought.
Give me back my lyre,
I feel the stirring of the gift divine;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine.

THE LATIN VERSION, BY CANON SERJEANT, B.A., OXFORD.

Luminibus capto venit mihi tarda seectus,
Vir digito monstror quem premit ira Dei;
Obuitus aerumnis vir, quem mens sana reliquit;
Haud tamen abjicio spem stabilemque fidem.
Invalidus dego vitam, sed pectore firmo
Hosculos nolum luce carere queri;
Pauper, nudus opum, gravis annis, viribus expers,
Plenus hinc curae sum tibi, Magne Patris.
O Deus! O Clemens! homines quo longius absunt,
Mens propius sentit, minus ardesce Tuum;
Quum me praetereunt et tot mea tristes vitant,
Tum sonat aetherius currus in aure Tuus.
Me Tua circumdat facies divina nitore,
Ipsius indevenit lux nova Sacra Dei;
Tale jubar simulac subit penetrat tecti,
Desinit hanc solam nox operire domum.
Poplite submisso, Deus Optime Maxime, doctus
Propositum agnosco Consiliumque Tuum;
Tu mihi ademisti lumen quo clarius Ipsum
Te, Pater, aspicerem praetereaue nihil.
Quod timeam nihil est agitato corde volutans,
Perdita lux Alae decedit umbra Tuae;
Hanc subter duco prope sanctus tempora vitae,
Huc res quae noceat nulla venire potest.
Quo ferar incertus, videor jam stare tremiscens,
Qua pede non ullo semita trita fuit.
Sum fulgore tuo, quem dextera fudit, amictus;
Qualem non oculis posse videre datur.
Egregii visus redeunt abeuntque vicissim,
Miro pulchra modo pergit adire manus;
Aetheros videor socios audire canentes,
Unde flunt numeri coelicolumque melos.
Orbatos oculos acie nihili aestimat ille,
Cui domus immensi sit patefacta poli;
Sedibus ex illis recreant modo carmina frontem,
Et tenebris lateat condita terra sinus.
In regione alia qua spirat purior aether,
Munifice complent gaudia quanta sinum!
Grandia se volvant in mentem fluminis instar,
Suggerit injussos excita Musa modos.
Irruit afflatus divini muneris, adfer
Quam poscit dulcem Mens sibi plena Lyram,
Insolitus lacto sub pectore nascitur ignis,
Accensus nulla panditur arte mea.

A COLUMN OF COMPLIMENTS.

The English journals are warm and unanimous in their praise of our Commonwealth number. We give a few examples of their comments:—

The London "Spectator" says:

"We congratulate Mr. Fitchett, the able editor of the Australian 'Review of Reviews,' on the admirable Commonwealth number of his magazine. It is of special interest because it contains a number of messages to the people of Australia, written by eminent men of all parties, and addressed to the editor. In the case of most of these, the handwriting of the sender of the message is produced in fac-simile, and a portrait of the writer is also given. This will render the Commonwealth number—which, we should add, is extremely well printed and got up—a most interesting record of a great event. How momentous and how full of good augury is the founding of the great Anglo-Saxon Commonwealth in the Southern Sea few of us yet fully realise. *Esto perpetua* is our prayer. And if that is too audacious a wish in regard to what is human, then may she last as long as her people are true to themselves and to the best traditions of their race."

The "Times" writes:

"We have received a copy of the Federal Souvenir number of the 'Review of Reviews for Australasia.' It contains, in addition to its usual monthly articles, special autograph messages of greeting and congratulation to the new Commonwealth from many representative Englishmen and others. A few of those to whom the editor of the 'Review of Reviews for Australasia' appealed, including the King and the President of the United States, felt themselves obliged for various reasons to send refusals to his request; but, in the case of these messages, 'their courtesy, reasonableness and goodwill,' says the 'Review,' 'make them as pleasantly expressive as though they were in form, as well as in spirit, exactly what was asked for from the writers.' The series of messages sent opens with the poem by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, entitled 'The Young Queen,' which first appeared in the 'Times' of October 4, 1900, and in which he has embodied his feelings of sympathy with Australia. All the replies which follow are reproduced, with the handwriting or signature of the sender, and in most cases a portrait is added. They include messages from Lord Dufferin, Lord Kimberley, Lord Currie, Lord Roberts, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, Cardinal Vaughan, the Archbishop of Dublin, Sir W. Anson, M.P., Sir Henry Irving, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, General French, General Baden-Powell, Dr. Warre, Dr. James, Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, and Dr. Conan Doyle."

The "Dundee Advertiser" says:—

"Autograph messages of greeting and goodwill to Federated Australia from notable men all over the world are reproduced in a Federal Souvenir Number of the 'Review of Reviews for Australasia,' published from Queen-street, Melbourne. Practically, this 'Review of Reviews' is the only Australian magazine, and it possesses genuine interest for British readers. The Premier of New Zealand writes that he considers it the premier literary production of the colonies. The remark seems justified, for, judging by the April number, there is nothing to surpass the quality of the subject-matter and the beauty of the photo illustrations."

The "Daily Express" (London), under the head of "Australia's Only Magazine," writes:—

"We have received from Melbourne a copy of the very beautifully printed Federation Souvenir Number of the 'Review of Reviews for Australasia,' which, under the capable editorship of the Rev. W. H. Fitchett, bids fair to outdistance its English namesake. The leading feature of this number is a series of 'greetings from many lands to Federated Australia,' messages of congratulation being given—mostly in fac-simile, and with portraits of the senders—from the most distinguished statesmen, men of letters, scientists, divines, and publicists all over the world. The record is one which is destined to be of permanent value, but, apart from these greetings the Australian 'Review of Reviews' is a periodical full of interest to all concerned in the fortunes of the Britain of the South."

"To-Day" (London) says:

"We have received from the editor of the 'Review of Reviews for Australasia,' published at Melbourne, a special copy of the Federal Souvenir Number. In this issue there is reproduced a cluster of autograph messages of goodwill and greeting to Federated Australia from notable men all over the world, and many of these messages are extremely interesting. They show the widespread interest evoked by the creation of the Commonwealth, and the genuine goodwill of representative men of the Anglo-Saxon race. May the future of the Commonwealth be as glorious as its creators believe it will be, and as it may be if only those who control its destinies are guided by sagacious patriotism."

The "Scotsman" writes:—

"The Commonwealth number of the 'Review of Reviews for Australasia' is one of great interest. It contains messages to the people of Australia written by eminent men of all parties in this country. In the case of most of these, the handwriting of the sender of the message is produced in fac-simile, and a portrait of the writer is given. Mr. Fitchett is editor of the 'Review.'"

The "Worcestershire Advertiser," under the head of "Particularly Interesting," writes:—

"The 'Review of Reviews for Australasia,' always one of the most readable of magazines, is especially interesting in its April number, on account of the letters of goodwill and greeting to Federated Australia, which it reproduces. These congratulations come from many lands, and the editor of the 'Review' prints them in fac-simile, with portraits of the writers."

The "Irish Times" says:

"We have received a copy of the April number of the 'Review of Reviews for Australasia,' which, it is claimed, is the only Australasian magazine published. The number is most interesting in its contents, and lavish and artistic in its illustrations. There is a history of the month, which has been rendered memorable by the opening of the Commonwealth Parliament, and a number of reproductions of messages of greeting for many lands and many famous men to Federated Australia."

THE FEDERAL FLAG COMPETITION.

The "Review of Reviews" Federal Flag Competition has assumed proportions not anticipated when the offer of a prize of £50 for the best design for an Australian national flag was made, in November, last year.

From the first announcement, designs began to flow in, and each extension of the time-limit produced a new spurt on the part of flag-artists, until the number of designs sent in reached many thousands. The Federal Government then decided to start a flag competition on its own account, and agreed to take over the "Review" designs as entries for its own. The "Review of Reviews for Australasia" increased its prize to the same amount as that offered by the Federal Government (£75), the joint sums thus representing £150.

When the competition closed, at the end of June, the total number of designs in hand was just about 30,000. Mr. J. S. Blackham, of the Melbourne "Herald," was appointed to superintend the arrangements for judging, and for the past six weeks he has been directing the operations of a large staff of workers. The work, at the moment we write, is just about completed, and the judging will take place immediately. The old German Court in the Melbourne Exhibition Building has been rented for the purpose, and the display is a most striking one.

The difficulties in the way of arranging the huge mass of designs so as to make an artistic display, and at the same time give every competitor a fair chance, were many; but both ends have been admirably achieved. Every inch of wall in court and corridor has been covered, a kiosk at the entry has been converted into a veritable house of cards, and a line of flagged screens runs down the centre. The area covered by the designs is something like 1,000 square yards! Designs came in all sizes, and on all sorts of material. They ranged in size from a postage stamp (and therefore ruled out) to a sign-board. One competitor crowded four designs on a postcard, another sent a pair which used up no less than 216 square feet of bunting. One designer placed his ideas on a sheet of oiled tissue paper; a second painted on opal; a third tried oil-paints on wood, and others wrought in card or calico, silk or satin, brown paper or bunting.

In order to facilitate handling and packing, the cardboard and paper flags were all mounted on

strawboards, of which over two tons weight were required to accommodate the exhibits!

In glancing round the gaily-coloured walls, the visitor is struck with the amazing variety of patterns, and, at the same time, with the wonderful ignorance of what are the essential points of a national flag. To give but a single example, it is necessary that, if the Union Jack be included as part of the flag, it should be placed in the top left-hand corner, for when reversed and flown at sea, it stands for a signal of distress. The majority of the draughtsmen use the Jack, but in hundreds of cases it appears on the outer edge, in the bottom corners, or in the centre of the flag. Certain of the exhibits would make tolerable illuminated addresses, but, as flags, are impossible. There are patterns that might make the designer's fortune in a linoleum factory, but which would lead a sea-captain to believe his telescope had turned into a kaleidoscope. Ideas as to the shape and habits of Australian animals are crude. One competitor parodies the nursery rhyme of his childhood by representing the kangaroo jumping over the Southern Cross; whilst another shows an emu executing a Sheffield Handicap in record time, with a jackass laughing at his exertions. But perhaps the wildest dream in flag-making is represented in a dozen square feet of material at the extreme end of the building. A second-hand Union Jack has been cut up to form an ornamental border. The centre-piece is a map of Australia and New Zealand, edged with green; north, south, east, and west of the continent are photographs, on gelatine paper, of the four principal towns, and odd spaces are filled with water-colour drawings of national flowers, not forgetting a tempting bunch of leeks to catch the eye of the naval Welshmen. The *vis-a-vis* of this "scrap-sheet" is an apparently simple design of a kangaroo rampant, on a field azure. But the accompanying sheets of foolscap explain that the animal is the fighting kangaroo, and his "rampant" attitude denotes that Australia is ready to fight the world—a triple length of tail apparently invites the world to give cause for the said fight.

But, apart from the humorous and the impossible, there are many designs which might be fitly chosen as Australia's flag.

The competitors range from an office-boy to a State Governor, and include a prominent naval officer, a well-known military man on active service in South Africa, and numbers of well-known society personages throughout Australia. Subscribers to the "Review of Reviews for Australasia" in the Shetland Islands, Canada, Malta, United States, India, China, and England have entered the lists, whilst every Australian colony has its flag-designers. The "plural exhibiting clause" has been taken advantage of to such an extent that it gives an average of eight pairs of flags to each designer, one fertile-brained draughtsman having sent into this office no less than seventy-four pairs.

His Excellency Lord Hopetoun and the Prime Minister have both viewed the flags, and were

highly delighted with the excellence of the display. "This is not a show," remarked Mr. Barton, "it's an exhibition."

After the judging is completed, the exhibition will be opened to the public, and it is probable that the flags will be taken to the other colonies for display. The judges are: Captain Mitchell, late of the Victorian pilot service; Captain Eadie, superintendent of navigation, Sydney; Captain Clare, of H.M.S. Protector, South Australia; Mr. Evans, M.H.R., Tasmania, who has made a special study of such matters; and Lieutenant Thompson, of H.M.S. Katoomba, who was nominated by Rear-Admiral Beaumont to assist the board.

We shall reproduce the successful design, with others, in our next issue.

"Blackwood's Magazine" contains a very interesting article on "Push Larrikinism" in Australia, which I have noticed among the leading articles. Otherwise "Blackwood" has nothing of note. There is an anonymous article on "The London Irish," dealing chiefly with the poorer classes of London-born Irishmen and women, from which the following passage may be worth quoting:—

The influence of the Roman Catholic Church on the dock population cannot be confidently defined in a sentence or two. Its hold on the women is certainly stronger than on the men, and the honour must be fairly divided between the Sisters and the Priests. An Irish girl has an alive sense of religion, and compares most favourably in point of morals with her English sister, who passes godlessly from the board school to the factory. They even submit to discipline in matters of dress: we have been told, for instance, that the substitution of the plain straw hat with a leather band for the wonderful edifice of ostrich feathers which used to be in fashion, is due to the thrifty advice of a much-respected Catholic lady, who occupies herself with good works. The priests, too, exercise a remarkable control over their flocks up to a certain point. One of them used to rule his parish literally with a rod, carrying a stout cane under his cassock, which he would lay across the back of a burly dockerman caught knocking his wife about.

The writer concludes that a couple of generations' residence in London results in the degeneration of the Irish immigrants.

"Should black be worn as mourning?" That is the controversy which the "Sunday at Home" is courageous enough to allow E. Renoul Esler to open in its pages. The writer denounces the present custom as barbaric, uncivilised, un-Christian. He contrasts the millions spent in "mourning" for Victoria with the single million which General Booth asked for his social scheme, and

asked for in vain. He adds the suggestion that half a dozen ladies inaugurate a "Guild of Resignation or Guild of Patience," with distinctive dress, for mourners wishing to retire from Society for a while, and to serve those who suffer. He then advances the rather fanciful proposal that mourners as yet unreconciled to their loss might wear grey, while those who desired to make helpful efforts should wear brown.

"The Secret of Ireland" is the subject of a paper in "Macmillan's" for April by Mr. Stephen Gwynn. He grants that "the institution of marriage works better in Catholic Ireland than anywhere in Christendom." This the priest attributes to the supernaturalism of the Church's dogmas and practices, an attitude of mind which Mr. Gwynn finds it hard to understand. Yet, he adds, the very incomprehensibility of such an attitude is in itself a clue. Perhaps Mr. Gwynn's clue would be interpreted by a Catholic reader into the suggestion that we English cannot understand the Isle of Saints because we are so little of saints ourselves. The writer grants that the priests, if any class, are "the keepers of the secret of Ireland."

"Good Words" for July contains a rather ingenious article illustrating the amount of coal mined in Great Britain as compared with other metal. The diagrams are well executed. The moral Mr. Harold Macfarlane draws from his survey is that the proper husbanding of the coal resources of the Kingdom is a question of national importance, and that in another fifty years the dearth of cheap coal will begin to be felt.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

A Question of Life or Death.

A MESSAGE FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Mr. Arnold White has been spending some time with the Mediterranean fleet, and he contributes to the "National Review" an article entitled "A Message from the Mediterranean," which has naturally excited a great deal of attention. Not, however, so much attention as it deserves. For if the statements therein contained are authentic, someone should be impeached, and all other national business suspended until the truth has been established and immediate steps taken to mend matters. Mr. White is the special friend and crony of Lord Charles Beresford, the second in command of the Mediterranean Fleet, and his message is that if war broke out to-morrow with France and Russia, instead of being quite certain that we could defend our naval superiority, we should in all probability be exposed to a crushing defeat in the Mediterranean. I confess that it is with a feeling of some exasperation that I read this article—a feeling of exasperation that will be shared with many others.

We have poured out money like water in order to make our Fleet invincible. We have been assured over and over again by the best naval officers, including the admirable officer who is now commanding the Mediterranean Fleet as Lord Charles Beresford's superior, that the result of our expenditure was not in vain, and that, after fifteen years' unflinching effort, we had at last succeeded in creating a navy worthy of our Imperial position. And now, while Admiral Fisher is still in command of the Mediterranean, what is it we are told? That we could only put ten ships into line against the possible twenty of the Franco-Russian Alliance, and that these ten are lacking in many of the first essentials of a fighting fleet. What is the use of it all, we feel inclined to ask, if the nation votes untold millions year after year, never holding back sixpence, but rather pressing upon successive Boards of Admiralty more millions than they ask for, if at the end of all we are in this desperate position? How can we be assured that if we double our Navy estimates to-morrow we shall not be as badly off as to-day! But what can we make of Mr. Arnold White's very vigorous and lucid exposition of the weakness of the Mediterranean fleet? I will leave out of account his complaint of the lack of a break-water at Malta or the defenceless position of

Egypt, but just read this statement of what is lacking in the Mediterranean Fleet to-day:—

3.—A deficiency in all classes of vessels from battle-ships to destroyers. Since the visit of my Lords the British force has been still further reduced by the grounding of the cruiser Barham and the collision of two destroyers.

4.—Complete absence of fleet auxiliaries of all kinds. No provision has been made for—

- Hospital ships.
- Repairing ships,
- Frozen meat store.
- Mother ships for destroyers.
- Efficient colliers.
- Telegraph ships.

5.—Owing to the lack of provision no adequate provision has been made for the first essentials of efficient fighting, e.g.:

- Telescopic sights.
- Gyroscopes.
- Smokeless powder for the 13.5-in. guns.
- Armour-piercing shells.
- Breech-loading field guns.
- Wireless telegraphy.

We have heard a great deal about our absent-minded war, but it would seem as if equal absence of mind has been shown in equipping the Fleet. Now, absent-mindedness on land only entails losses, grievous to be borne, no doubt, but capable of being repaired. At sea it is otherwise. If our Mediterranean Fleet were once destroyed, as Mr. Arnold White evidently thinks it would be in case it had to meet the combined fleets of France and Russia, where should we be? Ironclads cannot be built in less than a couple of years, or eighteen months at the least, and long before that time had elapsed our doom would be sealed.

Mr. White complains that the House of Commons voted Mr. Goschen in three years four and a half millions more than he spent. That may be. But Admiral Fisher was one of the most influential of the sea-lords during Mr. Goschen's First Lordship. What has he to say, I wonder, to this exposition of the weakness of the Fleet? Mr. White does not in the least exaggerate the consequences which would follow from the loss of our naval position. He tells us that the Emperor of Austria and the King of Greece have both specifically stated within the past year that nothing but the strength of the British Fleet would guarantee the peace of Europe. But ten of our battle-ships are armed with muzzle-loading guns. Many of them are supplied with powder whose smoke will render it impossible for them to see their adversary after the first round, and the Fleet is deplorably lacking in other essentials of efficiency. Yet with all these things staring them in their

faces, Ministers are demanding millions upon millions in order to create a huge army, which Mr. White says cannot leave England unless the Navy is supreme, and need not if it is. Every million spent on the Army above twenty-four millions is a million taken from the Navy.

Mr. White bears frank testimony to the extent to which the South African War has shattered our prestige throughout Europe. Lord Salisbury, in the amazing speech which he addressed to the Nonconformist Unionists, assured his audience that our exploits in South Africa had filled the world with awe as to the military might of Great Britain. That is open to question. What Mr. White says is a fact. He tells us that not only has the South African War convinced the War Offices of Europe of our military weakness, but that they have drawn therefrom a most dangerous deduction as to the weakness of our fleet. He says: "Since the South African War revealed the weakness of our military system, the thinking departments of foreign nations have deliberately come to the conclusion that the defects of the British fighting Army have also pervaded the British Fleet." So convinced is the French General Staff of the unreadiness of the British fighting fleets for instant war that the traditional French naval strategy has been deliberately changed from the defensive to the offensive. No one can deny the pacific inclinations of the present French Ministry. But the temptation to clear us out of Egypt and replace the Union Jack by the tricolour in Malta might become irresistible if France once believed she could rely upon German neutrality during the execution of this operation. We must all sincerely trust that France may never be tempted beyond what she is able to bear; but if Mr. White is right, the recurrence of another Fashoda incident might have very different results. I have said nothing about Mr. White's complaint as to the inadequate food supply of our bluejackets. That is an important subject, no doubt, but of comparative insignificance compared with the question whether or not Britannia's trident has rusted in her grasp. It will not do to say, as Lord Rosebery said about the South African War, that we shall muddle through somehow. Naval wars in modern times are not muddled through. The destiny of an Empire may rest upon an engagement fought between sunrise and sundown, or even between ten o'clock and noonday.

We are always told that John Bull can never think of more than one thing at a time, and at present his head is so full of the South African War that he has no time to think about the condition of the Mediterranean Fleet. If so, that is only another proof of the fact that the brain of

the nation has gone soft. A man who would persist in spending all his time catching fleas in a blanket when his house was blazing about his ears would be fit only for Bedlam, and if Mr. White is right, Bedlam appears to be the only fitting postal address for the present occupants of Downing-street.

Our Commercial Rivalry with America.

(1) THE ADVANTAGE OF THE GREAT CANAL.

The "Fortnightly Review" publishes two articles on "Our Commercial Rivalry with America." Mr. Benjamin Taylor regards the acquisition of the Leyland steamers as a significant sign of the times, but only one of many movements that prove that our unquestioned supremacy in shipping and maritime commerce is doomed to disappear. The Nicaragua Canal will afford American manufacturers such an advantage in the markets of the Far East as they have never yet possessed. Unless the American Republic, as some people predict, falls to pieces, the year 2000 will see Uncle Sam established permanently in the paramount position long occupied by John Bull. He thinks that the Americans are sure to pass the Subsidy Bill, and when it is passed we shall be at the beginning of the most formidable competition which we have yet faced. Mr. Taylor calculates that the saving of distance between London and New Zealand by the Nicaragua Canal would only be equivalent to three days' steaming for a quick steamer of 5,000 tons. The saving on these three days would amount to only £450, which is a very small sum to put against £2,500 of canal dues.

Mr. H. W. Wilson writes in his usual alarmist fashion upon the danger which menaces England from the growth of the trusts in America. The value of his article is vitiated by his undisguised anxiety in every paragraph to aim a blow at Free Trade. In the course of his paper he calls attention to the declared intention of many large firms to establish works in other countries. Messrs. Cammell are proposing to establish subsidiary works in Russia. But this is surely no new thing. More serious is Mr. Jessop's announcement that they contemplate establishing works for certain branches of their business in the United States, whither the Yorkshire plush trade has already migrated.

(2) THE AMERICAN INVASION.

The opening article in the "New Liberal Review" for July is by Mr. Kenric B. Murray, and is entitled "The American Invasion." Mr. Murray is not a pessimist in regard to our industrial position, and he begins by stating that he regards the increasing investment of American capital in this

country as beneficial to both the Americans and ourselves. He sees no sign whatever of dry-rot in the British nation or character. Our only drawbacks lie in the fact that we are too prosperous and too wealthy. The Americans and Germans willingly take greater risks, and are sometimes contented with smaller profits; but this is only a proof that our reputation has risen so high that the very best business is brought to us. Nevertheless, Mr. Murray sees that our education system is imperfect:—

The Empire of Germany has risen from under the tyrannical heel of the first Napoleon to be by force of education the first and most powerful nation of Continental Europe; and yet we heed not. Republican America has risen by means of free internal trade, and, above all, by means of free State education, right up to and including free University training, to be the first nation of the West; and yet we heed not. What cataclysm will be necessary to open our eyes to the national and State value of effective tuition? We pay and squander hundreds of thousands of pounds of good money yearly on an incomplete and disconnected system of education. When shall we cry halt and demand value for our money in matters educational, as we are already doing in matters naval and military? May it be soon, very soon, for we are losing time which may, perhaps, never be entirely retrieved.

Mr. Murray says, also, that the Limited Liability Acts are defective, and that our Parliamentary procedure in regard to private Bills is wasteful. But trades unionism is the worst of all:—

But the greatest national waste is that deliberately and daily committed by British labour by intentional restriction of output. This restriction has become a rule now in the majority of trades. Needless to say that it is contrary to economic law, and is resorted to for purely selfish purposes, viz., to produce an artificial increase of wages. Fortunately for the progress of mankind no such rule prevails in America; in fact, the contrary and natural practice of producing the largest amount per individual worker holds good in that country. The consequences will be severely felt as competition becomes keener. In fact, it is already operating in the machinery trade, where American productions are successfully building up an important export trade. It is particularly in regard to rapidity of delivery that American producers are able to compete successfully with British manufacturers.

(3) SIR HIRAM MAXIM ON BRITISH INDUSTRIES.

The "World's Work" for June contains an interesting article on Sir Hiram Maxim, by Mr. Chalmers Roberts, who gives an account of a long interview with the great inventor on the great question of British and American industries. Sir Hiram evidently has very despondent views as to the prospects of British manufactures, and he compares Britishers and Americans in nearly every case to the disadvantage of the former. In the first place, the American manufacturer pays very high salaries to exceptionally skilful mechanics, as a rule there being no fixed wage, but payment for all classes of workmen in proportion to their skill and application. This is the consequence of another American superiority—that the manufacturer is always seeking something new, and throws

away as rubbish even new tools the moment they have been improved upon. As to Trades Unionism, Sir Hiram Maxim says:—

Trade unionism has reached a development in England unknown in any other part of the world, and perhaps the most malignant type is that found among the metal workers. The union known as the Amalgamated Society of Engineers not only attempts to prevent what they are pleased to call unskilled mechanics from working machines at all, but if their own men are themselves employed on machines, they resort to every trick and expedient to limit the output. In many cases a lathe may run a whole day without ever taking a cut at all. They oppose the introduction of new systems or new tools. In fact, all their influence is directed against rapid and cheap production.

Sir Hiram ought surely to know that this charge against the A.S.E. has been again and again denied and repelled by Mr. G. N. Barnes, the Union Secretary. But it seems to be a "fixed idea" with many capitalists. In this respect the Germans, as well as the Americans, are said to be wiser. The German knows that he has to meet all the world in competition. As to what is to be done, Sir Hiram recommends:—(1) The acquisition of the best and newest instruments. (2) Standardisation and interchangeability, by which separate pieces of composite articles are made in large numbers. Nevertheless, he says that it is almost certain the United States will continue to lead. English manufactures may not fall off, but they have lost their relative position. Finally, Sir Hiram Maxim recommends a general alliance between Great Britain and the United States:—

The United States is fast becoming the food purveyor of the world, and it may be at no very remote time that if a Continental nation wishes to go to war she will have to obtain a license from the United States, or have no food for her troops.

(4) TRUSTS AND PRICES.

The "North American Review" for June contains an article by Professor J. W. Jenks on "How Trusts Affect Prices." We quote Professor Jenks' conclusions:—

So far as the combinations exert a monopolistic power over prices, and sometimes they have this power to a limited degree, the result is in all probability usually, but not always, directly injurious to society. So far as they are able to effect savings by less expenditure of industrial energy, these savings are directly beneficial to society. They may in no way affect prices immediately, but be retained by the capitalist or divided between him and the working man; or they may—and this is probably the best social result—be distributed through the community immediately in the form of lower prices. So far as experience goes, it seems to show that, so far, the chief benefit has been retained by the capitalist, the labourers have secured a small part, the great mass of the consumers in some instances none of the benefits, in others part. The general tendency, however, through the beneficent influence of competition, either actual or potential, seems to be in the direction of giving to the consumers a larger part of this fund in the future, although both the combinations and the wage-earners are likely to retain some benefit.

(5) "ALL DUE TO FREE TRADE!"

Mr. J. P. Young contributes to the "Forum" an "American View of the British Industrial Situation," his argument being that we must lose our position unless we adopt Protection:—

The malady from which Great Britain is suffering is her open ports, or perhaps it would be better to say that these have promoted it. They were thrown open on the assumption that certain healthful results would follow. The expectation has been disappointed. The most important one—namely, that other nations would imitate British example, has not occurred. On the contrary, the opposite course has been pursued. Instead of opening their ports freely to the British, rival peoples have deliberately framed tariffs which have had the effect of making it difficult for the manufacturers of the United Kingdom to market their surplus productions, and, at the same time, have resorted to methods which seem to be effectually displacing British wares in the British Isles. The foreigners may be pursuing uneconomic methods, as the Cobdenites assert, or promoting the best interests of their countries, as Protectionists assume; but in either case the fact remains that Great Britain is playing a losing game. Indeed, she is doing the uncommercial thing of persistently giving something for nothing—a line of action which, in the long run, must result in disaster.

Mr. Young quotes the silk trade as an example. Since 1857 the consumption of raw silk in manufactures in this country has decreased tenfold, a decrease which must not be attributed to decline in demand, for our imports of manufactured silk goods have increased enormously. Meantime Protectionist America has been capturing the industry, and British trade is "being needlessly sacrificed to a theory."

(6) OUR FAILURES WITH MOHAMMEDANS.

Bismillah, whoever he may be, writes in the "Empire Review" a lament over "The Passing of British Trade; How we alienate the Moslem." His lament is based on the ground that, owing to the continuous attacks made in Great Britain upon the Sultan, and the contemptuous indifference with which we treat all Mohammedan States, we are losing with them both our influence and our trade. As with Turkey, so it is, he says, with Persia and Morocco, and as a result Russia and Germany are becoming predominant. "There will soon," he says, "be posted in the offices of all Mohammedan Governments an intimation that 'No English need apply.'"

The Key of the Mediterranean.

SHALL WE EXCHANGE GIBRALTAR?

Mr. H. E. M. Stutfield, writing from intimate knowledge, discusses in the July "New Liberal Review" the whole question as to the present position of Gibraltar and its value in a great war. His article is entitled "Mr. Bowles and the Key of the Mediterranean," but the problem he deals with is much wider, as may be seen from his conclusion,

which is that, compared with Ceuta, Gibraltar is of very little value, and might even become a worthless burden.

The Site for a Harbour.

Mr. Stutfield admits that Mr. Bowles' criticisms may be very well founded, but he does not regard Mr. Bowles' remedy with confidence. He says that he has never seen a more unpromising site for a harbour or dockyard than the Mediterranean side of the Rock. There is no natural harbour of any sort, and the works would be exposed to the full fury of the Mediterranean. The cliffs, moreover, are perpendicular, and there is, therefore, no room for sheds and workshops.

The Danger of Gibraltar.

Our position at Gibraltar is, however, in other respects so weak that the question of east or west sinks into insignificance. Ceuta is infinitely superior. In the event of war with Spain, Gibraltar would be dependent on Morocco for food. At Ceuta there is a large and fertile country at the doors of the fortress. The civilian population at Gibraltar amounts to 20,000, and the feeding of these in time of war would present many difficulties. As to defence, Mr. Stutfield says that we have to construct elaborate works against torpedo attacks from Algeiras. If we annexed Ceuta, we would, moreover, gain a predominant position in Morocco, where our influence is now declining:—

Annexion of Ceuta.

We might make a deal with the French Government now by undertaking not to interfere with her operations south of the Atlas, in consideration of her not opposing our occupation of Ceuta. Sooner or later our Government will be confronted with the problem of how to secure our vital interests on the southern shore of the Straits. Nor is there any reason why this question, skilfully handled, should give rise to any grave international complications. We need not occupy Tangier, as a magazine writer suggested the other day, or take any other violent measures which might bring half Europe on our backs; and, if we only held Ceuta, our right to assert our influence in any arrangement which might be made could not be questioned. The exchange of Gibraltar for Ceuta would obviously be contingent upon Spain's giving her assent. If this were withheld, there is, of course, an end of the matter. Probably she would be only too willing. Our possession of what, geographically, is a portion of their Peninsula is, and in the nature of things always must be, a very sore point with the Spaniards. Our ability to hold it is a legitimate source of pride to us, but the irritation it engenders forms one of the weaknesses of our possession.

Mr. Stutfield, moreover, agrees with Mr. Bowles that we are in very bad odour in Spain at present. He concludes his article by pointing out that Gibraltar has lost much of its value owing to modern developments:—

Most Englishmen, in addition to their sentiment regarding our splendid possession at the gate of the Mediterranean, have an exaggerated idea of its strategical value. As a matter of fact, this has been steadily declining since the old days of sailing-ships and smooth-

bore cannon, when any attack on our shipping at the Rock had to be made from the sea, and damaged men-of-war could be repaired out of range of the enemy's guns on land. Nowadays, as has already been shown, the aspect of affairs is completely altered for the worse; and docks, harbour, coalsheds, workshops, fortifications, merchantment, battleships, whole and maimed, would all be grouped together, and exposed to a converging fire from land, to which, in all probability, no effective reply could be made. Mr. Bowles also reminds us of what has been pointed out before, that Gibraltar does not, by itself, command the Straits, as so many people imagine is the case. As the present writer formerly observed, without a fleet it no more commands them than Dover commands the English Channel; and whatever control we now have over ships passing through the gut could be exercised equally effectively from Ceuta. The key of the Mediterranean, in other words, could be kept equally well on the southern as on the northern shore of the Straits.

Tigers Killed to Order.

S. Eardley Wilmot, in the July "Temple Bar," writes upon the supernatural in India. The particulars he gives about the power possessed by some of the natives over wild animals will give rise to many incredulous questionings. The charm vendor, who in this case was a wizened, emaciated, feeble old person, would make no promises to Mr. Wilmot and his friend that tigers would be forthcoming on the morrow, but he consented to join the hunt. Mr. Wilmot gives the following description of the events which then took place:—

I was both astonished and angry when the tiger charmer stopped at the edge of a small patch of grass which might have concealed a pig or deer, but certainly could not, in my opinion, afford suitable cover for a tiger. When I represented this to the old man, he merely replied: "The tiger is there;" and we, traversing the grass, passed out on the other side without discovering any living creature. We again appealed to our leader to cease his fooling and take us to a more suitable spot, but were met by the same stolid reply.

There was nothing to be done but to try again, and this time we discovered an immense tiger lying crouched between two elephants. He arose on being discovered, and walked slowly in front of the howdah to the edge of the patch of grass, then turning in a devious way he calmly regarded us, and fell at once with a bullet behind the shoulder. The extraordinary behaviour of this tiger impressed me more as a sportsman than the proceedings of the old man; but we both acknowledged that the incident was in every way uncanny. It was yet early in the day, and the bell again sounding, we were led in a bee line to another tiger, which suffered itself to be slaughtered in a similar manner. In five days we bagged six tigers, and only desisted because the old man explained that if we killed all the tigers, his trade in charms would be ruined. Concluding that virtue lay in the bell, we offered large sums for its purchase; these were sternly declined, the owner protesting that he would not part with it till his death, and then only to his son.

The tiger charmer, however, taught Mr. Wilmot's orderly a charm which he said would deliver tigers into their hands. A few days later they tried the charm on an old and cunning tiger, with the following results:—

I was full of faith in our venture, resolved in my own mind that if anything happened it would be due to some error in our incantations, and in this frame

of mind I was not surprised to see our tiger arise from beneath a thorn bush in a most unlikely locality, and walk in the usual dazed condition in front of the line of elephants. His appearance and behaviour were greeted with a murmur of satisfaction by the elephant drivers; here, they said, is a beast we have all known for years, and who has already shown himself superior to our calculations; to-day he is indifferent to his fate; what manner of charm is this that can destroy his sense?

The Foreign Policy of Russia.

"Calchas" contributes to the "Fortnightly Review" an article devoted to the "External Policy of Russia." His conclusion is admirable. Some of the steps by which he arrives at it are open to question. He takes for granted many things which are not absolutely certain, and assumes that because the trend of Russian and German policy is in a certain direction it is like the trade winds which blow steadily in one direction, and not like the fitful winds with which we are more familiar. He says that Russia has made the disagreeable discovery that the objects of her secular ambition are endangered by the development of German aspirations in the Near East and by the appearance of Japan and America as formidable competitors in the Pacific.

Its Steady Aim.

Russia's great aim, he asserts, has always been to get to the blue water in the Aegean, in the Persian Gulf, in the Pacific. He rightly ridicules the idea that Russian statesmen have ever meditated the seizure of India as a spoil. But the menace to India has always been a useful card in Russian hands in order to keep us in order, and to prevent us worrying too much when she made a move in other directions. "Calchas" is of opinion that we ought frankly and once for all to recognise that Russia is in Manchuria, and will stay there so long as her railway runs to Port Arthur and Port Arthur is in her hands. He thinks an Anglo-Russian Agreement could easily be arrived at in relation to China if in the first case we recognise the fait accompli in Manchuria, and in the second place join Russia in a guarantee of the territorial integrity of the Chinese Empire.

Its Deadliest Foe.

In the Near East "Calchas" is even more radical and thorough-going in his attitude. He maintains that the contest for predominance in Constantinople will certainly be fought out between Germany and Russia. He would proclaim it as a fundamental principle of British policy that it is not worth the bones of a single Tommy Atkins to keep Russia out of Constantinople or to interpose in the conflict of Titans which looms threateningly in these quarters. He calls attention to the significance of certain hints as to the reality of Ger-

man designs upon Asia Minor, attaching perhaps a little more importance to the through Bagdad Railway than its promoters. But there is no doubt that the *Drang nach Osten*, which Bismarck recommended to Austria, has been taken up in serious earnest by the German Emperor, who recognises the truth of M. de Bloch's theory as to the impossibility of feeding his country in war-time overseas, and who is preparing this great trunk line through Asia Minor for the purpose of feeding Germany by an overland route.

One detail in the execution of this project is the construction of a bridge across the Bosphorus. But much water must pass through the Golden Horn before these dreams are realised. That they are being entertained is no doubt true enough, and the admission of this fact has evidently its use, inasmuch as it tends to sober writers like "Calchas," and leads them to advocate a policy of abstention in regions in which we have never interfered without doing mischief.

Its Designs on the Persian Gulf.

The part of his article which is open to most question is that in which he assumes that Russia's definite policy is the creation of a port on the Persian Gulf. Lord Curzon wrote rubbish on the subject in his book on Persia, in which he declared that "he would regard the concession of such a port to Russia as a deliberate insult to Great Britain, as a wanton rupture of the status quo, and as an international provocation to war, and I should impeach the British Minister who was guilty of acquiescing in such a surrender as a traitor to his country." No doubt, Lord Curzon wrote this rhodomontade before the German dream of a Bagdad railway with a terminus at the naval station of Kuwait, on the Persian Gulf, and it is possible that the appearance of this new and formidable factor in international politics would afford Lord Curzon a much-needed excuse for acquiescing with good grace in the appearance of a Russian terminus in the same waters. "Calchas'" conclusion is that if there is to be really room for both Russia and England in Asia, England must make up her mind to let Russia occupy Bunder Abbas, and having made such a decision, she should not imitate the querulous imbecility with which she has carped and snarled about Port Arthur and the appurtenances thereof. If we decide that Russia is not to have Bunder Abbas, we must join the Triple Alliance, and go in for conscription, and all that it implies.

We have summarised the main contention of "Calchas'" paper. There are one or two passages which are very interesting, in which he discusses the probability that Russia, which at present has

loyally maintained the status quo in the Balkans, may be driven to demand a concession of some measure of autonomy for Macedonia, and that Italy, on the other side, will press for the construction of a railway from the Adriatic to the Danube, which will entail many other things of which "Calchas" says nothing, such as the concession of similar privileges to Albania. The fate of Macedonia, says "Calchas," will show sooner than seems to be expected in Western Europe whether destiny for all the purposes of the twentieth century will favour Teuton or Russian.

German and British Schools.

"The English School and its German Rivals" is the title of a very interesting article in the "Contemporary Review" for July. The writer is Mr. R. E. Hughes, and his views are all the more interesting because he apportioned praise and blame very impartially, and is by no means a partisan of the educational system of either country. The first thing he notes is that the German school is philosophical and logical, whereas the British school is like the British Constitution, it works well, but nobody knows how or why. Mr. Hughes by no means thinks that everything is in favour of the German system. He says:—

I believe that the most valuable factors, such as the elasticity, originality, and self-help, which characterise the democratic system, and which cannot be summed up and estimated in a comparison such as I am making, are of much greater value than that beautiful symmetry and philosophical unity that undoubtedly characterise the more highly organised system of Germany.

Kindergartens.

In Germany infant schools do not exist, being replaced in large towns by Kindergartens for children under six years old. The German kindergarten class has never more than ten pupils, which is a great advantage over the British class, which contains sometimes sixty. But the building of our infant schools is much superior to German kindergartens, and the hours of attendance in England are shorter. Mr. Hughes also finds English singing much better, and the English school much fuller of vigour.

The Age of Scholars.

Mr. Hughes says that it is a mistake to think that French and German children get more schooling and leave school at a later age than English children. In France a child may leave school at eleven, if he pass certain examinations. Where the English child has eight or nine years' schooling, the French or German child has only seven or eight. In one respect, however, the Germans are much superior, and that is in average attendance. The gymnasium in the German school is

much more elaborately fitted up, but of course in outdoor games the English child excels. Mr. Hughes also combats the idea that the chemical and physical laboratories in Germany are superior to those in England. No such practical training in science is given to the German child. The lecture is the chief instrument of teaching, and the German lecture theatres are better arranged. On the whole, Mr. Hughes finds British schools better decorated; but the German children are very clean, orderly, and courteous.

Curricula.

As to curricula, Mr. Hughes says:—

First, that there is a philosophical basis to German education, and second that no practical work in science worth speaking of is done in German primary or higher primary schools, and indeed I may add in but few secondary schools either. Neither do we find that the girls are taught either cookery or laundry work, nor is manual instruction taken up in the German schools to anything like the extent that we might imagine; for example, in the wealthy and progressive city of Cologne not a single school gives manual training a place in its curriculum. Indeed, the German teacher is perfectly candid; he laughs at what he calls these new fads of the English teachers, manual training, technical education, and what not. Now I hope you will not misunderstand me. I am speaking of the average German teacher, neither Conservative nor Revolutionary, but typical. If Germany ousts England from the markets of the world it will not be because her technical training is better than ours; in fact, I think it is not; but because either her primary or secondary school, or both, are superior as training grounds to the corresponding English schools. Personally, I believe that if England loses her commercial supremacy it will be because of her inefficient and inadequate system of secondary schools.

German children are taught their own language very carefully, and all dialectical idioms eliminated. Handwriting is generally very good. Arithmetic is taught on the blackboard and orally—rarely with books and slates. In elementary science we are ahead of Germany, but in modern languages we are, of course, behind. In German teaching is a fine art, but there is, says Mr. Hughes, a certain amount of formalism in it:

The teaching is sometimes too stereotyped in character, and the originality and resourcefulness characteristic of the finest teaching are often lacking in the German teaching of to-day. Still, with all this, the more I study and think about the German teacher the more I admire the care with which he builds up the new knowledge firmly upon the old, the honesty with which he performs his task, never allowing a sense of injustice or injury to interfere with the due discharge of his duties, the enthusiasm with which he is imbued, the high conception he has formed of the obligations of his profession, the candour with which he gives his opinion, and the self-respect that animates him in all his actions; these are traits which unite him, in my mind, to all that is best in our English teacher.

On the whole, Mr. Hughes, who evidently speaks from close personal knowledge, gives a much more favourable idea of our educational system than might be expected.

The Moral Future of the World.

MR. H. G. WELLS' ANTICIPATIONS.

The fourth instalment of Mr. Wells' articles on the probable course of social evolution in the twentieth century appears in the "Fortnightly Review" for July. It is an interesting but very depressing forecast. For he anticipates that the world upon which we are entering will be a world without a Bible, without a God, without any recognised morality, which will reproduce all the combined vices of the Roman Caesars and Russian Emperors. Not that we shall be all bad, because, fortunately, a great number of us will have a chance of being engineering folk who have to practise plain living and high thinking. But the stockholders of the world, the men who toil not neither do they spin, who are entirely emancipated from all social or theological restraint, will establish all over the world an enormous multitude of little courts, which will reproduce the vices of the ancient world. The contagion of their example will spread far and wide, and vice and depravity in every form that is not actually penal will be reprinted in every grade of magnificence, and condoned.

The Two Great Social Camps.

Side by side with this depraved shareholding class, who will control the greatest share of the wealth of the world, there will grow up what he describes as great kindred groups of capable men and educated and adequate women, whom he particularises as engineering, medical, and scientific people, who will be a moral people, who will be clear when we are confused, resolved where we are undecided and weak. They will be the supremely capable and intellectual classes of the community, disciplined by self-restraint, applying the intellect of the engineer to the solution of all the problems of life. When we get so far we stop and marvel that one very obvious consideration did not present itself to Mr. Wells when writing these anticipations. We are an undecided and feeble folk who have not threshed out many things which, he tells us, they will have threshed out. But does Mr. Wells for one moment imagine that a state of society where all the intellect and all the character are in the possession of a capable scientific class, which approaches all problems with the eye of an engineer, would tolerate for twelve months the continued monopoly of the wealth of the world by a brood of Neros and Caligulas? If the engineer knows anything, he knows how to use dynamite; and when his engineering skill is served by moral indignation, he would sweep away the corrupt shareholding class with as much ease and with as little compunction as he would flood a

sewer, reeking little of the vermin which he may drown in the midst of the filth he sweeps away.

How Marriage will be Modified.

Apart from this fantastic speculation of the incredible acquiescence of the engineering and scientific folk in the vicious luxury of the shareholding classes, there is much that is very interesting, especially in his speculations as to the future of marriage. Many influences, he points out, are tending to modify monogamous marriages even now. One of the chief among these, to use his own striking phrase, is the fact that the tendency of our time is steadily abolishing locality. Hence mankind will become more or less a cosmopolitan amalgam of all the moral ideas of all the races that exist on the planet.

Rich polygamous Moslems and others will come from Asia and settle in the pleasantest places in the world. They will bring their establishments with them. No one will refuse to visit them because of the number of their matrimonial appendages. In many other ways their subtle influence will make itself felt. Add to this that Mr. Wells thinks that childless marriages will be much more frequent in the future than in the past, and the absence of children undermines the very foundation of family life, which has ever been the great mainstay of monogamous marriage.

Society, Mr. Wells thinks, will segregate itself. The principle of exclusive sets will find expression on a wider scale. There will be a polygamous society, a hill-top society, and so forth. As to the books that people will read in those days, literature will follow the main lines of segregation as morality. In the mass of the middling sort of people he suspects that there will be an edition or so of Omar Khayyam lying about, but he doubts about the Bible. Working books would probably be shabby and relegated to a small study, and even these overlaid by abundant "Financial Something or Other."

Novel Domestic Machinery.

It would be a servantless household, lacking both nursery and kitchen. Mr. Wells' speculations as to the future of the servant girl question are very interesting. At present the servant is necessary, partly to supplement the deficiencies of the wife, but mainly on account of the deficiencies of the house. As the house of the future will be constructed sanely, everyone will use lifts, and there will be no work required in dusting and cleaning the stairs, there will be no fireplaces, for the houses will be warmed with electricity, and no lamps, for they will be lighted in the same way. Air will enter the house of the future through proper tubes in the wall which will warm it, capture

its dust, and it will be spun out again by a simple mechanism. Intelligent people will feel the essential ugliness of wearing boots and shoes which show constant evidence of constant manual toil. Hot and cold water will be laid on to every room, and, instead of washing up after meals, all dirty table ware will be immersed in a suitable solvent for a few minutes, and then run off again for the articles to dry. The windows will wash themselves; on turning on a tap there will run down a properly chemicalised solution from pinholes above each pane. All cooking will be done by a neat little range with absolutely controllable temperature and proper heat screens. In those days, cooking will be a pleasant amusement for invalid ladies. It is to be hoped that this will be so, if, as he tells us, the servant of the future will only survive as a testimony to a social injustice and the unsuccessful rival of the wife.

How Long Will Our Coal Last?

In the July "Pall Mall" Professor James Geikie discusses this all-important question. Professor Geikie begins by premising that:—

It must at once be admitted that a complete and accurate estimate of the amount of coal at our disposal is an impossibility. So many allowances have to be made for one contingency and another that no two experts, equally well informed, are likely to come to precisely the same conclusion. But, admitting this, it may yet be confidently asserted that enough is known of our coal-fields to make it absolutely certain that our coal supply is not "practically inexhaustible." Nor can the question of the duration of that supply be considered merely of academic interest. No thoughtful statesman, no patriotic citizen, can contemplate the enormous annual output of our coal-fields without serious misgivings as to the fate of our commerce in the immediate future.

Secure in the unwarranted assumption that our supplies were "practically inexhaustible," the general public paid little attention to the doleful predictions of our wise men. Thirty-five years ago, however, the late Professor Jevons did succeed in breaking down the apathy of the British public. From placid unconcern the public passed to a state of panic and at once appointed a Royal Commission to enquire into the whole question. Five years later, after laborious investigations, that Commission reported that altogether (down to 4,000 feet), in "visible" and "concealed" coal-fields, there was 146,450,000,000 tons. As for the probable duration of this supply, the Commissioners were very non-committal. It might be 360 years, it might be 276.

Professor Geikie says that it is now doubted whether this report is not much too sanguine, and he quotes Professor Hull, a well-known authority on the question, who has come to the conclusion that some 27,000,000,000 needs to be subtracted from

the Commissioners' estimate of "visible" coal—that is, coal bearing actually at the surface. Professor Geikie apparently inclines to agree, on the whole, with Professor Hull, though he thinks the estimate of the Commission not lightly to be set aside. In large districts of Eastern England it is still a moot point whether coal exists, though boring has hitherto failed to discover it. So that our estimates must be uncertain from every point of view.

The Commission and Professor Hull adopted 4,900 feet as the limit for working coal. But Professor Geikie thinks it may be possible, by means of air-cooling processes, to work in dry heat at much greater depths. He says:—

Referring to the case of the Comstock lode, Professor Galloway remarks that, "as work can be carried on in the presence of rock at a temperature of 130 deg., without any special means of cooling the air, it is obvious that, if special means are resorted to, a still higher temperature can be grappled with when the inducement to do so arises." And he does not hesitate to express the opinion that a depth of 8,000 feet at least may yet be reached in localities where the rate of increase is 1 deg. in 60 feet. It does not appear to him at all improbable that, when there is any real scarcity of coal, and consequently a substantial rise of prices (say, for example, 10 or 20 shillings per ton), air-compressing engines of ever-increasing magnitude will be employed for the purpose of cooling the workings as the depths of the mines increase sufficiently to require them. The engineers of a future generation, he believes, will be able to cope successfully with rock temperatures far exceeding those encountered in the Comstock mines.

This, of course, is a hopeful factor in a somewhat gloomy situation.

Professor Geikie thinks it most desirable to put the whole matter before another Royal Commission.

Taking our coal supply at the least favourable estimate, we get a total amount of 96,000,000 tons, that is, going down to 6,000 feet.

As for the duration of these supplies, supposing we go on as we have been doing, it will all be gone, deep-level coal and all, in 189 years. But, as Professor Geikie says, it is idle to suppose that production will go on increasing till complete exhaustion supervenes. Professor Jevons, the creator of the first coal panic, estimated for 1893 an output of 298,000,000, whereas it was only 202,000,000.

Admitting that coals, with constantly improving machinery, will be able to be worked at a profit ever deeper and deeper, Professor Geikie nevertheless warns us that:—

It must be admitted that we appear to be within measurable distance of the time when our resources will be strained to the utmost to maintain our commercial supremacy. The price of coals will undoubtedly begin to rise as the cost of mining increases. A substantial rise of prices will necessarily lower the rate of production, and affect unfavourably all our industries. We shall be passed by other nations in the race whenever their coal resources can be more economically exploited than our own. As a great industrial nation

Britain will then be on the decline—a decline which will have commenced long before our coal-fields are depleted.

Mr. Dooley on Mr. Carnegie's Gift.

Mr. Dooley gives in "Harper's Weekly" his views on Mr. Carnegie's gift of £2,000,000 to Scotland. Says the great American humourist:—

"Tin millyon dollars to make th' Scotch a larned people," said Mr. Dooley.

"Who done that?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Andrew Carnagie," says Mr. Dooley. "He reaches down into his pocket where he keeps th' change, an' pulls up tin millyon bawbies an' says he, 'Boys, take ye'er fill iv larnin' an' charge it to me,' he says. 'Divle hang th' expinse,' he says. 'Th' more th' merryer,' he says. 'A short life an' a happy van,' he says. 'Larn anything ye like,' he says. 'Name ye'er preference,' he says, 'an' put it all down to me,' he says.

"That's th' way we do it, Andrew an' me. Whin other min are chasin' a bit iv loose money to th' corner iv a little leather purse to make good on a chair or a foldin' bed iv classical larnin' we ordher th' whole furniture shore an' have th' bill sint up to th' house. Idjaction in Scotland has been on th' retail. Th' Scotch have been goin' in with a bag of oatmeal an' exchangin' it fr' enough larnin' to last over th' night. It's been hand to mouth with thim fr' years. Andrew an' me propose fr' to buy idjaction fr' thim in th' bulk. Professur, wrap up tin millyon dollars' worth iv thought an' send it to th' Scotch.

"Hinniss, I don't know what's goin' to happen whin us American millyonaires begins to unbelt. It used to be that we niver knew whin we had enough. No matter how much I made, I was hanted be th' fear that I'd wake up in th' mornin' an' find it all gone, an' me with a pair iv overalls on runnin' up a ladder with a box iv mortar on me neck. Whin ye run in an' paid me th' three millyon dollars ye owed, I was afraid to put it in a dhruver fr' fear ye might come back affer I was gone, an' I didn't want to carry it in me pocket fr' fear I'd lose it; an' if I stuck it in a bank an' see th' prisident ridin' in a cab, a chill run up me back, an' I dremeed that night iv myself with a dinner pail under me arm pikin' off to th' rollin' mills just before th' sun come up. But ye get used to money, just as ye get used to poverty, Hinniss, though niver as much used to it, fr'm th' lack iv companions, an' there come a time whin I didn't know what to do with it. I cudden't give it back to th' min I got it fr'm. They wudden't take it. Manny iv thim ar'e dead. Besides, 'tis agin me system. I've got into th' habit iv makin' it, but not into th' habit iv spindin' it. I can't buy things with it, fr' there's nawthin' I've larned how to buy that won't make money fr' me. I can't give it to th' poor, because if they had it they wudden't be poor anny longer. Besides, no wan ought to be poor in this land iv opporchnuity. As th' pote says, Opporchnuity knocks at ivry man's dure wast. On some min's dures it hammers till it breaks down th' dure, an' thim it goes in an' wakes him up if he's asleep, an' iver afterwar'd it wurks fr' him as a night watchman. On other min's dures it knocks and runs away, an' on th' dures iv some it knocks an' whin they come out it hits them over th' head with an ave. But ivrywan has an opporchnuity. Th. poor ar-e people that've been out at wurruk whin opporchnuity knocked. I can't do anything fr' thim. Th' poor mustn't be pauperised. But I must do something to git rid iv th' accumulations iv roly-poly that's grajally crushin' out me young life, so I buys a university to play with.

"Th' day whin we millyonaires bought yachts an' brown stone houses with mansard roofs onto thim an' were proud iv havin' thim has gone by, Hinniss. 'Twill not be long before none will be so poor as not to own

a private yacht, an' th' nex' time a Coxey army starts f'r Wash'n'ton it'll ride in a speccyal vistibule thrayn. What was luxuries a few years ago is mere necessities now. Pierpont Morgan calls in wan iv his office boys, th' presidint iv a naityonal bank, an' says he, 'James,' he says, 'take some change out iv th' damper an' r-run out an' buy Europe f'r me,' he says. 'I intind to re-organise it an' put it on a paying basis,' he says. 'Call up th' Czar an' th' Pope an' th' Sultan an' th' Impor William an' tell them we won't need their sarvies aither nex' week,' he says. 'Give him a year's salary in advance. An', James,' he says, 'ye bether put that r-red-headed book-keeper near th' dure in charge iv th' continent. He doesn't seem to be doin' much,' he says.

"Father Kelly don't think as much iv it as I do. He was in here last night, an' says he, 'Ye can't buy idjaccation f'r people,' he says. 'If ye cud, th' on'y man in th' wuruld that knew anything wud be Jawn D. Rockefeller,' he says. 'Idjaccation,' he says, 'is something that a man has to fight f'r an' pull out iv its hole be th' hair iv its head,' he says. 'That's th' reason it's so precious,' he says. 'They're so little iv it an' it's so hard to get,' he says. 'They're anny quantity iv gab that looks like it, but it ain't th' rale thing,' he says. 'Th' world is full iv people wearin' false joolry iv that kind,' he says, 'but aither they've had it f'r a long time, it turns green an' blue, an' some day whin they try to get something on it, th' pawnbroker throws thim out. No, sir, idjaccation means trouble an' vorrak an' worry, an' Andrew Carnagie himself is th' on'y wan I know that's been able to pick it up in th' brief intervals between wan dollar an' another,' he says. 'Andrew Carnagie's tin millions won't make anny Robert Burns,' he says. 'It may make more Andrew Carnagie's,' says I. 'They're enough to go round now,' says he.

"I don't know that he's right. I don't know f'r sure that Father Kelly is r-right, Hinmissy. I don't think it makes anny difference wan way or th' other how free ye make idjaccation. Min that wants it'll have it be hook an' be crook an' thim that don't ra-aly want it niver will get it. Ye can lade a man up to th' university, but ye can't make him think. But if I had as much money as I said I had a minyit ago, I'd endow a bar'l iv oatmeal f'r ivry boy in Scotland that wanted an idjaccation, an' lave it go at that. Idjaccation can always be had, but they're niver enough oatmeal in Scotland."

Giving Back Gibraltar.

England, according to Continental journalists, as well as to all "Little Englanders," is the greediest of Powers. She grasps everything, and gives up nothing! And Gibraltar is often quoted as a bad example of England's "greed." But Mr. Walter Frewen Lord, in the "Nineteenth Century," shows that six times over England tried to make terms with Spain for the surrender of Gibraltar. That these offers failed was always the fault of Spain. England wanted some modest equivalent: that Spain should join the Quadruple Alliance of 1718, that she should exchange Minorca, or Porto Rico and Trinidad, in exchange for Gibraltar. But Spain always refused. She wanted Gibraltar for nothing! "Unconditional surrender was the only offer that Spain would consent to receive." Pitt—the elder—made the fifth offer to surrender the Rock in 1757. The sixth offer was made by Lord Shelburne in 1783. Says Mr Lord:—

This sixth offer to surrender Gibraltar was made at the time when England was preparing to conclude a humiliating treaty. But on the other hand it was not contended, even at the time, that England had put out her full strength in the War of American Independence. Moreover, it was perfectly well understood that the American campaigns had been, from first to last, miracles of blundering, and the defeat of England was rather due to that cause than to any overwhelming military superiority on the part of the colonists. The nation was sullen rather than cowed. Moreover, England could claim glories. The English had held their own against the world on the sea; and in particular the defence of Gibraltar had been one of the most magnificent defences of modern times, and had lasted for three years.

There have, of course, been Ministers who were insensible to such considerations; and perhaps Shelburne was one of them. But even if he were he could never have made such an offer, if the maintenance of British power in the Mediterranean had been any part of a traditional English policy. However little the defence of Gibraltar may have appealed to the Cabinet, it stirred the nation to its depths. Shelburne tested the views of the Commons on the subject of the surrender and obtained such unmistakable evidence that his proposal was unpopular that he was constrained to change his attitude. He informed the Spanish ambassador that he would be unable to carry out his plan. The Court of Madrid was most indignant, and threatened to renew the war.

Thus once more in the course of the eighteenth century Spain—eager as she was to regain Gibraltar—was yet unwilling to make the slightest concession to obtain her end, and showed herself most indignant that England would not give up the Rock for nothing, and consider herself rather honoured than otherwise by the transaction. Shelburne's was the last offer made to surrender the Rock. These repeated offers on England's part to retire are perhaps worthy of attention, for three reasons: firstly, because Gibraltar looms very large before the eyes of the student of the Mediterranean; secondly, because—in so far as a civilian can understand the question—there can be no Mediterranean route to the East without Gibraltar as a starting-point; and thirdly, because in spite of that fact it is not generally known how very carelessly England held this important possession for more than three-quarters of a century after it was acquired.

Manners for Men.

THE AMEER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

The "Monthly Review" has already done good service in publishing the diary of the Ameer of Afghanistan. This month it publishes a document of almost equal interest, being the advice given by the Ameer to his son Nasrullah, on the eve of his visit to England. The advice is contained in a series of thirty-five paragraphs, each signed by the Ameer, and giving the most minute instructions as to what Nasrullah must say and do when brought into contact with Europeans. Both politics and manners are dealt with in detail, negative prohibition taking up the greater part.

Politics.

The Ameer evidently values reticence:—

XI. If you are asked about the construction of railways and telegraphs in Afghanistan, you must say: I am not authorised to discuss this subject, and therefore I am not prepared to say anything about it one way or the other.—Signed by me.

XII. If you are asked about the commerce and trade in Afghanistan, or if it be mentioned that it has decreased, you must give the answer "Before this, foreigners have had the control of commerce in Afghanistan, which the Afghan merchants have taken up themselves now, and I hope it will make good progress under the merchants of the Afghan nation."—Signed by me.

XVI. If you are asked whether the Afghanistan people are displeased with their Government or not, you must answer as follows: "That you have not heard about their displeasure or discontent, but if you people hear no more about it than we do in Afghanistan, then you need not ask me."—Signed by me.

If Nasrullah met the Tsar, he was to say that he was very pleased with his frontier officials. If asked in general about Russia, he was to say, "If Russia should not be aggressive towards Afghanistan, we would not be aggressive towards Russia."

There are further instructions as to the giving of money in charity, as also as to presents and modes of address. The Ameer also told his son to engage a good mining engineer, and buy from two to ten thousand magazine rifles, with two thousand cartridges each.

But some of the most interesting paragraphs deal with European manners:—

XXVII. When you are in the company of other gentlemen, and especially when any ladies are present, you must take care not to spit and not to put fingers into your nose, etc. You can smoke in the presence of gentlemen, but when ladies are present you must take their permission before smoking.—Signed by me.

XXVIII. You may shake hands with gentlemen at the time of first introduction, but with the ladies you must only make a bow when you are first introduced, but not shake hands till you meet them a second time.—Signed by me.

XXIX. Ladies can shake hands with their gloves on, but a gentleman ought to take off the glove of his right hand to shake hands, and for this reason generally the gentlemen wear gloves on their left hand and keep the glove of the right hand off to be able to shake hands without any delay; but they can shake hands with gloves on after it is evening.—Signed by me

With the Queen.

The advice as to Nasrullah's bearing with the Queen is a model:—

II. On your going to see her Majesty the Queen in London, you must look upon her with the same dignity and respect as you look upon our "Royal Court," to respect her Majesty more than myself is unnecessary show of flattery, and to pay her less respect than myself is rudeness, and against courtesy. I need not give you more details and full particulars in this respect, as you daily practise how to pay your respects and in what manner to appear before my Royal Court.—Signed by me.

The son of the Sultan of Turkey alone was to be shown "special marks of friendship and affection":

You must respect him as you respect your elder brother, and inquire after the health of the Sultan on my behalf repeatedly, and you must tell him that you are thankful to Almighty God that you have had the good luck to have the pleasure of making his acquaintance.

The June number of the London "Bookman" contains a special illustrated article on Charles Dickens, by Mr. F. G. Kitton. Many portraits are included.

The Cheapening of Useful Books.

Mr. W. Laird Clowes contributes a well-meaning article to the "Fortnightly Review," intended to lead up to the introduction of an English counterpart of Reclame's "Bibliothèque Universelle." His idea is that if he were a man like Alfred Harmsworth, Arthur Pearson, or Sir George Newnes, he would undertake the production of a volume a week of all the best books in the world, unabridged and carefully indexed, at a subscription price which would average out at 10d. a volume in paper, and 1s. 2d. in cloth. Six pounds a year for fifty-two volumes, he thinks, could be obtained, especially if the Postmaster-General would be so gracious and condescending as to allow books to go through the post as cheaply as newspapers. As the Postmaster-General will not do anything of the kind, being quite obdurate to the plaintive and reiterated appeals of monthly periodicals to enjoy newspaper privileges, there is a considerable hole in the value of Mr. Clowes' suggestions. His idea is that the £6 could be paid on the instalment plan, so much down, and then so much per week afterwards, the volumes to be sent by post every week to the subscriber. Separate volumes could be sold at a higher price. The shape he suggests would be that of the Temple Classics, a small book measuring about 4 inches by 2½, and containing about 400 pages.

Mr. Clowes seems to think that the new public created by the Board Schools showed its first literary tastes by demanding "Tit-Bits," and that having flourished on that weekly paper for some years, it would be satisfied by nothing less than the "Daily Mail," and that having graduated in the "Daily Mail," it is prepared to revel in the classics of the world. It is to be feared that a wide gap yawns between the "Daily Mail" and the classics of the world. But it is no doubt possible that, given liberal advertising and the series system, it might be possible to sell a sufficient number for the first year to make it financially profitable, but the rage for series of books is not permanent, and the worst of buying books in series is that it is so much easier to buy than to read them. I shall be delighted if I take too gloomy an estimate of the literary voracity of British readers, but £6 a year seems to me too high. With bold booming it might carry on for a year, but not afterwards. It would be much more practical to produce the books at about the same price as the "Bibliothèque Universelle," or even cheaper. I proposed some years ago to publish a world library in England, but my idea was to produce it in a shape somewhat less than the "Review of Reviews," and to sell it at 3d. a week.

Possibly the best solution of this question is to bring out a weekly volume at 6d. net in paper, and 1s. in cloth, in about the same form as the "Penny Poets." The necessity for making it 6d. net is that it would have to be stitched instead of wired. The books would not bring in much profit to the publisher unless he could command a sale of 100,000 a week.

Some Famous Orators.

Senator George F. Hoar in "Scribner's Magazine" gives an account of some famous orators he has heard. Unfortunately the list is not a very long one.

Gladstone and Disraeli.

In 1871 Mr. Hoar visited the House of Commons, and heard the debate on the Parliamentary and Municipal Elections Bill. Although men like Bernal Osborne, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and Sir Stafford Northcote took part in the debate, Mr. Hoar considers that the only speakers who belonged to the rank of great orators were Gladstone and Disraeli. He says:—

Gladstone showed his power of elevating the discussion to a lofty plane, which his opponent never reached, although Disraeli launched at him many a keen shaft from below. Gladstone showed in his speech the profounder reflection on the general subject, the more philosophy, and the intenser earnestness; Disraeli showed quickness of wit, a ready command of his resources, ability for subtle distinctions, and glimpses of his almost Satanic capacity for mocking and jeering.

John Bright.

Bright, he says, spoke admirably both in manner and matter:—

Bright had none of the English hesitation, and frequent punctuation of sentences with—"er"—"er"—"er"—which has led someone, speaking of English orators, to say that "to err" is human. He reminded me in general—in look, voice and manner—of the late Richard H. Dana, although he sometimes threw more passion and zeal into his speech than Dana ever indulged. Periods followed each other in easy and rapid flow. He had a fine voice and delivery, easily filling the hall from his place below the gallery.

Pure Persuasion.

"Rufus Choate," says Mr. Hoar, "is the only advocate I ever heard who had the imperial power which would subdue a hostile jury. His power over them seemed like the fascination of a bird by a snake. His method was pure persuasion."

It was a curious sight to see on a jury twelve head-headed and intelligent countrymen—farmers, town officers, trustees, men chosen by their neighbours to transact their important affairs—after an argument by some head-headed lawyer for the defence, about some apparently not very doubtful transaction, who had caught them all to his way of thinking, and had turned them against the wiles of the charmer, when Choate rose to reply for the plaintiff—to see their look of confidence and disdain—"You needn't try your wiles upon me." The shoulder turned a little against the speaker—the averted eye—and then the change; first, the changed posture of the body; the slight opening of

the mouth; then the look, first, of curiosity, and then of doubt, then of respect; the surrender of the eye to the eye of the great advocate; then the spell, the charm, the great enchantment—till at last, jury and audience were all swept away, and followed the conqueror captive in his triumphal march.

The Best Orator.

Choate was a great winner of cases, but, says Senator Hoar:—

Edward Everett seems to me, on the whole, our best example of the orator pure and simple. Webster was a great statesman, a great lawyer, a great advocate, a great public teacher. To all these his matchless oratory was but an instrument and incident.

A Poet King.

In the July "Pearson's," most people will turn with interest to Mr. Robert Sherard's paper on "King Oscar of Sweden," who, however, insists strongly on being known as King of Sweden and Norway. Mr. Sherard says:—

All things taken into consideration, one may justly describe King Oscar as the most accomplished king in the world. He is an excellent musician, he is a great traveller, he is a doctor of philosophy, he is a popular poet, and a splendid speaker. He has the reputation, also, of being a wit. And he has found time to distinguish himself in all these ways in spite of the fact that he has had, as a king, one of the most difficult tasks that has fallen to the lot of any monarch of recent years. For he has to wear two crowns, and whatever may be the case with a single crown, there can be no disputing the fact that the head that wears two crowns always lies uneasy.

The King's tastes were far more inclined towards the life of a country gentleman, with literary and musical tastes and a passion for travelling. He would never, from choice, have worn a crown. He and his family mixed freely with their people; indeed, in many ways more freely, it would seem, than any European sovereign. Mr. Sherard says:

One sees them everywhere. I have ridden in a street car with the Princes, and have looked into the same shop window as the King. But this familiarity has bred no contempt, but, rather, a more profound feeling of attachment.

There is no king in Europe who is more accessible in his kingly capacity than King Oscar. It is true that during the summer months anybody who seeks after the conversation of kings can enjoy a chat any day on the front at Ostend with Leopold of Belgium, who is always ready for a "crack" with strangers of respectable appearance, but there the King of the Belgians is under an incognito.

The audience room at Stockholm is open to all. No other form of presentation is needed than the mere formality of writing one's name in a book three days before the open reception is held, which takes place every week whilst the King is in Stockholm, on Tuesday afternoons. Here people of every class and of all parts of the two kingdoms—to say nothing of curious foreigners, with their red guide-books in their hands—may be seen in communion with their monarch, bulky farmers from the north, squat Lapps, bronzed sailors, and frock-coated townsmen. He has a word for them all.

Besides original works, the King has published many translations, especially from German. He is

an early riser, and a hard, systematic worker—together a very sympathique character, as the French would say.

The Russians in Manchuria.

Professor G. F. Wright, of Oberlin College, writes in the July "American Review of Reviews" upon the problems the Russians have to face in Manchuria. Mr. Wright had travelled along the railway in Manchuria, and he remarks upon the entire absence of preparation on the part of the Russians for any outbreak amongst the Chinese. Fifteen days after the beginning of hostilities in Pekin the engineers at Teling engaged in constructing the railway were assured by telegram from Pekin

that the Russians need have no apprehension of trouble from the Chinese, because it was believed that the uprising was mainly directed against the railroads that were built by English capital and were under English control. In view of this, we were requested to emphasise the fact that we were Americans, and not English.

Totally Unprepared.

In proof of this unpreparedness, Mr. Wright says:—

The entire population of Manchuria turned upon the foreigners with scarcely a moment's warning. Two weeks later, upon going up the Amur River, we found the Russian steamers thronged with fugitive women and children, a number of whom had hospitably entertained us in the centre of Manchuria. A few days after our passage through the country, these had barely escaped with their lives. It is difficult to realise the suddenness with which this storm burst upon the Russians. To meet it there was no preparation. The engineers, with their families, were not adequately guarded, and the vast property of the railroad was everywhere exposed. To the extent of their ability, the Chinese destroyed this property, and it was only by the most hasty flight that any of the foreigners escaped. These facts ought definitely to dispel the impression that has prevailed in many quarters that the war in China was fomented by the Russians in anticipation of the great advantages which they were going to reap from it.

Retaliatory Measures.

In order to cope with the uprising, the Russians brought down all the regiments stationed at Blagovyeschensk, leaving that town quite defenceless. It was attacked by the Chinese, and in self-defence the Chinese had to be cleared away from the Russian side of the river. "In view," says Mr. Wright, "of the exigencies of the case, we who were upon the ground could not see what else was left for the Russians to do":—

The fate of the 3,000 Chinese in the city of Blagovyeschensk is well known. In attempting to cross the river to join their own countrymen, they nearly all perished. Two days after the catastrophe, we could count hundreds of their bodies floating down the stream. But it is not so well known that the Russians made a bona fide attempt to give these Chinese a safe passage across the river. Rafts were provided for them, and they were started safely on their way; but the rafts were poorly constructed, and were overcrowded. Still, they might have got over had not

the Chinese themselves opened fire upon them, and produced a panic which resulted in the drowning of almost the entire number.

Russia's Imperative Duty.

It is significant that a spectator who was on the spot during the whole of the troubles should so very strongly approve of the Russian policy. He says:—

The immediate and imperative duty of the Russian Government is to protect and complete the railroad upon which it has spent so much, in accordance with the provisions of the treaty of 1896. This she must do at all hazards. It is evident, therefore, that Russia is interested, above all other Powers, in a speedy reinstatement of the Chinese Government, so that China can perform her part in carrying out the conditions of the treaty. Whether, in any event, the ultimate result may not be the possession of Manchuria by Russia depends upon the progress which China may make. If the Chinese should follow in the steps of Japan, and become a military Power of the first order, as it is quite possible she may do, it would be idle for Russia to attempt to wrench Manchuria from her grasp. On the other hand, if China continues long in her present imbecile condition, the interests of civilisation will demand that Manchuria be completely under Russian control.

The Social, Political, and Religious Tendencies of Young France.

The editor of "La Revue," thinking that France may be at a turning-point and certainly is at a critical period of her history, has conceived the idea of collecting, through their presidents, the views of all the chief associations—political, religious, and social—into which French youth has banded itself together. The results, given in the June 15 number, are as instructive as the views expressed are contradictory. There are monarchists and socialists, Catholics, anti-religionists, and ecstatic advocates of a new religion, anti-Semites crying "A bas les Juifs," and federalists. On the whole, the tone of French youth is hopeful, but the brightness is twice overcast by the darkness of the most hopeless pessimism. The general opinion, indeed, is that there is much that is rotten in the state of France. This is quietly taken for granted by one and all.

Who is to be the Mother of the New France?

Co-operation, association, taking power from the State to give it to organised, intelligent labour; in some form or other the co-operative idea has considerably more votes than any other.

Republicanism also finds many fervent advocates, the monarchists' claim being voiced by a solitary individual. France, says one writer, is to fulfil Victor Hugo's ideal, and be a Christ among the nations. Republicanism, provided that it unites with the necessary strength the maximum of justice, is more likely to give France the glorious

future, the dawn of which seems to him already breaking.

Religion is naturally held by some, and especially by Catholic associations, to be the one solution for all France's difficulties. One representative thinks that the old religious principles being dead, a new religion must be founded. Another pleads for a religion of humanity; a third for "socialism transformed into a religion," "able to glorify life on earth and exalt human dignity," adds a fourth. Besides the advocates of the new religions, those of orthodox Catholicism are arrayed in considerable force.

"Republicanism strongly tinged with socialism," that is the dominant note of young France of the twentieth century.

The Slave Trade in Northern Nigeria.

Mr. T. J. Tonkin contributes to the "Empire Review" for July the second instalment of his very interesting papers on "The Slave Trade in Northern Nigeria." One of the chief causes of the enormous development of the trade is that slaves are the most convenient currency. Cowrie shells, the ordinary medium of exchange, are useless for large transactions. To carry a hundred pounds' worth of cowries a hundred yards would need 300 men, and the cost of portage of such a sum a hundred miles would eat up the whole money. For this reason slaves are used as currency.

The Value of Slaves.

Mr. Tonkin gives the following table to show the value of slaves of different ages and sexes in Nigeria:—

	£	s.	d.
Child, seven years old, male or female ..	2	10	0
Child, ten years old, male or female ..	3	15	0
Boy, seventeen years old ..	7	10	0
Boy (good-looking), twelve to fourteen ..	7	0	0
Girl, fourteen to seventeen years old ..	9	10	0
Young woman, say twenty or twenty-one ..	5	0	0
Man, full grown, with beard ..	3	10	0
Adult woman ..	2	0	0

Babies and very young children of the conquered in battle are regarded as the perquisites of anyone who troubles to pick them up, and are generally sold on the spot to the poorer classes. The children meantime are carried about in sacks. Mr. Tonkin gives the following typical episode of a raiding party on its way home through friendly territory:—

Meeting the party on the road some country people hailed the men, and enquired if they had any babies to sell. Whereupon several large skip-like sacks were produced, out of which were rolled black balls of babies, clinging together for all the world like bundles of worms. The episode had its ludicrous side, but the country native saw nothing either appalling or amusing about it. He merely teased out the writhing mass with his spear butt, and having found what he wanted, paid for it, dropping the purchase in his ample

pocket, and with an "Alla shi kai ku" (May God go with you) went on his way.

On the March.

On the whole, slaves are treated well on the march, it being the owner's interest to sell them in good condition. At the slave markets little apparent misery is seen:—

The young girls are dressed in gay loin-cloths and head-dresses. They chatter and laugh, and eye inquisitively such men as may stop to look at them. In each they see a possible owner, and are anxious or the reverse as the person affects their fancy. They nudge one another:—

"Say, Lututa."

"Well?"

"See that young man over there with the gold on his turban, and the curly sword—I wish he'd buy me."

"He can't buy you."

"Why can't he buy me?"

"Got no money—all on his back."

Real misery is seen written on the faces only of those whose families have been destroyed or torn from them:—

Then there is the mother who has lost her children; the lover who has seen his sweetheart torn from his arms; the chief who has lost his authority; the slaves on whom privation and disease have set their mark; the woman with sunken eyes, gaping rib-spaces and long skinny breasts, and the man with timid spear-thrust or ray oozing sword-slash fresh upon him. Behind a shed is the body of a slave who has just drawn his last breath, his thin limbs tangled in the agony of death, while along the broad highway to the right, the Hainya-n-Dala, go yawing along on their northward journey, great ungainly camels bearing bales that a few months later will have been carried across the entire width of the Sahara Desert, and may possibly be inconveniencing British and American tourists in the narrow streets of the native towns of Tunis or Algiers.

A White Slave's Value.

Mr. Tonkin once out of curiosity asked a slave dealer what he should fetch in the open market, and was told, after a minute examination, that he was not worth more than £10 as an ordinary slave, but he would fetch any sum for his scientific knowledge. Mr. Tonkin concludes his paper with the following dialogue between a slave dealer and a Mohammedan priest:—

Dealer: "What was it you said you wanted, O most learned ad holy pilgrim? A slave to carry water?—I have the very thing.—Hi! you Mommadu there, come here! Now, O most holy man, this slave is—"

Mollah (interrupting): "Oh, yes, I know all about that; what do you want for him?"

Dealer: "I couldn't take less than two hundred thousand shillings."

Mollah: "You'll have to it if you want to sell him to me; why look at the man, wall-eyed and forty if he's a day, and see the way he's been cut about."

Dealer: "Only scratches, your nobleness, only scratches; that man is the strongest slave I've handled for years, and as for his age—well, I should say that thirty-five was the outside."

Mollah: "Well, he's blind of one eye, anyhow."

Dealer: "He's been blind of one eye so long, most learned Maalam, that if he had another eye now he wouldn't know what to do with it."

Mollah: "I'll give you one hundred thousand."

Dealer: "I couldn't do it, O sapient teacher—I couldn't indeed—I should lose on him."

Mollah: "Well, what will you take?" (looking into the victim's mouth).

Dealer: "A hundred and eighty thousand, and a cleaner, stronger, handier article I never sold for the money."

Mollah: "Well, I can't give you that, so I suppose" (turning aside) "I'll have to leave him."

Dealer: "Stay, what will you give?"

Mollah: "One hundred and twenty thousand is my outside limit—I've never given more than that for a full grown man, and I don't mean to begin doing so now."

Dealer: "Put it at a hundred and fifty thousand. Maalam—he's well worth the money."

Mollah: "No!"

Dealer: "A hundred and forty?"

Mollah: "No!"

Dealer: "A hundred and thirty?"

Mollah: "No!" "I'll give you a hundred and twenty thousand, not a Koodi more—take it or leave it."

Dealer: "Well, well, Maalam, you are a hard man at a bargain, you are, and no mistake; bring him round to your house to-morrow morning, I suppose?"

Behind the Scenes at a Theatre.

M. d'Avenel, in continuation of his series of articles on the machinery of modern life, begins in the second June number of the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" a section on the theatre. Although, as is well known, the mounting of stage plays in Paris is, as a rule, much less expensive than in London, it is still interesting to see in what directions French managers spend the money that they have available. In one respect there can be no doubt that English theatres compare favourably with French ones—namely, in the precautions against fire. The French fireman is a soldier who is serving his three years with the colours, and counts the days before his release with the impatience of a schoolboy awaiting the holidays. M. d'Avenel found in one of the Paris theatres the scribbled words, "318 days more to-morrow morning;" indeed, the firemen are so fond of writing on the walls these pathetic inscriptions that one often sees notices posted forbidding the practice. Further, by an extraordinary piece of administrative stupidity, there are never the same firemen at a given theatre on two successive nights, with the natural result that they are not sufficiently acquainted with the geography of each theatre to be of much use in the event of a fire.

To pass on to the actual arrangements behind the scenes, M. d'Avenel complains of the smallness of the wings in French theatres; this is particularly the case in the new Opera Comique, the architect of which was so anxious to provide staircases and corridors and foyers in front that anything like a procession passing across the stage had to go through the manager's office. The accommodation for scenery is not less meagre; in most of the French theatres, as a rule, it will only take the necessary scenery for four or five acts, and if more is wanted it must be brought from the quarters at Clichy, where is situated the storehouse of scenery which is common to all the

theatres which receive a subvention from the State. Recently the Government sold the other storehouse which it possessed in the Place Bouvers and the Rue Richeieur.

Shifting Scenery.

It is a curious and perhaps rather melancholy experience to go through a miscellaneous assortment of theatricals; here is a bit of bosky dell carefully numbered "Romeo IV. 3," which means that it is wanted for the fourth act of "Romeo and Juliet." Of course, the more elaborate pieces of scenery require a large number of workmen to operate them. At one theatre, where a piece was played in as many as twenty scenes, the staff of mechanists numbered eighty men, of whom only twelve were employed in the daytime, while at the Opera the workmen at night vary from 100 to 130, with seventy-five men employed all day.

M. d'Avenel describes in great detail the ingenious devices adopted by theatrical managers to produce the various illusions on the stage, and it is curious to note the strength of tradition which, for example, will firmly prevent the change from day into night or from night into day, which may be demanded by the play, from being effected with a reasonable gradation, which, though only taking a few minutes longer, would greatly assist the illusion in the spectator's mind.

176,000 Pounds of Hair!

As regards the dresses of the actors and actresses, the theatres which receive a State subvention have workrooms in which the clothes are made, while the other theatres order them from various shops. Among other interesting facts which M. d'Avenel tells us is that concerned with the amount of hair required for theatrical wigs and beards; the mere weight of hair annually required in France for this purpose is not less than 80,000 kilogrammes, or about 176,000 pounds avoirdupois. About half this vast mass of hair comes from French heads, the other half from Scandinavia, Hungary, Italy, and, above all, from China and Japan.

An Australian Maffia,

WITH A FLAVOUR OF TAMMANY HALL.

"Blackwood's Magazine" for July contains a very interesting article on "Push Larrikinism in Australia," written by a gentleman who acted as solicitor for one of these peculiar societies, and who, being in this country, feels safe enough from their vengeance to make an expose of their organisation and methods. The pushes, which are very widespread and numerous, are a sort of vulgarised Maffia, and they possess a political influence which reminds us of Tammany Hall. The-

members of the pushes are primarily larrikins and Hooligans, but the persecution to which they are subjected by the police has driven them to adopt a formal organisation, which makes them a terror both to harmless civilians and aspiring politicians. In Sydney many parts of the city are so infested with these larrikins that for years it has been impossible for unarmed civilians to venture out here after dusk. Formerly the pushes were insolent and open in their methods, for they dealt with an unarmed police. Now the police are armed with revolvers, and the pushes have in consequence adopted secret and cunning methods for attaining their ends. For the police, on being armed, undertook a series of ferocious reprisals against their enemies. Some years ago, the pushes beat their victims openly to death in the presence of policemen; now the victims disappear mysteriously until they are found in some lonely spot beaten to death. As to the methods by which the pushes take vengeance on their enemies, the writer says:—

The first and most stringent principle of push law enforces obedience to constituted authority. "What the King says goes" is their own phrase, and contravention of the maxim is punishable in the first instance with the "sock," in the second with death. The sock is not an entirely original species of torture, but it is popular with all larrikins, who deeply love an opportunity of witnessing its infliction. The offender is stripped, gagged, and strapped face downwards along an ordinary wooden bench, whereupon the executioners beat him in turn with a stocking filled with wet sand until his flesh is completely raw. He is then salted, and kept in duress until recovery. On such occasions proceedings are conducted with the gravest decorum: no one is permitted to speak, and unnecessary violence is sternly prohibited. No sympathy is manifested for the victim, and such a circumstance as a protest against the barbarity of the punishment is absolutely unknown. The death-penalty is rarely exacted except against outsiders who have incurred the push vengeance; but in either case the method employed is the same. The king chooses for executioners a score of his subjects, of whom at least seven are the latest recruits of the order. The victim, who is often stalked for months before he can be found in or decoyed to a favourable spot, is, when caught, surrounded, stunned, and thrown to the ground. No lethal weapon is employed, but each of the push silently kicks, and continues to kick, the body of the prostrate wretch until life is extinct. The whole twenty are thus equally rendered guilty of murder, and probably no member of any push has been enrolled for a longer period than two years without being thus stamped with the hall-mark of pushdom, which is the brand of Cain.

The methods by which they prevent betrayal on the part of ex-members of the societies are equally ingenious:—

If a member desires to sever his connection with his push, or to depart from the push district in order to reside elsewhere, he is allowed to do so only after signing a confession of having single-handedly committed the last capital crime of which the push is jointly and severally guilty. This document—and there are many such—is handed to the king, who files it in the Push Book, which precious portfolio is naturally kept in a place of security.

Push Politics.

The pushes in politics are not very far removed from our own Jingo. The Australian constituen-

cies are small, and a couple of hundred pushes may easily turn the scale. When a candidate for Parliament is announced, the pushes immediately take him in hand. Hints are conveyed to him to modify his platform in order to fall in with the larrikin interest. If he does so, his meetings are well attended. But if he refuses, and is rejected by the push, his meetings are broken up in Jingo manner, and can only be held under police protection. Respectable persons will not attend his meetings for fear of riots, and his cause is practically lost.

The Objects of the Push.

The primary ambitions of all pushes are identical. They seek amusement. At one time they formed themselves into clubs, to which in mockery they gave fashionable titles. It was their rough and violent methods of amusing themselves that made them social pariahs, and police persecution gradually turned them into criminal secret societies. So far did they go that the New South Wales Legislature found it necessary to constitute "assault with intent" a capital offence, and two have actually been executed for this offence.

Their Morals.

Yet the pushes have a strict discipline of their own. Drunkenness is absolutely forbidden, and sometimes even punished with death. The pushes are obliged to lead continent lives, and if they marry, to maintain their families to the best of their ability. Gambling is encouraged, but failure to pay a gambling debt is punished by clipping the offender's right ear, and strict honesty is enforced among the members themselves. Few larrikins are professional criminals, and they are singularly fond of animals—so fond, indeed, that "Flash as a Chinkey's horse, fat as a larrikin's dog," has become an Australian proverb.

The Duke of Norfolk's aspersion on the consistency of Signor Crispi's attitude to the temporal power of the Papacy rouses Mr. T. Boston Bruce to an indignant defence in the "Leisure Hour."

The principal feature in the July "Harper's" is the illustration of an article by Eliot Gregory on "Newport in Summer." The pictures are printed in colours, and very well printed, too. The writer predicts that a change will shortly take place in the ways of Newport society. Woodrow Wilson writes upon "Colonies and Nations," a short history of the people of the United States. Dr. John Fryer contributes an article upon the Buddhist discovery of America a thousand years before Columbus, illustrating it with photographs of Buddhist images, etc., which have been found from time to time in the United States and elsewhere. The rest of the magazine is composed of fiction and poems.

The Late Bishop of London.

A SKETCH OF DR. CREIGHTON.

The "Quarterly Review" for May publishes an admirable sketch of the late Bishop of London, one of those intimate, revealing descriptions of the inner personality of a contemporary which tend to reconcile us to the generation in which our lot has been cast. It is consolatory to think that our time was capable of producing such a man, and it is inspiring to have a vivid picture of that great and varied personality vividly displayed before our eyes. The writer is evidently one who knew the bishop well, and made good use of materials furnished by other friends. He describes the late bishop as a man of unusual individuality, power, and charm, whose striking and attractive personality was his chief characteristic. To describe this personality, to enable his readers to realise and understand the manner of man Dr. Creighton was, both before he became Bishop and afterwards, is a task which the "Quarterly" reviewer sets himself to perform, and which he discharges in a very admirable fashion.

Mandell Creighton at School.

The late Bishop was born in Carlisle, and educated in the city of Durham, where at the age of fourteen he won a King's scholarship, by the excellence of his answers in the viva voce examination. He remained at Durham for five years. Already short-sighted and wearing spectacles, he took little part in games, but he scored for Latin and nearly won the school's steeplechase, falling exhausted within fifty yards of the goal.

The boy had a gift for mesmerising, which he practised on his younger school-fellows till forbidden to do so; and he was once heard to say, in answer to a question from his headmaster's wife, "I intend to be a bishop, Mrs. Holden." It was a strange ambition for a lad of fourteen.

At Oxford.

In 1862, when nineteen years of age, he went to Merton College, Oxford. He soon got to know everybody in his college, and never allowed his somewhat restricted means to hinder him from taking his full share in college life. His pet idea in those days was that of Influence, which he developed on all occasions. He was known as the Professor. His views were those of a moderate Liberal, and though he was not devoted to athletics, he rowed in the college boat, and on one occasion, when they burst open his rooms to punish his absence from dinner and hall, he challenged the ring-leader to begin the fight, a challenge, however, which was declined, and the disturbers withdrew.

In literature Creighton's tastes were then, as always, catholic; but as yet he had read little of foreign authors; his devotion to Dante was of later date. He was a Tennysonian and a Browningite; he was always a great reader of novels. Balzac was his favourite, the

great Frenchman's comprehensive insight into human nature had an attraction for Creighton which never palled.

He read hard and steadily, got through his work very rapidly, attained universal distinction, was elected to a fellowship, and from 1866-75 was a don and a tutor at Oxford. It was in these years that he displayed his definite bent in the direction of historical study and research. He founded the Oxford inter-collegiate system. Among his pupils were Lord Randolph Churchill and the late Duke of Albany. It was not until 1870 that he was ordained, much to the surprise of some of his friends, who were misled by the sceptical cynical love of paradox which lay on the surface. His scepticism, says the reviewer, was of a discriminating kind, and had its limits. It was the scepticism of a mind in doubt with a strong historic sense, unwilling to dogmatise, which shrank instinctively from attempting to define the undefinable.

At Embleton.

In 1875, after three years of married life, he left Oxford, and accepted the living at Embleton, in Northumberland. He had three churches to serve and four schools to manage, and applied himself with gusto to the task. He was regarded by some of his parishioners as a puzzling kind of person, who said and did enigmatic things. His chief aim was to know all his parishioners, and to be known of them. He became a guardian of the poor, chairman of the school attendance committee, and rural dean of Alnwick. He was always ready to serve his parishioners, and one of them, a virago who suffered from periodical fits of delirium tremens, was always made over to him when her fits came on. At Embleton he did a great deal of historical work, but in the midst of all his duties he never neglected his family. He was the friend, companion, and playmate of his children:—

He laboured at his "Popes" in the same room with the rest. Between the sentences he would see a parishioner, look over the work of a pupil or of one of his children, talk to Mrs. Creighton, or see anyone who wished to see him. "He never seemed to mind being interrupted, and he was never irritable, never in a hurry."

At Cambridge.

After nine years at Embleton, he was appointed in 1884 to the Dixie Professorship of Ecclesiastical History at Cambridge. Here he had more leisure for historical research, took a keen interest in the movements for women's education, and was a delightful friend as well as teacher of his students. One of his pupils writes:—

I learned from him the habit of always going to the parish church. "Never say there is nothing to see in a place." Another maxim was, "Always trespass till you are turned out." A third was, "Talk to the natives." He did it himself, with the invariable preface of the offer of tobacco. There was a Spartan simplicity about these excursions; lunch generally eaten on the tramp; water from a pump, usually drunk out

of the brim of his soft clerical hat; and tea in an old-fashioned inn, the less pretentious the better. He once said in an address, "What did God give you a crook in your arm for? Why, surely to hook it into some other fellow's."

As Bishop.

In 1831 he was appointed Bishop of Peterborough, where he won the hearts of everyone by the sympathy, frankness, and kindness of his demeanour. He never kept a carriage, and cultivated great simplicity of habits, but his hospitality was unbounded, and it was at once a duty and a pleasure to make himself acquainted with every nook and corner of his diocese. In 1895 he succeeded in settling a great strike of the Leicester boot-makers. Of his career as Bishop of London I need not say anything, but I note in passing that the "Quarterly" reviewer does not even allude to the important aid which the Bishop rendered to the Peace Crusade which preceded the Hague Conference. It was not a matter in which most previous Bishops had rendered much help, and it was of far more permanent importance than the controversy about ritual to which the reviewer devotes so much of his space.

The Visit to Russia.

An interesting account of the Bishop's visit to the coronation of the present Tsar is given. Dr. Creighton came back from Russia, deeply impressed by the magnificence and power of the Church in that country, and by the personal devotion displayed by all classes to the Tsar. One more extract, and I have done. The following is his tribute to the top Pope of Russia:—

M. Pobiedonostzeff made a great impression on him—"a lean old man, over seventy, more like a Frenchman than a Russian, with a thin face and large spectacles, quite simple in appearance, but clearly as acute as possible and a diplomatist above all things. I certainly thought him a great man in his way." At a later interview they had a long conversation. He "talked about Kidd's 'Social Evolution,' and Balfour's book 'Foundations of Belief'; he has read everything; admires 'The Earthly Paradise,' and wonders how Morris can be a socialist. I find him one of the ablest men I have ever met."

Was He "SPIRITUALLY MINDED"?

Mr. Edmund Gosse contributes from personal friendship a fine sketch of Manóell Creighton to the "Atlantic Monthly" for May. He sums up his friend's character by saying, "Love for others, and a lively, healthy, humorous interest in their affairs, was really, I should say, the mainspring of Creighton's actions. And it was on the love of his fellow-men that he built up the unique fabric of his ecclesiastical life." He proceeds:—

This brings us to the everlasting question, which never failed on the lips of critics of Creighton. Was he, as they say, "a spiritually-minded man"? This, too, I think we may afford to face with courage. In the presence of his luminous wit, his keenness of reportage, a certain undeniable flightiness in his attitude to many subjects which are conventionally treated with solemnity, a general jauntiness and gusto in rela-

tion to mundane things, it must be conceded that the epithet which suited him was hardly this. He lackedunction; he was not in any sense a mystic; we cannot imagine him snatched up in an ecstasy of saintly vision. Creighton's feet were always planted firmly on the earth. But if I resign the epithet "spiritually-minded," it is only that I may insist upon saying that he was "spiritually souled." He set conduct above doctrine; there is no doubt of that. The external parts of the religious life interested him very much. He had an inborn delicacy which made it painful to him to seem to check the individuality of others, and this often kept him from intruding his innermost convictions upon others. But no one can have known him well who did not perceive, underlying all his external qualities,—his energy, his eagerness, his practical wisdom, his very "flippancy," if you will,—a strenuous enthusiasm and purity of soul.

England and France.

THE CONDITIONS OF PEACE AND ARBITRATION.

The "Fortnightly Review" for June contains two articles of considerable interest on the relations of England and France. The first is by Baron de Coubertin, and is entitled "The Conditions of Franco-British Peace." Baron de Coubertin does not share the general optimistic view as to the improvement of Anglo-French relations. Superficially, indeed, relations have improved, but the potential causes of conflict have not been removed. These causes are the colonial expansion of France, and her alliance with Russia.

The English View of French Colonisation.

Baron de Coubertin says that nobody in France dreams of enlarging the French possessions at England's expense. But a much more serious danger exists from the view which English people in general take of French colonisation. The British, says the Baron, believe that they alone are capable of bringing civilisation to Asiatic races, and that of all the rest the French are the most incapable:—

This is a settled conviction with the majority of English people. But it is childish to a degree. Goodness knows that personally I value Anglo-Saxon civilisation highly enough, and I do not mind saying so. But the notion that there can be any people in the world so perfect that it is desirable for entire humanity to receive its stamp, that notion is absurd, and cannot stand a moment's serious examination. But if the English interrogate their conscience they will find that, if they do not profess this theory, they in every case act as if they professed it. Result—unhappy inspirations, regrettable actions, imprudent words. It does not necessarily lead to open aggression and brutal conquests on their part, but the impression they labour under that the populations of Pondicherry, Chandernagor, and Martinique or St. Pierre and Miquelon would willingly welcome the Union Jack, that nothing could more safely ensure the happiness of the Annamese and Malagasy than to come under British rule, this impression, I affirm, makes them indulgent to many enterprises and encroachments of doubtful loyalty, which may entail serious consequences, for they are sparks that may set light to a very big fire. In short, they look on our possessions with very much the same feeling with which the Americans regarded their neighbours in Cuba under Spanish rule.

They also regard the French colonies as stagnant, and think that they might turn them into a source of profit to themselves and to the natives.

This is precisely the new danger which threatens Franco-British peace. I call it new because it has not yet had time to show itself openly, and I am quite prepared to have my perspicacity doubted by anyone who reads these lines. Unfortunately, there are too many chances that the future may prove me right, and the friends of peace should have no illusions on this score.

The Russian Alliance.

The other danger comes from the Russian Alliance. Baron de Coubertin evidently does not regard the Alliance with enthusiasm, but he admits that it would be impossible to back out of it. What, then, is France's position? The conditions since the Alliance was entered into have changed so much that it can no longer be regarded as directed against Germany. The Triple Alliance is practically dead. But two questions have arisen which tend to turn the Dual Alliance into a potential weapon against England. The Asiatic rivalry between England and Russia may develop into war, into which France is likely to be drawn:—

Supposing one of these incidents, pushed a little bit too far—at a time when England, having settled her affairs in South Africa, is less trammelled in her movements—were to bring on a war between England and Russia, England might be very strongly tempted to attack the enemy nearer home, in the person of her ally, to immobilise and if possible destroy that fleet, the first in the world after her own, which might be of so much help later on to Russia. The temptation would be so strong that possibly England might yield to it. And two countries would be fighting without mercy, two countries that stand alone in the whole world as representing all that is best in liberal thought—and all for what? That Manchuria may only fall mere surely into Muscovite hands, and that Russian garrisons may be established in Afghanistan.

Austria.

The Austrian question also threatens the whole world:—

It is on the shores of the Baltic and Adriatic that this moral earthquake will be felt. Our frontiers will be spared; and if a greater Germany is formed, stretching from Hamburg to Trieste, far from being disturbed, we shall benefit by it in more ways than I have time to discuss here without digressing.

If, then, France were not bound to Russia she could regard all these events with a tranquil eye, drawing her small profits from them here and there, and carrying on her own development in peace in the midst of the general agitation. But, bound to Russia, she finds herself to-day mixed up in all the imbroglio at Pekin, and to-morrow she may be concerned in another at Vienna.

Baron de Coubertin concludes his article as follows:—

These are the two great enemies of Anglo-French peace, the two sources of probable conflicts. Let the French retain their allies if necessary; let the English exercise perpetual self-restraint, so that they may not be carried away by a disastrous cupidity.

A Plea for Arbitration.

Mr. Thomas Barclay, who leads for "A General Treaty of Arbitration Between Great Britain and

France," is not so pessimistic. He says that, since the war of 1870, the French, both officially and unofficially, have seldom been so anxious for good relations with England. Mr. Barclay does not regard any of the outstanding questions with France as obstacles to arbitration. The Newfoundland and New Hebrides questions are admirable subjects for arbitration:—

The Morocco, and probably all other difficulties which seem likely to arise for some time to come between England and France, except that of Egypt, will be essentially trade questions. Their interests for England would be singularly diminished if the two countries agreed to a policy of equality of treatment for the trade and enterprise of both for all territory annexed or protectorates assumed by either country in the future. In any case neither England nor France has any conflicting trade rights to arbitrate upon at present, and, as regards war, it is seldom openly entered upon in pursuit of purely material objects. Even the American-Spanish and the British-Boer wars have only received the assent of the two Anglo-Saxon peoples owing to the popular belief that the motives were disinterested, and that national dignity was at stake.

Egypt.

Mr. Barclay does not regard Egypt as a probable irritant. The following is his recommendation of his proposal:—

One of the chief advantages of a general arbitration treaty is that, as the two nations would know that no immediate danger of war existed, and that any difficulty would necessarily be settled by negotiation, and, if need be, eventually by arbitration, they would feel no impulse to back up the Government by public demonstrations and display of devil-may-care determination "to fight for country, right or wrong." It would remove the danger of obstinacy, and of that pandering to cheap popular sentiment above which weak politicians are unable to rise, of those "firm stands" which an uncritical public easily mistakes for patriotic duty.

By Rail to India.

WHICH ROUTE TO CHOOSE?

Sir Thomas Holdich, who contributes a paper on the geography of the North-West Frontier of India to the May "Geographical Journal," discusses at length in the "Scottish Geographical Magazine" for May the vexed question of railway connection with India. He considers three suggested routes:

Along the Sea Coast?

He commences with "the assurance that east of Herat there is no way open to railway construction on account of the natural obstruction offered by great mountains and high altitudes." The east of Herat being sealed, he proceeds to examine the west. He says:—

One alignment which has been suggested, and which has already received some consideration in scientific circles, is that which would connect Basra with Karachi by way of the Persian coast and the northern shores of the Arabian Sea.

He mentions as all but decisive against this route the great natural obstruction, the Ras Malan, which "thrusts out into the ocean a gigantic headland with sheer cliffs 2,600 feet in height."

barked with a mass of mountains extending far inland and some sixty miles eastward. He concludes:—

Taking the alignment as a whole, we have at least 1,600 miles of line passing through a district which is, as yet, undeveloped, and which can never develop without roads to supplement the railway; which enjoys the reputation of simmering perpetually in one of the worst atmospheres in the world; and which possesses at least one obstacle to engineering which may be pronounced impracticable until full technical examination can be made. There is the further and final disadvantage that it competes, on almost impossible terms for success, with a sea service which is already established, and is capable of much improvement. I think, then, we are justified in setting aside the coast-line project as a desirable enterprise.

Through Central Persia?

He next calls attention to the remarkable fact that "from the extreme west of Persia to Kalat and Quetta, or even to Karachi, it would be equally possible to indicate an alignment which would never cross a difficult watershed or ascend a mountain side." He predicts that in the progress of Asiatic commercial evolution this route will sooner or later figure as the great central line of Persia. It traverses a cultivated, and in many parts a rich and prosperous region. It could readily be connected with the Indian systems. "It is bound to be one of the important lines of the future," whether constructed by Russian or English engineers. But the decisive argument against the selection of this route is the difficulty of connecting it with any European system to the north or west. "A compact band of mountain ranges" directly traverses such an alignment.

The Route via Herat and Kandahar?

Sir Thomas then treats of the central opening at Herat. He says:—

Whilst employed on the Russo-Afghan Boundary Commission, both as surveyor and reorganiser of the defences of Herat, I had ample opportunity for studying that special link between East and West which has been so much in men's minds of late, and which must inevitably occupy public attention yet more closely in future. . . . Here, between Herat and Kandahar, or rather between the Russian terminus of Kushk and the British terminus of New Chaman, we have a short 500 miles project offered to us of such favourable nature as we may assuredly look for in vain elsewhere. . . . From the Russian station of Kushk to Herat is, roughly, a distance of sixty-six miles, and midway is that great Asiatic water divide which, insignificant as it may appear when represented by the rounded crests of the Paropamisus, can be traced east and west right across the continent. The one gateway through it, which is formed by the passage of the Hari Rud River, is considerably to the west of Herat, and the direct connection between Kushk and Herat is by the Ardewan pass—a pass which is so little formidable to engineering projects that it is improbable that the circuitous route which takes advantage of the gorges of the Hari Rud would be adopted in preference, even for a railway. . . . Taking it as a whole, it may be said that there are no formidable engineering difficulties to be encountered, but there are three large and somewhat uncertain rivers to be bridged (the Farah, Adrakand, and Helmand), all three being liable to heavy floods. There is an irregular distribution

of populous and fertile districts, interspersed with waste spaces, but quite enough of it to ensure the success of the railway as a local venture independently altogether of its value as a link between Europe and India.

A Link of Anglo-Russian Goodwill.

The writer then deals with political difficulties in the way. The Ameer and the Afghans might object; but they might be induced to appreciate the solid commercial advantages of such a line, which need be no menace to their independence. Even if they could not be persuaded, the line might be run just over the border in Persian instead of Afghan territory. The writer's answer to a second objection suggests another service that the Boers are doing us in the present war—they are stripping the railway of its old terrors. He says:—

Not much less serious is the objection of military experts to the construction of a line which would at once offer a strategic highway from the Russian border to India. But here there are many considerations which have not, I think, as yet been fully weighed. We have only learnt quite lately much about the value of single lines of railway in supporting a military advance in strength, and what we have learned has certainly not increased our appreciation of their value. A single line of railway from Herat to Kandahar would never (so far as we may be permitted to judge from South African experience) support a sufficient force to deal adequately with the strong defensive positions which would be found at the Indian end of it, even if the initial difficulty of the break of gauge between Russian and Indian systems were successfully dealt with.

With Mr. Long, I am inclined to believe that political difficulties between Russia and India would be lessened by free intercourse and commerce between the two countries, that the more we know each other the better we shall appreciate the legitimate aims and aspirations of each, and the less likely we shall be to come into collision. I speak from a certain amount of personal experience when I say that whatever may be the state of international rivalry between the two countries, personal animosity (which is occasionally only too apparent in other parts of the continent) is entirely wanting in Russia; but perhaps the really aggressive section of the English travelling public has not yet made itself felt quite so far afield. It is, at any rate, the commercial and not the military aspect of the question which will decide when this line shall be constructed. That it will be constructed finally there can be no shadow of doubt, and in my humble opinion the construction of it will make more for peace and goodwill amongst the nations than any system of peace conventions which could possibly be inaugurated.

M. Constant's Picture of the Queen.

In "Harper's" for May, M. J. J. Benjamin Constant gives an account of his art, under the heading "My Portraits." The frontispiece is a copy of his picture of Queen Victoria; and he tells how he came to conceive figure and face and scene. He says:—

Recalling my visit to the House of Lords one beautiful day in autumn, when the yellowish rays of the westerling sun shone through the glass windows, I seemed to see one of those interiors of a golden obscurity in which Rembrandt so loved to place his figures; and I beheld as in a vision . . . the sovereign, seated on the throne of England, motionless, her gaze deep in retrospection, almost hieratic—the idol of

her subjects. I saw this Queen in gorgeous robes covered with jewels, and bathed in the rays of the setting sun from head to foot. With this sublime apparition in my mind, I wished to express, as it were, an entire reign.

I returned, then, to London for my preparatory work in sketches with sunshine effects, and the weather conditions were favourable, too, although it was in March, towards the close of the wintry season. I saw once more the Throne in the same clear obscure (light and shade), in the same golden vapour, so sumptuously poetic, which enraptured my vision on my original visit to the House of Lords. The studies finished, I went back to Paris, realising thoroughly what I had to do, but not knowing positively if I should succeed. I started my work then, having before me a small, very exact likeness of the Queen's face. This, be it understood, was not the copy in enamel of a nose, of a mouth, that I was going to execute, but the portrait of the Queen of England, the Empress of India, seated a little in the background, in a semi-obscure traversed diagonally by two or three rays of the declining sun, like bars of gold, which attached themselves to the carved corners of the royal stall, or lighted up the red tapestry hangings. In short, I proposed to myself to express, so to speak, a synthesis of resemblance; a resemblance, moreover, rather moral than physical; almost a historical vision.

At length, after protracted studies, full of moments of fear and hesitation, I beheld, emerging from the gloom, little by little, the luminous figure of the sovereign, serene and dignified, gazing into the future, as if oblivious of her surroundings, on the throne of state, victorious, as her name indicates.

And from this vision of contemporaneous history one must evolve a veritable poem of royalty, to be considered with emotions of admiration and respect.

Now, I long to see this portrait displayed in London, properly placed, in some large and handsome gallery; and nothing will interest me more than to note how the people of England, large and small, are impressed by this work, signed with a French name . . . and representing a Queen who, if nothing else, was ever the friend and ally of France.

Little things sometimes lead to important results . . . so this portrait, perhaps, will have the honour of reviving many sympathies that have grown cold. Such, at least, is my sincere and profound wish. Providence will do the rest.

As the picture in question is hung in this year's Academy, M. Constant has his first wish.

Among other specimens of his art is a striking portrait of M. de Blowitz.

The Wonders of Surgery.

One of the most interesting articles in the "Revue de Paris" is by M. P. Delbet, entitled "The Evolution of Surgery." Many of us are aware of the great progress made by medicine generally during the course of the late century, but probably few of us realise how far more remarkable has been the evolution of surgery, or how much the suffering world owes to such men as the British scientist, Lord Lister, and his French comrade, Louis Pasteur, who between them practically invented, or, rather, discovered, what we now call antiseptics.

Early in the nineteenth century Baron Boyer, Napoleon's friend and surgeon, wrote an immense work in eleven volumes, summing up all the principles of his art, and declaring that surgery could

touch no higher level; and yet from 1850 to 1900 surgery made more progress than was observable in the eighteen hundred years which preceded Boyer. To take but one point: the suppression of pain by various forms of anaesthetics has destroyed what must undoubtedly have been the most painful part of the surgeon's work; and the application of antiseptics to surgery has reduced what may be called the operation death-rate more than ninety per cent. A hundred years ago the operating theatre resembled nothing so much as an imaginative spectator's worst conception of hell. Before anything could be done the unfortunate patient was bound with cords and fastened to the table, and four or five strong men were always ready to hold him or her down by main force if these cords should break or become untied! The unfortunate surgeon was looked upon with a sort of horror because of the awful pain it was often his duty to inflict; and when it is remembered what a small percentage of patients survived serious operations, one wonders more and more at the courage, not only of the old-time surgeons themselves, but also of their victims. Time was when the skill of a surgeon was entirely, or almost entirely, measured by the rapidity with which he could perform a painful operation; and yet, even after anaesthetics had been brought to the highest pitch of perfection, the most skilful surgeon still saw his patients die by the hundred; and even the most simple operation, that of cutting off a leg, meant that in 80 per cent. of the cases death ensued. Then, owing to the indefatigable efforts of an Englishman, now known as Lord Lister, was discovered an entirely new way of treatment after, and indeed during, operation.

Stories from the Magazines.

Miss Louisa Courtenay recounts some amusing anecdotes in "Cornhill" this month, in the article "Notes of an Octogenarian." She says that the inconveniences of the dress of eighty years ago can hardly be realised now. The universal low bodices, always fastened up at the back, made it impossible to dress without assistance, and the white muslins and lawn most generally worn, even in winter, were extremely fragile:—

Perhaps our feet were the most helpless, shod always in low shoes and sandals, both in and out of doors. The husband of a young friend of ours was always much annoyed if his wife's shoe-strings came untied when they were out walking together. He at last threatened, as they were going out late one afternoon, that he would go on without her if it happened again. They lived in Grosvenor Street, and before reaching the square a passer-by said, "Your shoe-strings are untied, ma'am," pointing to the two long black ribbons trailing on the ground. The lady stopped to tie them, and her husband, true to his word, walked on, but waited round the corner, just out of her sight. What was his horror to see his wife suddenly run across the street and

hit a strange gentleman a smart blow on the back, crying, "You wretch, why didn't you wait for me?"

Miss Courtenay was upset from the stage-coach when returning from Brighton, but she says:—

"Nobody was much hurt, and after a short delay we went gaily on again, and I think there was some truth in the remark I heard from an old coachman some years later, on the first introduction of railways: 'When there's a coaching accident, why, there you are; but when there's a railway accident, where are you?'"

The Etiquette of the Post.

Nowadays, to send invitations by post is universal, but—

when the twopenny London post-office was established it was not etiquette to make use of it for private letters, and I remember my father's annoyance when a stupid footman had posted a letter to Sir Robert Peel, instead of sending it by a groom. "It seems so impertinent to send a private letter to a man like Sir Robert Peel by post," Invitations and their answers were always sent by hand.

His Brother Died One Hundred and Fifty Years Ago.

Miss Courtenay relates an anecdote told by Henry Bellenden-Ker:—

He was wont to say that it was astonishing how far back two long lives, set end to end, could take you; and, as a case in point, used to relate the following incident which had occurred in a will case in which he had been engaged. A witness, a very old man, was asked if he had any brothers or sisters. He gave the amazing reply that he had had a brother who had died "a hundred and fifty years ago." A murmur of incredulity traversed the whole court, from the Bench downwards, which was changed to something like stupefaction when documentary evidence was brought in proof of the old man's words. His father had married at the age of nineteen and had had a son, who died the same year. He married again, at the age of seventy-five, and had another son, the witness, who was ninety-four when he gave his evidence.

Dr. Abernethy and the Duke.

"A Doctor's Daughter," in the July "Quiver," tells a characteristic story of Dr. Abernethy. The doctor was a very great man in the opinion of his students, and the following incident, which occurred during a lecture, created a great sensation:

After a thundering rap, the door was thrown wide open, and a royal equerry marched in, attended by two obsequious lacquies. He halted in a spot where his pompous, stentorian voice penetrated the ears of both the lecturer and the lectured, and made known his business:

Dr. Abernethy, His Royal Highness the Duke of York requires your attendance immediately." The authoritative tones, judiciously mingled with patronage were impressive in the day when even such men as Sir Walter Scott set the example of worshipping royalty irrespective of merit.

Dr. Abernethy drew out his watch deliberately, looked at it, and then made answer, with irreproachable courtesy: "My lecture will be over in half an hour, sir, and at its conclusion I will wait upon His Royal Highness."

A minute of silence was broken by the voice of the equerry, measured by suppressed indignation.

"Dr. Abernethy, you need not trouble to wait upon His Royal Highness at all." Dr. Abernethy bowed politely, and preserved an unchanged countenance whilst the royal emissaries retired by the way whence they came. When the door had closed upon them he turned to his audience, and they noticed the twinkle in his eye, and something that corresponded to it in the tones

of his rather high-pitched voice as he said: "I did not want to go, gentlemen."

A Peculiar Prayer.

Senator Hoar, in the July "Scribner's," relates the following anecdote of Dr. Guthrie, who used to pray and preach in broad Scotch. He once began a prayer, "O Lord, it is a braw thing to loe Ye. But it is a better (bitter) thing to hate Ye."

Bank Stories.

"The Points of a Bank" is the heading which Mr. George Grayson gives to his interesting paper in "Longman's." The "points" which appeal to the rustic mind are very different from the considerations uppermost in the city mind. On a new branch of an old bank being opened in an agricultural district, the manager,

Brown, inscribed on his plateglass windows, in huge gilt characters, "Established 1802. Capital, £10,000,000." Everyone who passed stopped to read, and the opinion of the village was epitomised by an old farmer. "Established 1802? Why, the chap 'asn't been 'ere six months!" The statement, "Capital, £10,000,000," conveyed no meaning, and was merely ignored.

Here are other bucolic whimsies:—

A thrifty tradesman having opened a deposit account with a bank distant some thirty miles from his home, the cashier had the curiosity to ask why he travelled so far when there was a branch of the same bank almost at his door. The depositor smiled knowingly, and replied: "I lodged opposite here all the time while this bank was being built, so I know it's safe."

In a northern city there is a bank widely known for the artistic merit of its doors. Designed by an eminent sculptor, they are executed in relief in copper or bronze, and appear to represent tableaux from Aesop's Fables and Greek history. About a week after they were unveiled an old man, who had been a depositor for many years, withdrew his balance and took it to a rival bank almost opposite. Questioned as to his reason for changing, he replied: "I don't hold wi' them doors of theirs. Punched tin ain't business-like, and it ain't safe."

The sketch closes with an unsuspected "point" in selecting banks:—

A very sedate-looking man was in the habit of getting change from a suburban branch, while his account was kept at the town office of the same bank, some miles away. When this had gone on for two or three years, the branch manager asked if he would not like the account to be transferred. The customer shook his head solemnly. "Thank you kindly," he said; "but I won't do that so long as my old girl's alive. It's the only excuse I have now for going into town; and she do think the bank's open all hours!"

A letter from Oliver Cromwell to his son Henry, in Ireland, of date October 13, 1657, which has just been purchased by the British Museum, is printed in the "English Historical Review" with prefatory note by Dr. C. H. Firth. One golden sentence may be culled from this letter:—

Though all things answer not, bee you humble, and patient, place value where it truly lies, viz., in the favor of God, in knowinge Him, or rather in beinge known of Him; if your heart bee truly here, you cannot miscarie.

"Place value where it truly lies,"—there spoke the soul of the practical English genius.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

The Nineteenth Century.

The "Nineteenth Century" for July is a very good number. Nearly all the articles are of high average merit, although there is no one particularly standing out beyond the others.

The Durham Road to Peace.

Mr. Thomas Shaw, M.P., contributes a very sensible article under this title, in which he pleads for the adoption in South Africa of the same policy which had such excellent results in Canada. He points out that where Lord Durham was liberal he succeeded, and where he hesitated in carrying out Liberal principles he failed, and Mr. Shaw argues with great force that a prescription which proved to effect such a radical cure in a similar disease should be resorted to in South Africa. The parallel in many cases is singularly close, and extends even to military details. In Canada, as in South Africa, it was the Jingo loyalists who were the one obstacle to pacification. Fortunately, in those days the loyalists were opposed, with the result that all Canada became loyal. Things may have gone too far in South Africa for this, but Mr. Shaw thinks that if the pseudo-loyalists were once more ignored, wise statesmanship might give peace to the Dark Continent.

A Business War Office.

Sir Robert Giffen, who last month exulted in the prospect of a naval and military budget of eighty millions a year, once more returns to the question of the Army. He commends most of the recommendations of Mr. Dawkins' commission, but complains that it does not go to the root of the matter. He cheerily assumes that for many years to come the chief business of the Government will be to provide for the Army and Navy. Therefore he proposes that the Commander-in-Chief and the First Lord of the Admiralty should be permanent members of every Cabinet. The crux of the whole business is that there ought to be communication of some kind between the Government and the heads of the War Office departments as to what the work of the Army from time to time is to be, and what therefore should be the minimum expansion and what its power to meet emergencies. At present he complains that an attempt is being made to carry on a great administration directly by a Parliamentary Minister, with the result that the whole business concentrates in the office of the Permanent Under-Secretary, who becomes, by

virtue of his position, the real Commander-in-Chief and governor of the army. What he would like to see, instead of this, would be a system like that which prevails in the Customs and Inland Revenue, in which the whole business would be committed to a permanent commission or permanent chief, who would be supervised only by the Secretary of State, but not directly administered by him.

China and the Missionary Societies.

Mr. Frederick Greenwood makes an appeal to the missionary societies to think twice or thrice before they send any missionaries back into the provinces which have been the scene of the recent disturbances. He admits that if the missionaries chose to do so the Governments would find it very difficult to prevent them, but he appeals to them to reconsider the position, and asks them to face the facts as they are. The most conspicuous fact to which he invites their attention is the altered relations which must henceforth exist between China and the Powers. A year ago it was universally expected that China would be cowed into submission. Now Christendom has put forth its full strength. It has punished China as heavily as it could, and the net result is exactly the opposite to what was expected. The resounding blow has been delivered, but China is not touched, and the revolt is encouraged by the outcome of the enterprise. This being so, Mr. Greenwood asks the missionaries to concentrate their efforts upon those provinces which have not been swept with rapine and massacre, to refuse to allow any married missionaries or women and children to go into the inland stations, and he also exhorts them to walk humbly and quietly, abandoning such poor arrogance as arriving in green chairs and the like. If the missionary societies answer that it is their duty to preach the Gospel to every creature, and that there is no exception for the districts haunted by Boxers, Mr. Greenwood replies that all souls are of equal value, and that there are as many millions of Chinese untouched by missionary effort in undisturbed provinces as there are in districts which have just been scourged by Boxer risings and punitive expeditions. All Christendom could not supply one of the immune provinces with missionary labour, and there is no reason for choice in the saving of souls.

The New Star in Persens.

The Rev. Edmund Ledger, Gresham Lecturer on Astronomy, describes the recent appearance of

a new star which was first seen at 2.40 on the morning of April 22 last. It was first observed by Dr. T. J. Anderson, of Edinburgh:—

The next evening this wonderful star was brighter than Aldebaran. On the 23rd it even rivalled Capella, well known for its great brilliancy in a neighbouring part of the sky. Besides Sirius, the brightest in the heavens, Arcturus was the only star that at all surpassed it among those that are visible in the latitude of London.

There was no trace of its presence in a photograph taken twenty-eight hours before Dr. Anderson sighted it, so that the new star had increased its light nearly ten-thousand-fold in twenty-eight hours. Photographs taken later indicated that the increase was probably a hundred thousand-fold in the course of three days. It then fell back to the fifth magnitude, and then rose again, and oscillated for three or four days between the three and a half and fifth magnitude. Mr. Ledger describes with considerable detail the way in which the spectroscope is employed for the purpose of learning the constitution of the star. His article leaves upon the mind the impression that some more new arts are badly needed in order to enable astronomers to verify their hypotheses.

Back to the Land.

Lord Nelson contributes an interesting paper under this title, the gist of which is that the three acres and a cow scheme was carried out with great success by Lord Nelson many years before Jesse Collings proposed it. For twenty months his three acres and a cow men paid their rents regularly, and he thinks it is possible by further application of the same methods to fill up our deserted villages with pensioned soldiers and sailors. This, however, is but a palliative. He says:—

But of this I am certain—that nothing will stay the exodus unless you can offer the labourer: (1) A good cottage in good repair; (2) a good wage for a good day's work; and (3) some permanency of tenure.

Small holdings are, in Lord Nelson's opinion, a success. Although they give more trouble, they are a direct means of keeping the labourer on the land and making him more independent. He adds the following curious fact:—

It is, I believe, a fact that the family who took William Rufus' body to Winchester on their two-wheeled cart and forest pony still live round the same hearth; they have the same kind of cart, the same number of ponies and cows, but they have not risen up to twentieth-century ideas.

The Late Bishop of London.

Mr. Herbert Paul gossips pleasantly concerning Dr. Creighton, whom he knew very well. He mourns over the premature death of the Bishop, who broke down as a racehorse would break down if he were put to draw a coal truck. He died because he could not and would not confine himself to essentials, and leave secondary things in the hands of secondary persons. Mr. Paul lays

great stress upon the Bishop's habit of making fun of everybody and everything. He was the most cheerful of men, full of high spirits, and enjoying every moment of life. He delighted in paradoxes, and seemed full of friendly contempt for people who did not understand chaff. He had no reverence for other people's idols and had no idols of his own. His memory was wonderfully comprehensive. In conversation he would pass from classical scholarship to social gossip, and from medieval history to social evils with perfect ease. On no other face has Mr. Paul ever seen such an expression of concentrated energy, and yet in Fulham Gardens on Sunday afternoon all visitors found him leisurely—chatty, hospitable, and apparently without a care in the world. He did not care two straws what a man's opinions were. He liked a clever man, he loved a good man, and he hated bores. No Englishman, save Lord Acton, had his knowledge at his fingers' ends more than Dr. Creighton. He revelled in talking nonsense to children, by whom he was adored. The only anecdote which Mr. Paul tells is that the Queen asked him why he refused to write her life on the same scale as his "Life of Queen Elizabeth." "If your Majesty wished me to write your life," was the reply, "your Majesty should not have made me a bishop."

The Labyrinths of Crete.

Lady Galloway writes a very interesting paper on the discoveries which have been made in the labyrinths of Crete. Numberless clay tablets have been found in the palace of King Minos inscribed with a perfect linear type of prehistoric writing hitherto unknown. This was anterior to the Phœnician characters. The excavations prove that in Crete literature and art were existing on a basis of their own, and different from those of Assyria and Egypt in an antiquity dating back long before the siege of Troy. It is somewhat amazing to find that this latest discovery shows that the ancient Cretans had already discovered all that our ladies' tailors can teach us about the apparel of women. On the frescoes on the walls of the little supper chambers leading out of the Council Chamber of King Minos were found pictures of ladies in the dress of the time. Lady Galloway says:—

It is perhaps difficult to believe that the ladies of his Court attended these supper parties in the low-necked gowns of to-day, with frilled skirts, puffed sleeves, and their hair waved and dressed as if by the most modern of Parisian coiffeurs. Yet this is how they are here drawn and painted on the walls, and thus banded down to a remote posterity.

Other Articles.

Rev. Dr. Guinness Rogers, writing upon "Dissent in the Victorian Era," thinks that dissent has

become a much more potent factor in the country in the Victorian era, and is now a recognised and potent element among the religious forces of the nation. Dr. Rogers luxuriates in the thought of the federation of the Free Churches. Mr. John Fyvie gives a very interesting account of the marriage of Mrs. Fitzherbert with George IV. when he was Prince-Regent. He has no difficulty in establishing the fact that Mrs. Fitzherbert was legally married to George IV., who thereby forfeited the Crown, and that the marriage of Queen Caroline was a bigamous marriage forced upon the King, into which he was bribed when he was sober and bullied when he was drunk. The papers that would set all controversy at rest are still locked up in Coutts' Bank. It is to be hoped that they will, ere long, see the light. General Maurice, in a paper on "The Army Corps Scheme and Mr. Dawkins' Committee," recalls a fact which too many of us have forgotten, that when he was only a lieutenant he gained the prize for an essay on the lessons of the Franco-German War, in which he anticipated much of the present criticism as to the lack of initiative and intelligence on the part of our soldiers. Mr. Childers, writing on the Court of Appeal for Australia, notes that although the Australians are very enthusiastic about the Duke of Cornwall and York, they are showing very little disposition to accept with gratitude Mr. Chamberlain's offer to create Colonial Lords of Appeal in Ordinary. Mr. Childers thinks that we shall have to fall back on Lord Hatherley's scheme for the establishment of an Imperial supreme court of appeal, which was to take over the hearing of all cases now heard by the House of Lords or the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Mr. Childers thinks that if the Australians are resolute the House of Lords will gracefully give up its appellate jurisdiction.

The Fortnightly Review.

I have noticed elsewhere Mr. Clowes' article on "The Cheapening of Useful Books," "Calchas'" article on "The External Policy of Russia," Mr. Wells' "Anticipations," and the papers dealing with our commercial rivalry with America.

A Chinese Reformer's Prescription for China.

Kang Yu Wei, the famous tutor of the Emperor of China, who fled from Peking in 1898 with a heavy price upon his head, has addressed two open letters to the Powers advising them as to what course they should adopt in the present crisis. Mr. Perceval Landon, who introduces his letters to the public, says he is a kind of Fitzpatrick of the Transvaal Outlanders, a comparison which does not exactly predispose the reader to regard Kang's

advice as the last word of political wisdom. What Kang says is that in some way or another the Powers must bell the cat, clap the Empress into a fortress, and re-establish the power of the Emperor. Kang believes in the Emperor, and in nobody else. He disbelieves in many people, including the Empress, Li Hung Chang, and especially Yung Lu, who was in command of the Guards Division of the Army, and who, he maintains, is the arch-conspirator, Prince Tuan being merely a tool in his hands. Kang thinks that nearly all the Chinese, wise and dull alike, feel that the Empress Dowager must be displaced, and at a National Assembly held in Shanghai, reformers of capacity and judgment expressed this opinion. The result was that their leaders were all arrested and beheaded. His last words are: "China may still be saved if the Powers and their Consuls show practical sympathy with the reformers who are still left alive." He threatens them with another massacre of foreigners, and proclaims that the latter can afford to wait. Time is on their side, and so forth. Unfortunately, the Powers cannot afford to wait, and that is just what Kang fails to perceive. They want to collect their money, and withdraw their armies.

The Defence of the Empire.

The author of "An Absent-Minded War," in an article upon "The Empire and the Army," makes the radical suggestion that the Volunteers should be disbanded as a useless force, with the exception of the garrison artillery, who would be called upon to defend our fortresses and the defensive positions which should be occupied to secure London against the risk of a raid. He would pay such Volunteers £5 a head, but all the other Volunteers in the country he would remorselessly disband, with the exception of such selected battalions as it will be possible to retain, with liability for foreign service in time of emergency. While professing a desire to make the best of Mr. Brodric's scheme, he maintains that it is based entirely upon the mistaken assumption of the necessity of having a large army available to repel invasion, and he would substitute for it an active army at home of 100,000 men with a first-class reserve of 65,000. He would keep 150,000 militiamen with the colours, and have reserves of militia numbering 450,000 men. By this means, with a regular army of no more than 100,000 with the colours, he would have a reserve force of 765,000. The money at present spent upon the Volunteers and the Yeomanry might just as well be thrown into the sea.

Volunteers for the Fleet.

The paper under this title goes in an exactly opposite direction. The author, Mr. Rollo Appleyard, maintains that the urgent need of the hour

is to raise 20,000 men as naval volunteers. This would not meet the needs of the Navy, for the truth is, he says, we require at once to increase our naval forces by at least 40,000 men and officers, of whom 20,000 should be apportioned to the engineer branch. In February, 1900, we had 115,000 seamen and 39,800 reservists and pensioners. If we had to man all our ships at once, we should find that we were 11,000 men short, and had no reserve whatever.

The Moral of Bourget's Latest Novel.

Mr. W. S. Lilly, writing upon Bourget's "Le Fantôme," rejoices to see in it a delineation of the necessary moral results of the non-ethical teaching of the French secular schools. The hero thus defines his only creed, which he found did not lead to Paradise:—

I have always believed that man, cast upon this earth, in a world which he will never understand, by a cause of which he knows nothing, and for an end of which he is utterly ignorant, has only one reason for existing during the few years that are accorded him between two nothingnesses: to multiply, to vivify, to heighten in himself all strong and deep sensations; and as love contains them all in their greatest strength, to love and be loved.

Back to Rome, of course, is Mr. Lilly's conclusion, although, like a wise man, he keeps the Vatican in the background.

The Swan Song of Morocco.

Under this title there is a curious paper, signed by Mr. A. J. Dawson, which professes to be made up from letters received from a thinking Moor who meditates mournfully concerning the approaching decease of the Moorish Empire. He is afraid of France, but still more he is full of dismay at the corruption and flippancy of the Sultan. "Our race is run," he says, "and we that be Moors are falling, falling beside the way of man's journey across this world." If only the Moorish Empire could die and be decently buried without a free fight over its corpse, very few tears would be shed if Mr. Dawson's lugubrious forecast were to be realised.

Other Articles.

Mr. Rowland Grey writes upon "The Bores of Jane Austen." Lady Jenne discusses "The Social Tyranny of Bridge." Mr. Stephen Gwynn gossips about recent books.

The Contemporary Review.

The "Contemporary Review" opens with an article by an anonymous writer on "The Foreign Policy of Lord Rosebery" during his first tenure of the Foreign Office in 1886. The writer praises Lord Rosebery very highly, and compared his quiet administration with the bad times we have had since under Lord Salisbury.

Lord Rosebery's term of office in 1886 showed that a Liberal Government no longer meant a policy of palsy everywhere except at home, and that there were Liberal statesmen as much in touch as any others with those national interests and instincts which demand a sagacious and resolute administration in foreign and colonial affairs. This was the great moral of Lord Rosebery's Foreign Secretaryship in 1886. It explains the insistence with which he was called back to the office when Mr. Gladstone returned to power in 1892.

I have dealt elsewhere with Mr. R. E. Hughes' paper on "The English School and its German Rival," and also with the article on "Our Methods in South Africa."

The Cost of British and Foreign Armies.

Captain Elliott Cairnes has a very good article, under this heading, in which he concludes that, considering the different conditions of life, the British army costs no more than the French or German. The chief difference in expenditure is in pay and food, and as long as we are to preserve voluntary service we cannot cut these down. As regards the accusations of waste, Captain Cairnes says:—

Let no one console himself with the belief that by the introduction of any number of reforms, however necessary, in our administration, or in the system of working at the War Office it will be possible to reduce expenditure to any appreciable degree. It may be possible to save a few thousand pounds here and there; in our system of working the Army Clothing Department, for instance, it may be possible to introduce many minor economies; but the crux of the whole matter lies in the fact that an army recruited by voluntary enlistment must be paid a wage equal to the standard wage for unskilled labour throughout the country, or must accept as recruits those too feeble to fight their own way and to make their own living in civil life.

Home Rule All Round.

Mr. J. A. Murray Macdonald, writing on "Ireland and the Liberal Party," discusses Lord Crewe's suggestion that a Home Rule Bill might be carried by a Liberal administration at the close of a term of office:—

Looked at in the full light of experience, the Liberal Party, indeed, appears to be incapable of moving successfully in any direction. If it makes Irish Home Rule the primary object of its policy, it is face to face with a hostile England, which can make her hostility prevail through the House of Lords. If, on the other hand, it makes domestic reform its first object, it is face to face with a hostile House of Lords, which can make good its hostility through the support of England, reluctantly given though that support may be. To pursue either course would therefore appear to involve the sacrifice of all its energies and all its usefulness as a party.

The real solution is to be found in making Irish Home Rule merely a part of Home Rule all round.

Sharks in British Waters.

From an article on "Tollers of the Sea," by Mr. Matthias Dunn, I quote the following passage as to the ravages committed in British waters by dog sharks:—

It is nothing uncommon in the winter months, when fishing boats are engaged in the pilchard fishery near

the entrance of the English Channel, and some twenty thousand pilchard are fairly meshed in a boat's net, for these hungry hounds to rush on them, and before the fishermen can secure a thousand of them for the remainder to be eaten or destroyed, and the rest bitten and torn to pieces by this savage host. At such times our fishermen declare that this is the most imposing and terrific sight of savage life imaginable. The boat's light is always a strong one, enabling the fisherman to see easily how to take the fish out of his net. This throws its light on the sea many fathoms around the boat. When this attack of the dogs occurs, they often surround her in such masses that they will force each other against the side of the boat, and on the nets; and so closely are they often packed that there is no room on the surface of the water for anything but their heads, so that on looking into the sea, the most prominent objects are their wild, glaring, scintillating eyes. And when their opportunity comes in this dreadful carousal, rather than let go their first grip of the fish, much against the fisherman's will hundreds and sometimes thousands are hauled on board the boat with the nets.

The Liquor Problem in the Transvaal.

The Rev. J. T. Darragh, rector of Johannesburg, has an article on this subject. He recommends very stringent enforcement of the law against illicit liquor dealers, and complete State control. He recommends that Government salesmen should be appointed who would draw regular salaries, and have no inducement to push the sale or drink. A "South African Alliance for the Reform of the Liquor Trade" has been founded to promote these views.

Other Articles

Mr. Sidney Whitman has an article on the late Count Blumenthal. Count de Soissons writes on "Dilettantism in French Literature." The Rev. D. S. Cairns contributes the second part of his article on "Christianity and Public Life."

The Pall Mall Magazine.

The July number of the "Pall Mall Magazine" is a very good one, its most noticeable article—that by Professor Geikie on "The Duration of our Coal Supply"—being separately noticed.

"One Who Knew Him" describes the not altogether estimable character of the Fenian, James Stephens, C.O.I.R. (Chief Organiser of the Irish Republic). In the fifties and sixties he was a constant thorn in the side of the British Government. When at last, after endless intrigues in France and America, he was cornered and ignominiously caught, he speedily managed to get away again. His whole life reads more like a magazine story than solid fact. A great man he does not seem to have been, and probably the best description of him was that given by a French general:—

"Little, furtive, blinking eyes, the expression of which continually escaped one, were the dominant features of Stephens' physiognomy. He was an organiser to the finger-ends, and in this respect he was undoubtedly a man of superior merit; but he was

vain, despotic, and overbearing beyond any man I ever saw."

After his fall, he bragged considerably for some time, but accomplished nothing. He then retired to Paris and eked out a poor livelihood by teaching and writing. Expelled from France, unjustly, he was finally allowed to return to Ireland. Expectation was justified, and he did no more mischief, but lived and died comfortably on a national subscription raised by his friends.

"R. Neill" writes an instructive article on "A Woman's Shopping," which is not more creditable to certain sections of women than most similar articles. What with shoplifting, bills which run a year, bills which run ad infinitum, the West End shopkeeper's life cannot be enviable.

Commander Cagins' account of his Polar explorations is also published, though it is not clear what result he has achieved beyond giving himself and followers a most miserable time, in order slightly to out-Nansen Nansen.

The "real conversation" this month is between Mr. George Moore and Mr. William Archer, and is certainly very amusing. Mr. Moore rails upon—

This empire of vulgarity, and greed, and materialism, and hypocrisy, that is crawling round the whole world, throttling other races and nationalities—all for their own good, of course! and reducing everything to one machine-made Brixton pattern,

and wails that, English having "become a battered instrument of ten thousand journalists," it is time to reconstruct and revive the Irish language. We wonder if Mr. Moore ever did give himself away so completely, or allow Mr. Archer—who had a very excellent time—or anyone else, to poke so much fun at him.

The Monthly Review.

The "Monthly Review" contains an article of great interest which I have dealt with elsewhere. It is entitled "Instructions to my Son on His Visiting England," written by the Afghan Ameer. The first editorial is entitled "The Boer at Home," and is written, we are told, by an English Cape Colonist, who tells us that if the Boer is to live happily with the Britisher, he must see that the British are "worthy of being the paramount race." Talking of one's own worthiness is not, however, calculated to impress the Boer. In "On the Line" the editor gives his usual good selection of books worth reading, mentioning among others Mr. Herbert Paul's Essays and Maeterlinck's "Life of the Bee."

Fallacies and the Education Bill.

Mr. J. B. C. Kershaw has an article under this title. He points out that it is a mistake to think that the Germans possess a great number of polytechnics. The fact is that they have very few

compared with this country, but what they have are very efficient. Another important point is that the chief part of the students are not artisans, but the heads and managers of businesses, and their chemists and engineers. It is to the better training of the heads of businesses that Germans owe their success.

A Century's Sea Commerce.

From Mr. Benjamin's paper, "A Century of Sea Commerce," I quote the conclusion:—

The growth in the size of ships became most marked in the closing years of the century. Ten years ago there was not about a single vessel of 10,000 tons; in 1901 there will be twenty-five. In 1892 there were launched in the United Kingdom thirty-seven steamers of over 4,000 tons; in 1900 no fewer than one hundred and twenty-five were built. Of the new steamers of over 10,000 tons, to be born in the first year of the new century, five will be over 18,000 tons each. Who can place a limit on what the new century may see? It is stated by a well-known shipbuilder that he is ready even now to build a steamer of 50,000 tons if desired. As far as material is concerned the thing is quite practicable.

England Paramount for Ever.

An astonishing example of Imperialist vanity is supplied by Mr. G. Stewart Bowles' "Rational Horizon of Falmouth," the object of which is to prove that the British Empire must remain paramount for ever, and thus form the only exception to the law which governs the rise and fall of Empires. "The sea-centre of the world," we are told, "is irretrievably fixed," and therefore—

It follows with the utmost certainty that England has been given, perhaps by chance, possibly by something higher, the position which, in the end, was certain to secure for her, if the earth were ever fully opened up, the ultimate predominance; that England is supreme for the same reasons that every other dominant power has been supreme; but that, set as she is, in the midst of all lands—lands which can hardly now in any great proportion go back fundamentally upon their development—she is destined to stand above them all in durability and secure in her Rational Horizon, which girdles all the earth, to last in supremacy, if it be so, until the end of time.

Other Articles.

Florence Bell writes on "Mothers and Daughters." Mr. Arthur Symonds discusses Mr. Robert Bridges' poetry. There is the usual admirably illustrated art article by Mr. Roger E. Fry.

The New Liberal Review.

The "New Liberal Review" for July is interesting. I have treated among the Leading Articles Mr. Kenric B. Murray's "American Invasion" and Mr. H. E. M. Stutfield's paper on Gibraltar.

The Partition of Austria.

Another very interesting article is Mr. W. B. Duffield's paper on "The Coming Partition of Austria." Mr. Duffield expands at length Calchas' idea of a future Germany extending to the Adriatic.

Among other things, he deals with the Pan-German movement in Austria. The Germans have even published a Pan-German atlas, in which Vienna, Prague, and Trieste are included in the German Empire. In Vienna the Court officials, the army, and the administration are all deeply undermined by German influence, and the meagre salaries of ill-paid officials are supplemented from German purses. Mr. Duffield does not think that any Continental Power would find it worth while to resist a German expansion to the Adriatic.

A Catholic University in Ireland.

Dr. Tyrrell, of Trinity College, Dublin, writes on this question. The following quotation contains the gist of his argument:—

I believe it to be the duty of everyone who desires the prosperity of Ireland to seize every opportunity which offers of lifting up his voice in favour of the united educations of Protestants and Catholics in Ireland. Trinity College holds out her arms to them, and will be well pleased to have Roman Catholics on her governing body, when they have won their way thereto by fair and open competition. We wish the University of Dublin to be the National University, and are willing to take any step which, without lowering the standard of education or substituting nomination for competition, may bring about this end.

Liberal Reorganisation.

"One of the Rank and File" replies to Mr. Yoxall's complaint against the present Liberal want of organisation. He says:—

We need the best organisation which brains and money can give us; but no organisation can avail us unless it is possible for the Liberal leaders to work unitedly in a cause to which they all profess to be devoted.

Midsummer Politics.

Mr. Alfred Kinnear, writing amusingly under this title, characterises the present state of our politics as follows:—

The fall in the Government majority, even upon so commanding a subject as a motion by the Leader of the House himself, must not be taken, or be lightly disposed of, as an example of midsummer politics. The House is stale. Discipline has lost its influence. The supporters of the Government don't care; Ministers themselves don't care; and in this fact, obvious to every observer of a flabby shuffling gait, we have the cue to the prevalent languor. The pretty spirit of enthusiastic interest with which the new House entered upon its career has been "cooled off" by the evidence of indifference in its leaders. No one now is interested even a little bit. The social reformer is disappointed and disgusted at the falsification of his hopes in the invasion of his privileges and the violation of his rights. The Unionist old hands are still sore over the reconstruction of the Ministry. Thus the Session, occupied principally in voting money to someone or something, will lumber to an inglorious and an unproductive end.

The Education Bill.

Mr. Yoxall, M.P., writing on "The Empty Education Bill," the death of which he foresaw, lays down the duty of the Government as follows:—

If ever any Government had a plain, simple duty before it, that duty was to legalise the day and evening continuation school work which Courts of Law, on the strength of unrevised and unamended statutes, have

declared to be unlawful for school boards to perform. In any other civilised country these schools would at once have been rescued by an authorising bill. But this Government of ours dislikes the School Board day and evening continuation work, it would appear; and a clumsy mode of dealing with the wrecks that lie along the wake of Mr. Cockerton is put into a Bill that otherwise has no shadow of an excuse for its gestation.

Other Articles.

There are a number of other articles. Mr. Stephen Gwynn reviews some vers de societe. Mr. Arnold Goldsworthy laughs at "The Farce of Dramatic Criticism," and Max Beerbohm supplies "Words for Three Famous Pictures."

The Westminster Review.

The "Westminster Review" for July opens with an article under the impossible title of "The Eradication of Bovine Tuberculosis."

Mr. Walter J. Baylis tells us that depression is the "Disease of the Time":—

A recent writer has ventured to prophesy that what will seem to posterity to have been the most characteristic feature of the nineteenth century is its curious intellectual cowardice. Men are brave enough physically, but they are terribly afraid of new ideas. What hinders us but cowardice from setting resolutely to work to sound everything to the bottom, and making up our minds to drop all conceptions out of the furniture of our minds that are no longer logically tenable? Thus only can we hope to lay the foundations of a firm faith for the future. Let us "prove all things and hold fast that which is good." If we cannot believe in the traditions of the past, let us find something in which we can believe.

The task of the twentieth century will be to find a faith credible to enlightened men.

A Plea for Posterity.

Mr. H. Giffard-Ruffe makes "A Plea for Posterity," and gives some harrowing examples of the results of the marriage of the bodily and mentally unfit. He looks to education to prevent such alliances in the future:—

In education, in its highest sense, lies the salvation of humanity, and already there is a faint murmur in the air, betokening the coming of a higher form of civilisation, built up on the foundations of unselfishness and renunciation, whose citizens, daring to face the truth and acting on its teaching, will stamp out these seeds, which to-day constitute the gravest of perils to the future of the civilised races of the world.

Militant Ireland.

"Timon" writes an article under this title. He deals with the Gaelic revival and the renewed land agitation as symptoms of a strong revival of the Irish Nationalist cause. "Timon" says that University Education and the Financial Relations question excite little interest in Ireland. He thinks that there is a distinct industrial revival, which has given rise to the preferential purchase of Irish manufactures.

Lord Rosebery's Imperialism.

Mr. W. D. Hamilton, writing on "Labour Questions and Empire," says:—

Lord Rosebery's empire, no matter how he seeks to conceal it, is an empire based on force, an empire of military dominion; his confusing definitions are merely resorted to so that the ignorant and thoughtless may be enlisted to support a scheme which has for its primary object not the subjugation of alien peoples alone, but the subjugation of the very people who are foolish enough to toil and sacrifice in building it up. To realise a Roseberian empire it is necessary to create a strong public sentiment of national and race superiority. The two most powerful agencies for moulding popular thought are requisitioned for the propaganda, the press and the pulpit, and in due time the whole of society is infected with the deadly poison, until even the most degraded victims of misrule here are shouting for that misrule to be extended to territories where a freer and a wider life is possible.

The National Review.

The "National Review" contains an important article by Mr. Arnold White, entitled "A Message from the Mediterranean," which I quote elsewhere. The other articles are not very interesting, with the exception of one signed "A Free Lance," who recounts his experiences on the London Press. Free Lance arrived in London in January, 1898, with only a few pounds capital and no private income, but with boundless confidence in his literary abilities. His first literary engagement was on a financial and social paper, from which, in the course of twelve months, he received some £43. His next paper, which he calls the "Imperial Journal," paid him some three shillings a column, and soon died of inanition. Free Lance then wrote a book, which a literary agent assured him was refused by ten publishers, but which, when afterwards published, sold 4,000 copies. In his third year Free Lance made £334. He declares also that he found it a great mistake to tear up articles which had been rejected a couple of times, and mentioned several articles rejected by from eight to twenty-five papers, and nevertheless accepted by reputable publications. Free Lance says that American editors are much more courteous and prompt than their English confreres in dealing with contributors.

The United States Supreme Court.

Mr. A. M. Low, writing of the decision of the American Supreme Court in regard to Imperialism, draws the following analogy:—

Imagine a court in which sits the Archbishop of Canterbury and Cardinal Vaughan, and suppose a case presented to them the crux of which is the infallibility of the Pope. Or suppose Mr. Labouchere to be a lawyer instead of an editor, who the week after making a speech in the House denouncing the Government for carrying on war in Africa is made by a Radical Premier one of the law lords. He takes his seat on the bench and is required to decide, assuming such a

thing to be possible, whether it is legal for England to make a Crown Colony of South Africa.

Mr. W. B. Harris, speaking of the European tastes of the young Sultan of Morocco, says:—

There is little hope for Morocco from within. No reforms will be introduced voluntarily. Whether Europe could insist upon some amelioration in the constitution of the country is too large a question to discuss here. The young Sultan is intelligent, but his intelligence wants guiding in the right direction. The Moors are the most puritanical of all the Moslems, and look upon the introduction into Court circles of a Spanish circus and French danseuses with indignant horror. It is not too late to put a stop to all this. The Ministers of the Powers should point out to the Sultan that the road he is pursuing is the road to his own ruin, and to the ruin of his country. So far from encouraging Mulai Abdul Aziz to spend his revenues in a search for novelty and a craving for the tastes of civilised Europe, it would be far better to turn him back again into a course of conduct compatible with his position, which would ensure him the devotion of his people and the respect of the whole world.

Other Articles.

Sir Rowland Blennerhassett writes on "The Execution of Marshal Ney," pointing out what a large proportion of French society was in favour of the execution. Mr. A. J. Finberg describes the Royal Academy as "A One Man Exhibition," the one man being, of course, Mr. Sargent. Mr. A. C. Benson contributes an Ode to Music.

The American Review of Reviews.

The July number contains many up-to-date articles. Those who have ever been up the Hudson will read with particular satisfaction the account of the efforts being made to preserve the magnificent Palisades which stretch along the Jersey shore of the Hudson. The photographs are well reproduced, and give a good idea of the ruggedness of the Palisades, and the lovely scenery surrounding them.

Polar Research.

Mr. Cyrus C. Adams says that it is doubtful if there was ever more money invested in polar enterprises than at the present moment, except during the search for Sir John Franklin. Four Arctic expeditions are now in the field, and one or two more are certain to follow next year. There are British and German expeditions to Antarctic waters which will begin exploration late this autumn, and two other expeditions are preparing to take part in South Polar work. The chief interest lies with the Antarctic explorers, however. Mr. Adams is very hopeful of the chances of discovering the North Pole. He says:—

It will not be surprising if the North Pole is reached within the next two years. If Fortune has smiled on Mr. Peary, he may already have planted his flag there. Ever since Nansen stood as near the Pole as New York is from Boston, no Arctic authority has doubted that the long-sought prize is attainable. It is a question merely of a masterful leader, plenty of dogs, and three square meals a day. As sure as the sun rises,

we shall know what is really at the northern apex of the world. It may be only a waste of ice-covered sea; but the truth, however dreary, will be golden treasure compared with the dross of Symmes' Hole, or the yarn evolved by Howgate from Eskimo legends of north-polar denizens living under a genial sun, and making clocks and other New England nick-nacks.

Other Articles.

Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler writes upon the Washington Memorial Institution, and Mr. Howard A. Bridgman describes the Twentieth Century Club at Boston, which he sums up as follows:—

A club designed, not for dining or good fellowship, but for service; a club in which not the selfish, but the altruistic spirit is regnant; a club which, in the seven years of its existence, has done things so noteworthy and important that the impact of its vigorous life has been felt far beyond the bounds of its own city; a club whose membership of four hundred and fifty embraces as earnest a group of men and women as can be found federated in friendly bonds in any city of the world—such is the Twentieth Century Club of Boston, organised January 24, 1894, "to promote a finer public spirit and a better social order."

Cornhill.

The July number opens with a poem on King Alfred the Great, by Ernest Myers. In an instructive and sensible article upon investment and speculation, Mr. George Yard says:—

Honest citizens who would be aghest at the suggestion that they should back horses or try a turn at roulette—not on moral grounds, but simply because they regard such gambling as reckless—will quite cheerfully buy shares that they have seen recommended in the city chat of their favourite halfpenny-orth, and have heard well spoken of in the club, the smoking-room, or the cheap lunch-bar, as the case may be. And yet it is probable that the odds against the speculator are heavier than those against the gambler either on the turf or at the tables; and the moral objections are certainly stronger in his case.

He also comments on the abuse which is showered upon the City, although he considers it to be, in all probability, the most honestly conducted quarter of the metropolis.

Mr. F. T. Bullen is always readable, and his short story, "Lost and Found," relating the adventures of a fishing schooner's apprentice, is a charming sketch. The author, however, fails to clear up the peculiar circumstances attending the abandonment of the derelict salvaged later by the boy and the cook of the wrecked schooner.

Dr. W. H. Fitchett continues his account of the Great Mutiny, dealing chiefly with the relief of Lucknow. He brings into prominence the differences between Generals Outram, Havelock, and Neill, in spite of which they worked most loyally together.

The fourth article upon "Family Budgets" is contributed by Mrs. Earle, and deals with the spending of an income of £1,800 a year. Notes of an Octogenarian, being the reminiscences of Miss Louisa Courtenay, make very interesting reading.

The Forum.

The "Forum" for June contains nothing which requires special notice, with the exception of Mr. J. P. Young's "American View of the British Industrial Situation."

The Nihilist Press.

In an article by Mr. Abraham Cahan on "Russian Nihilism of To-day" we are told that there are in Russia, at the present day, no less than twelve revolutionary newspapers. Formerly there were only two, the cause of the increase being that—

the average punishment for an offence of this kind is now about eight years "free exile" in Siberia; and as there is scarcely a village in Asiatic Russia that has not from twenty to thirty "politicals" among its inhabitants, life in banishment is not half so hard to bear as it used to be. As a consequence, the raiding of a secret newspaper office is never accompanied by bloodshed now; and no sooner does one office fall into the hands of the enemy than another springs up in the same city.

Mistress and Maid.

From an article on "The Housekeeper's Stone" I quote the following:—

The books, papers, and magazines of the home should of course be put within reach of the helpers. The library could be made to renew its vigour, and double its value in this way. The stereoscope, with its variety of instructive and pleasing pictures, would contribute delightfully to their entertainment. A microscope might be brought into requisition; perhaps also a telescope or a spy-glass. When examining any interesting thing, it would be well worth while to cause the helper to share in it also, and in such respects, in the almost numberless instances which come to the surface in the experience of an intelligent family, there will be a host of opportunities of doing good, without which ambition no one can be supremely happy. The books referred to should embrace the best fiction, history, and light science.

The Secret of Tammany's Success.

Mr. Gustavus Myers, in an article under this title, says:—

The Tammany Hall organisation is made effective by its social activity. It admirably adapts itself to the environment of each neighbourhood, and comes into direct touch with the people. Its leaders give annual dinners to the poor of their districts; they get this or that man out of trouble; if a poor widow is in danger of being dispossessed her case is seen to; "jobs" are distributed; entertainments are held for the benefit of struggling churches; and a thousand and one other varieties of assistance are rendered to the needy. All this, of course, is done selfishly, with a view to strengthening the leader and the organisation in the districts, and much of the money used comes from sources that would not bear investigation; but the simple fact of its being done affects powerfully certain classes of voters. This element of human sympathy has more effect with them than all the lofty manifestoes issued by committees or bodies with whom they never come in such personal contact.

Other Articles.

Mr. Harold Martin growls angrily over the wickedness of the Manila censors, whose chief sin seems to have been that they delayed messages

indefinitely. Mr. H. L. West writes on "The Place of the Senate in our Government." Karl Biind analyses the Kaiser's speeches in the Light of German History. Another article deals with the Religion of a College Student.

The English Illustrated Magazine.

This month's magazine contains an unusual number of good scientific articles. In a paper on "The Sun as a Prophet," Mr. A. Wallis Myers describes how Sir Norman Lockyer has arrived at the conviction that the time, area, and extent of famines in India, and droughts in Australia and Egypt may be accurately foretold by periodically examining the specks of sunspots—that is, by photographing the sun every day.

The African Waterway of the Future.

"C. de Thierry," in an article on this subject, describes not what is, but what she hopes will be, the "Zambesi-Shire-Nyasa-Tanganyika-Albert-Nyanza Waterway," a waterway of which nature has already supplied by far the greater part, leaving still a few links to be put in by the engineering skill of man. "C. de Thierry" gibes at John Bull for his slowness in recognising the immense possibilities of Zambesi and Nyasaland. The great difficulty in the way of the development of these African possessions of ours is transport, and the writer says:—

To understand it, one must realise that, to all intents and purposes, the coastline of Central Africa is the waterway extending from the mouth of the Zambesi to the north end of Lake Tanganyika. From the Indian Ocean it is distant from four hundred to eight hundred miles, and the coast territory belongs to Portugal.

Another source of weakness to the British Empire in South Africa is the wedge of foreign territory between the Soudan and British Central Africa, a complication introduced because we were foolish enough to allow Germany a slice of territory instead of keeping all for ourselves.

"C. de Thierry," speaking of the resources of British Central Africa, says:—

That British capital should be shy of a field so promising speaks badly for British enterprise. The truth is, until lately British colonies were unpopular. Fantastic efforts were made to capture new markets, and money found for every project in every part of the world except the British Empire. Now that English capitalists have deigned to cast their eye on the undeveloped regions of His Majesty's dominions, it is to be hoped we shall hear less about creating new markets and more about making the most of the old. It will be more profitable, with fewer risks, than investments in foreign countries.

The great need is cheap transport. Land transport is chiefly carried on by means of native porters—"a fine subject for the eloquence of free-born Britons" with more sentimentality than common

sense. "Why," the writer asks, "does not British capital find an investment in these regions of Central Africa? or does the British capitalist only care to speculate?" This, "C. de Thierry" thinks, is partly true. The whole article is very instructive, forcible, and admirably illustrated.

The Engineering Magazine.

The two most interesting articles in the June magazine are Mr. Egbert P. Watson's personal recollections of Captain John Ericsson, and Mr. E. Phillips' account of Britain and her competitors in iron and steel making.

Canadian Steel.

Mr. Phillips compares the various conditions prevailing in the manufacture of steel in England and America very much to the advantage of the latter. He suggests where improvements might be made, but does not appear very sanguine that his suggestions will be adopted. Perhaps, to English readers, the most cheering part of the article is the reference made at the end to Canadian steel. The new works at Sydney, Cape Breton, have been set up to tap the immense tracts of rich ore and coal in the neighbourhood. Sydney is destined to be one of the greatest shipping ports of Canada. The advantage that Canada has over the United States lies in the fact that coal and ore are in close proximity to the furnaces, and can be moved at one handling, entirely by cheap water transport, and there is no further transportation of the finished products to the port of exportation.

A comparison of the cost of production in Britain, Canada, and the States is interesting:—

In Britain, cost of pig per ton is £2 10s., and of finished steel £3 15s.

In America, cost of pig per ton is £1 10s., and of finished steel £2 10s.

In Canada, cost of pig iron per ton is £1 3s., and of finished steel £2 4s.

The Inventor of the Monitor.

Mr. Watson knew Captain John Ericsson well, and the short sketch he contributes of the great inventor is full of interest. He says:—

Captain Ericsson was of a robust figure, rotund in person and in voice, with an address which left no doubt whatever as to the meaning of his utterances. It cannot be said that he was an agreeable man to do business with; although he did not intentionally violate any of the canons of good breeding or good feeling, he was too much in earnest and too anxious to conclude whatever was under discussion to pay much attention to graces of delivery. He could unbend and be genial on occasion, but it was like a gleam of sunshine from a March sky, and did not last long.

The Revue de Paris.

We have noticed elsewhere the article of M. Delbet's on the Evolution of Surgery.

A Hundred Years of American Finance.

Those interested in financial matters, and who draw a parallel between the United States and England, should study with attention M. Viallate's clear, and in its way most interesting, account of how America, as a nation, managed her finance during the late century. During the first ten years of the Northern States' actual existence the children of the new Republic were to all intents and purposes in the position of the present citizens of Monaco, they paid no rates and taxes; and the income of the country was derived partly from the duties paid at the Custom House, and partly from the sale of Government land, which stretched out illimitable towards the West. The second war with England—that which lasted from 1812 to 1815—put an end to this happy state of things, and taxes were raised on everything that could be taxed, save, curiously enough, tobacco. Many of these taxes were abolished with the end of the war and the increasing prosperity of the country; and by the year 1835 the Republic had paid off its past debts, and the following year the receipts so far exceeded the expenditure that Congress decided to lend a large sum to the various States in order to enable them to carry out proposed public works, which it was felt would redound to the prosperity of the country.

Then came the Mexican War; and some fifty years ago America suddenly discovered she must start a proper navy. The War of Secession may be briefly said to have brought about the creation of the income-tax and of the death duties, as well, of course, as much heavy taxation, which, however, once the war came to an end, were gradually abolished, save always three—those bearing on spirituous liquors, beer, and tobacco. The American income-tax has come through many vicissitudes, owing, it is said, to the determination of the Republican party never to allow it to become a permanent law. M. Viallate evidently considers that, financially speaking, America will ruin herself should she go on desiring what may now be called Imperial Expansion. Whereas, in old days only eighty-three million dollars were spent each year on army, navy, and pensions connected with the two services, at the present moment three hundred and thirty millions disappear into this gulf alone, and Congress has got quite into the habit of regarding each Budget presented to its notice as a War Budget.

QUEENSLAND

AT
THE BEGINNING
OF THE
CENTURY

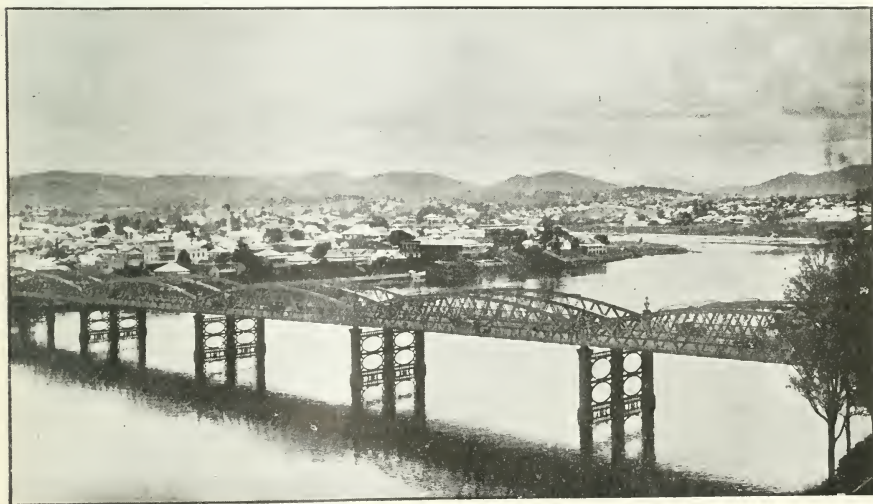
By W. H. TRAILL.

This is a true story, telling how at first a very few, then a few more, and even now no more than a few, people, of European race mainly, have begun to utilise for their own benefit, and to prepare for the advantage of future generations, a territory enormously in excess of their requirements.

The Seed of a Nation.

At the beginning of the twentieth century the population of Queensland—men, women,

and children—numbered almost exactly half a million. Among them they owned a territory estimated to comprise 668,497 square miles. It extends from south to north about 1,300 miles, and from the Pacific Ocean on the east to the imaginary lines which define its boundary on the west stretches for nine hundred miles. When, in the year 1859, the management of this immense tract was entrusted by the British Government to the colo-



Brisbane across Victoria Bridge.

nists then resident within the boundaries, these numbered no more than 25,000 souls. Allowing for the disproportionate excess of adult males over women and children which characterises the populations of all colonising settlements, there may have been 10,000 men of "soldier's age." Indeed, at the first general election, in 1860, under a restricted franchise, the total number of votes cast was but 1,247. By and from that number of constituents twenty-six Parliamentary representatives were chosen, and the Crown nominated fifteen others to constitute a second Chamber. Thus to forty-one individuals, drawn from the

to be discharged and the apparent qualifications of the individuals charged therewith seems to-day almost appalling. The conditions appeared to invite catastrophe. Our review of to-day will show that no extraordinarily serious mishap actually occurred. No better evidence of the inherent aptitude of Britons for successful colonisation could, perhaps, be adduced.

A Great Task.

Queensland has not been, nor is it now, an easy territory to colonise. Even were mere pastoral occupation dignified with the title of colonisation, the territory presents some difficult problems



Parliament Houses, Brisbane.

exceedingly limited group of persons who were in a position to support the expense of attendance at Parliament, the tremendous responsibility of laying down the foundations, in conformity with which the future structure of the colony's fortunes must be reared, was entrusted. When it is considered that the chief direction was exercised by a Governor and a Premier, both despatched from Europe but a few months earlier, "new chums," in fact, and that not a dozen of the members of the first Queensland Legislature had any previous experience as Parliamentarians, the contrast between the importance of the duties

even now very far from solved. But regarding colonisation in its nobler sense—the settlement upon lands hitherto lying waste of human beings—almost every stage has been purely experimental. The world outside Australia furnishes scarcely any precedents applicable to Queensland conditions. The records of antiquity may be ransacked in vain for parallels. The more recent and accessible accounts of settlement by British and other European colonists in North America cannot be turned to any considerable benefit.

It is not that the soil presents any special peculiarities, for within the boundaries of Queensland



QUEENSLAND, 1897.

Arrowroot field, Coomera River. No 81.

Arrowroot Cultivation on the Coomera River.



A Patch of Brisbane Botany.

there are soils of every sort and grade, and an immense proportion of the territory offers to tillage soil of unexcelled fertility. It is not that the country is torn and upheaved into rugged irregularities which forbid cultivation, for the mountain regions occupy but an insignificant portion of its surface, and are often themselves invested with conditions rather inviting to than repellent of the cultivator. It is not that fierce tribes of aborigines render existence in pioneer communities full of peril, for the native blacks lack intelligence for combined operations or sustained opposition to the white intruders. In a degree they have been formidable to the isolated shepherds of the early pastoral pioneers. But to communities of settlers clustered together within the scope of mutual support, the aborigines have always been insignificant.

The real difficulty which has hampered and still impedes true colonisation in Queensland is found in meteorological conditions. The rainfall is eccentric instead of regular, even in those portions of the State which are most favoured as to average quantity. The agriculturist has had to find out everything about the weather conditions prevailing in the locality where he has his selection for himself. Or, at best, the experience of

one antecedent generation has been available for his information. There are not any of those local traditions which in older countries in Europe and Asia have been handed down from long series of bygone centuries. Only now are settlers beginning to understand something of the weather conditions affecting their agricultural enterprises, and only now has some small stock of information regarding localities favoured by reasonably frequent moistenings from the clouds begun to be accumulated.

The bitterest of all experiences, perhaps, are not those suffered by the pastoralists of the western interior of Queensland, for the small selector struggling to establish himself, whose fate hung on the yield of a crop which the failure of expected rain in its previously usual season had blighted, has no doubt as keenly felt his ruin as though his hopes had been fixed on affluence, instead of simply on modest independence. But the more magnificent scale of pastoral investments has attracted attention to the enormous losses which a change from a round of years of fair rainfall to a series of years with hardly any rain at all have involved. Possibly, however, the profits of the fat years as a set-off against the years of leanness have not been sufficiently considered, especially as the proprietor who pocketed

the profits has not always been the proprietor who suffered the losses. Station properties are very good to sell when the books show years of enriching earnings.

Settlement has thus been impeded. But there have been restraining influences other than the elements. As Lord Ullin's daughter, in Campbell's poem, says that she dare face the raging of the winds, but not an angry father, so the intending selector would in most instances have boldly encountered the irregularities of the rainfall, but not an adverse land law. The degree in which homestead settlement in Queensland was long impeded by the early predominating political influence of the squatting class cannot be reduced to figures, and can only be appreciated by those who participated in, or, as bystanders, observed, the struggles of the ten or fifteen years subsequent to the bestowal upon Queenslanders of separate political institutions.

Were it not that nature, while freakish—and even niggardly—in one respect, has been beneficent and bountiful in a hundred other regards, progress would have been scarcely possible against these deterring influences. What that progress has been and what it has achieved can only be clearly conveyed by means of comparison. Taking the period when separate official statistical information was earliest made

available, in the year 1860, a rapid outline of affairs at that epoch will be serviceable. But first a general description of the territory will be essential.

A Great Territory.

The physical feature which most potently affects the territory of Queensland is the Main Dividing Range, a prolongation of the mountain chain which traverses New South Wales from the Gippsland frontier in the south to the very boundary of Queensland. There, its base laved by the Pacific Ocean at Point Danger, it strikes westerly for about sixty miles, and resuming its northerly trend, but curving towards the west, sweeps inland, leaving Moreton Bay about 100 miles to the eastward, Port Curtis 240 miles, Broadsound 220 miles, and then, reapproaching the Pacific, passes Port Denison at a distance inland of about 190 miles, breaks its continuity some 50 miles east from Trinity Bay, but renews its course to form a backbone to Cape York Peninsula, almost to the apex of that projection. At no part of its long course of about 1,500 miles does this chain attain any great elevation, its loftiest peaks being less than 5,000 feet above sea level; but its influence upon the distribution of rainfall over the State is nevertheless decisive. The eastern flank of this range, facing the Pacific, is in general steeply scarped. Where it lies most remote from that



A Street in Rockhampton.

ocean secondary ranges uprear themselves, and lateral spurs divide from one another the basins of the principal rivers which discharge from the eastern coast.

These, where the Dividing Range lies too far inland to perform that function, intercept the moisture-laden breezes from the Pacific, to which in summer, when easterly winds prevail, the immense evaporation due to the ardours of the sun imparts a copious burden. Condensing on the mountain tops, the saturated atmosphere precipitates its load, and a myriad rills rush and gurggle to fill millions of brooklets; these, again, converging into creeks, and creeks into the larger channels

attained the rampart of the main range is reached, and in a couple of miles, perhaps less, 1,500 feet of ascent has been achieved. Keep on westerly now for 400 miles, and nowhere has much more than 1,000 feet of descent been made. At Charleville, nearly 400 miles west from the crest of the Dividing Range, the elevation above sea level is still 966 feet. Similarly at Cairns there is a climb of over 1,000 feet within sixteen miles of the coast, and altogether of 1,300 feet within fifty miles; and thenceforward a declension westerly imperceptible to the traveller. Hence the coastal region interposed between the range and the Pacific is favoured by a rainfall irregular, indeed, but not



The Esplanade, Cairns.

opening into the Pacific. The interior slopes of the mountains are, almost without exception, infinitely less abrupt than those facing eastward. Ordinarily when one ascends the Dividing Range one climbs vigorously; but arrived at the top, one saunters down a slope scarcely appreciable.

Starting from the coast near the mouth of the Brisbane River, for example, and striking inland, in thirty miles only eighty feet of ascent has been made. Fifty miles further the elevation is but 200 feet greater. Another five and twenty miles, and only 500 feet of altitude has been reached. But before 100 miles from the point of departure has been

generally of intermittences long enough to be injurious to agriculture, and of ample aggregate quantity.

It is a country of innumerable water courses, with the considerable drawback that except during, or shortly after, rain, no water courses in these channels. Among the spurs and foothills of the main range, indeed, there are perennial brooks which "chatter as they flow;" and the upper reaches of the principal rivers carry a shallow body of living water during the ordinary seasons. Along the tropical regions also, where coast ranges more than rivalling the Main Dividing Range in height and measurement approach

the ocean, the dense jungle and jarrah which clothe their seaward face and their spurs and gullies are traversed by numerous streamlets, which leap in the dim recesses of the over-arching woods from craggy brinks into dark, deep pools hundreds of feet below. But these last mentioned are in regions as yet scarcely known even to Queenslanders of the older settlements. The mining prospector and the timber-getter have hewn paths into these mountain scrubs, and have laboriously won there gold and tin and cedar logs. But actual settlement has at the beginning of the century not encroached on these solitudes. They are among Queensland's rich reserves, and it is

eucalyptus timber, but along the alluvial banks of the rivers and on the rich soil which in multitudes of places clothes the flanks of the coast hills a denser vegetation has occurred, and a forest of stately pines, cedars, and other handsome trees rears its foliage above an almost impenetrable tangle of shrubs and creeping or climbing plants.

On the western side of the main range lie vast tracts of country differing so utterly from the coastal regions that had these been lands populated through long ages by human beings there would probably have grown up different races on each. There, from the rims of the Dividing Range the land stretches in gentle undulations in rolling



Among the Cattle Breeders.

inspiring to imagine what the century will there bring forth.

Two Types of Country.

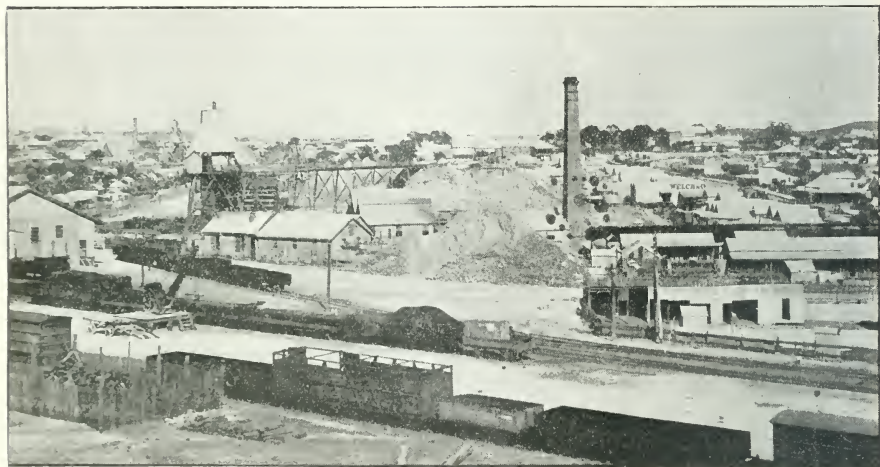
We have thus, on the east of the Dividing Range, from the southernmost boundary to the northern apex of Queensland territory, a region of irregularly surfaced country, well provided with permanent pools in the channels of inconstant streams, with rainfall ample for all needs, and not too irregular in its occurrence. The tidal lower reaches of numerous rivers enable ocean-borne shipping to ascend some small distances into the country. The land itself is chiefly open forest of

downs, in prairies, and in immense plains, interspersed with masses of scrub, and constitutes the eastern segment of the saucer-shaped depression which occupies the centre of the Australian continent. This immense region is, however, divided between two principal watersheds, the ridge separating which, in places rising to the dignity of a mountain range, sweeps with an undulating course between the 21st and 22nd degrees of south latitude from the western boundary of the State to about the 145th degree of longitude, where it joins at a right angle the Main Dividing Range already mentioned. To the south trend the waters—they cannot be said to flow, save in times of flood rains

—of which those from the more easterly tracts find their way into the Darling and through its channel to the Murray, disemboguing at Encounter Bay, in South Australia, ten degrees distant from their commencement's.

The drainage from the westernmost portion of the Queensland interior, conveyed for the earlier parts of its course in well-defined channels or creek beds, lower down disseminates itself by innumerable depressions, so flat as often to be scarcely distinguishable. Evaporation and absorption cause the water to disappear in ordinary seasons, while in times of flood the torrents rolling from the north overflow from channel to channel and inundate thousands of miles of country on and beyond the boundary of South

country, they are all inferior or poor. Although, so far as regards the southern portions, the prevailing character of the geological formation—permo-carboniferous—in which clay-slates and schists and shales predominate, provides but a meagre soil, there exist abundance of places where the extrusion of igneous rocks have interspersed areas of great fertility. Again, around the heads of the principal rivers which discharge into the Pacific Ocean, either proximity to the eruptive rocks of the Dividing Range or the influence of the elevation, or both combined, have wrought an alteration in the general character of the country. The Brisbane River, indeed, runs its whole course through forest ridges, as do the Mary and the Burnett. But the Fitzroy and the Burdekin, which



General View of Charters Towers.

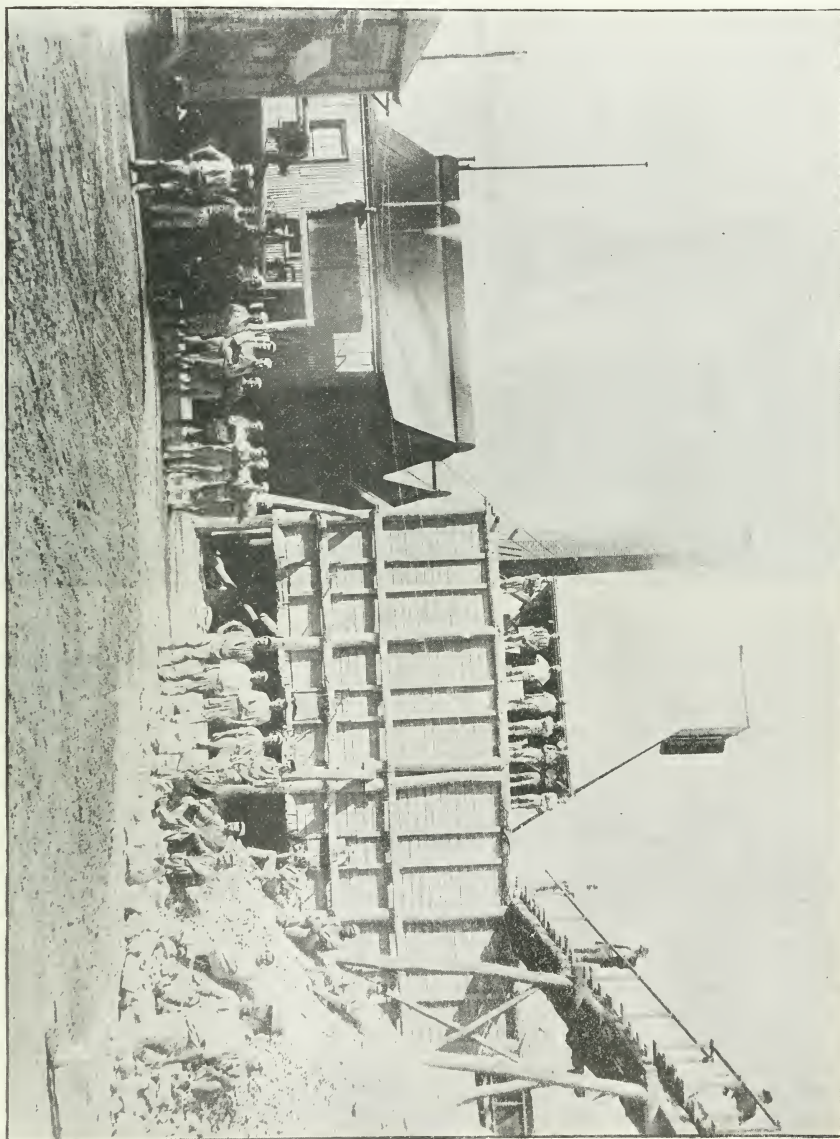
Australia, filling the beds of Lake Eyre and others of the shallow lacustrine depressions in that State, and eventually reaching the Great Australian Bight of the Southern Ocean through Lake Torrens and Spencer's Gulf.

The territory lying to the north of the separating ridge flow to the Gulf of Carpentaria, bordered along the major portion of their course by treeless plains and downs of vast extent and magnificent soil, clothed, like the foregoing, with grasses of the most nourishing character for stock.

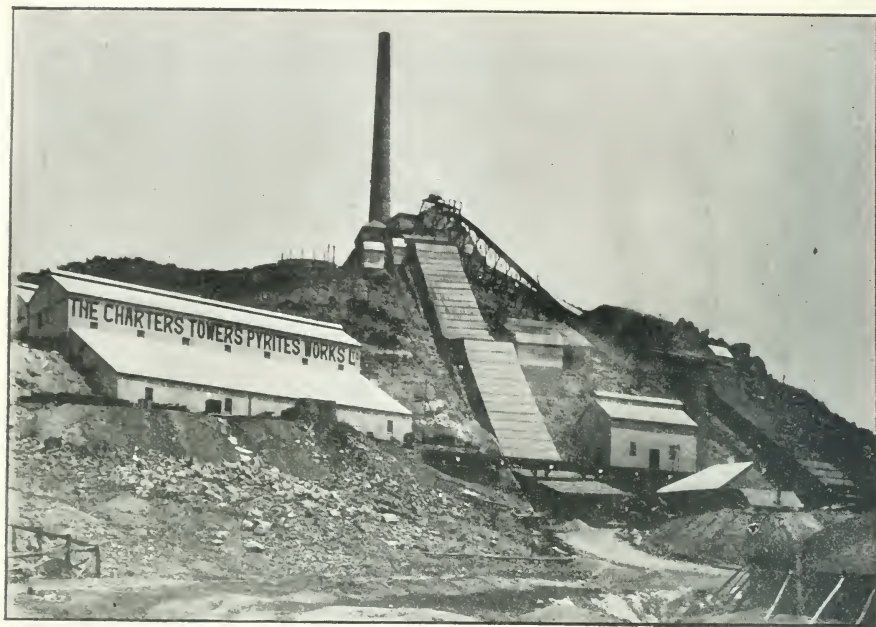
Varieties of Soil.

It must not be supposed that because the eastern coastal districts are more broken and more of a forest character than the expanses of western

both head from the Dividing Range where it is far more remote from the coast than at the sources of the Brisbane and the Burnett (the Mary heads in secondary ranges), alike have two great tributaries each, the one branch flowing from south to north, and the other from north to south, both branches in each instance combining to form the main river in its comparatively short easterly course to the ocean. On the head tributaries of these rivers the country approximates in every respect to the best and richest open country of the interior. Bordering the watercourses, or separated from them by narrow strips of forest flats, and often by a belt of Brigelow scrub, rise open downs of rich and deep black soil, carrying magnificent herbage, with saltbush at the edges of the scrub



The Brilliant Mine, Charters Towers.



The Pyrites Works.

masses, in which these pastures are, as it were, framed.

These tracts are not only of admirable grazing quality, but generally of most entrancing beauty. It was when he passed from the heads of the Warrego—itself an extreme northerly tributary of the Darling—to the south-western head country of a Fitzroy affluent, the Nogoa, that Sir Thomas Mitchell, exploring in the year 1845, was so smitten and charmed with the beauty and promise of fertility of the prospects which disclosed themselves, that he named one valley the Salvator, and another the Claude, in recognition of the reminiscences they awoke in his mind of landscapes by Salvator Rosa and Claude Lorraine. To one stretch of open country on the Claude he gave the name of Mantuan Downs, from the associations it aroused with those rich plains of Lombardy for possession of which torrents of human blood have flowed since the first movements towards national settlement in Europe.

A Clean Climate!

There is one respect, however, in which association between Mantuan Lombardy and the Mantuan Downs of Queensland is not sustained. The

historic valleys of the Mincio and of the Po reek with malaria. The exhalations of the storyless vale of the Nogoa are balsamic and wholesome. And this vale is but a type of all other similar regions in Queensland as regards hygienic conditions. From the wave-lashed promontory of Point Danger, which marks the southern limit of the colony, along 1,300 miles of eastern coast to the apex of Cape York, within 11 degrees from the equator, thence southerly again skirting the shores of the tepid Carpentarian seas, inland through the sunless jungles of the east coast rivers, stewing under a tropical sun; on the rolling downs and on the plains but little above ocean level of the far western interior; by swamps and in the heart of wide-extending scrub, it is still the same. There lurk and linger no malignant vapours prejudicial to health of man or of the domestic animals.

There is, in short, no part of Queensland and no particularity of soil or situation which has been found lastingly unwholesome for man or beast. It is, indeed, true that the earliest settlers in various localities have not escaped scatheless. The first upturning of the soil, and more especially of the mould of vegetable debris in jungles, appears to liberate some miasmatic influence. There used

in the early days of settlement on the Carpentarian littoral to be a prevalent Gulf fever; the pioneers who invaded the jungles of the northern river banks and, levelling the trees, broke up the soil for sugar-growing, likewise suffered in a degree. At Townsville, for some years, a type of low fever, similar in character to the foregoing, was not uncommon. There are records of similar conditions as accompanying the first settlement of places as far south as Moreton Bay. The first post at Red-cliff Point was abandoned ostensibly on account of its insalubrity. The place is to-day an esteemed health resort.

The site of Brisbane itself was condemned almost as soon as peopled; it has to-day a lower death rate than either Melbourne or Sydney. Ipswich, at the tidal head of the Brisbane waters, had, according to Dr. Dersey, writing in 1846, "on our first settlement, many cases of ague, but none proved fatal, and I have not seen a case for three years." The rush to the Palmer diggings, via Cooktown, in a situation between the 15th and 16th parallel of S. latitude, was accompanied by a considerable mortality, attributed to fever, but Cooktown is as wholesome a town to live in now as any in Australia, and no ghost of febrile affliction haunts the track to the Palmer, where miners live in enjoyment of robust health.

As for the interior country, it will suffice to refer to the experience of the successive explorers who

led parties of men, and drove beasts of burden, over plain and downs, hill and vale, by scrub and by swamp, or boated up the rivers. Oxley, Leichhardt, Mitchell, Burke and Wills, McKinlay, Landsborough, Dalrymple, and a host of private adventurous run-seekers: their tale is uniform as regards the wholesomeness of the territory. Consider the conditions under which many of the pioneers lived, as regards diet, drink, and habitation, and the degree in which they were exempt from mortal illnesses is really almost incredible. Still, there is no room for doubt that pioneering work involves an enhanced mortality, while at the same time the bustling and generally profitable career of first exploiters of a rich territory encourages marriage and tends to rapid increase of population by births.

A Low Death Rate.

Here, by way of illustration, is a table from the last-issued statistical publication of the Queensland Registrar-General:

PROPORTION OF BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS TO THE MEAN POPULATION OF QUEENSLAND.

Year.	Estimated Mean Population.	Number to every 1,000 of the Population.		
		Births.	Marriages.	Deaths.
1860 ..	25,788 ..	47.93 ..	10.78 ..	18.58 ..
1861 ..	31,211 ..	45.59 ..	10.25 ..	16.02 ..
1862 ..	39,722 ..	42.85 ..	14.35 ..	20.00 ..



An Artificial Lake on a Queensland Station.

Year.	Estimated Mean Population.	Number to every 1,000 of the population.		
		Births.	Marriages.	Deaths.
1863	52,558	41.62	14.51	23.80
1864	67,838	42.49	14.01	21.32
1865	80,920	43.65	13.27	21.42
1866	92,003	44.83	11.60	25.67
1867	98,025	45.66	9.54	17.80
1868	105,628	43.03	8.32	17.56
1869	108,462	42.87	8.31	16.21
1870	112,732	43.51	7.79	14.39
1871	120,336	43.25	8.06	14.83
1872	129,350	40.70	8.60	14.07
1873	140,122	40.82	9.66	13.06
1874	155,103	41.15	8.62	18.01
1875	175,492	38.89	8.62	23.80
1876	184,194	37.48	7.57	18.82
1877	195,092	36.74	7.57	17.29
1878	206,797	35.77	6.98	20.41
1879	214,180	36.74	7.49	14.47
1880	221,964	36.92	6.97	13.50
1881	221,911	37.19	7.70	15.02
1882	237,611	35.83	8.56	17.99
1883	267,365	36.92	8.93	18.82
1884	298,694	35.75	8.91	22.97
1885	318,415	36.69	8.93	19.78
1886	332,510	39.01	8.67	17.29
1887	354,777	38.09	8.21	14.56
1888	377,201	37.77	8.63	14.66
1889	397,961	36.27	7.87	15.44
1890	414,717	37.15	7.70	13.59
1891	494,779	35.33	7.15	12.77
1892	415,813	35.84	6.67	12.66
1893	426,788	33.73	5.31	13.34
1894	438,727	31.83	5.70	12.08
1895	432,852	32.87	6.22	11.58
1896	496,334	30.09	6.05	12.10
1897	478,440	29.92	6.05	11.33
1898	492,602	28.28	6.03	12.67
1899	508,364*	27.31	6.78	12.67
1900	502,892†	—	—	11.72

*Estimated. †Census.

From this it will be seen that since the first stages of pioneering have been passed, the death rate has fallen, a similar declension occurring, however, also with regard to the marriage rate and the birth rate. Except the following, relative to deaths only, I have not at hand any very recent comparative statistics:

DEATH RATES, 1900.

Per 1,000 of Mean Population.

Queensland	11.72
New South Wales (1899)	11.82
Victoria (1899)	14.28
South Australia (1899)	12.12
Western Australia	12.62
Tasmania	11.01
New Zealand	9.43

But for the year 1896, according to Mr. Thornhill Weeden, the statistician of the Queensland Registrar-General's Department, the figures stood thus with respect to Australasia and New Zealand:—

Colony.	Per 1,000 of the Mean Population.		
	Birth Rate.	Marriage Rate.	Death Rate.
Queensland	30.06	6.65	12.10
New South Wales	28.35	6.60	12.30
Victoria	27.33	6.48	13.35
*South Australia	28.46	6.20	11.48
Western Australia	22.05	8.77	16.45
Tasmania	28.16	5.89	11.63
New Zealand	26.33	6.85	9.19

*Including Northern Territory.

Since the annual death rate of England averages about 22 per 1,000, it is apparent that—to give a new application to one of Tom Moore's Anacreon-



An Artesian Bore Running 3,000,000 Gallons a Day.



In the Wheat District—Six Furrows, Twelve Horses.

tic verses—an Englishman would find it "the best of all ways to lengthen one's days" to emigrate to Queensland. In reality the death rate of European colonists in this State is lower than figured above. Mr. Weedon remarks*:—"The mortality of Queensland is adversely affected at all times by the presence of Pacific Islanders in the population, who, even under present conditions, contribute to the death-rate out of all proportion to their numbers." I am not aware that particulars such as these have been collated since Mr. Weedon's work was published. During 1896, the latest year dealt with by that gentleman, the total death-rate of Pacific Islanders in Queensland was 36.55 per 1,000, and of all Asiatic and Oceanic persons among the population 23.49 per 1,000, reducing the death of the European settlers to 11.59 per 1,000, in lieu of 12.10, the total rate for all inhabitants of the colony.

Varieties of Climate.

It must be evident from the foregoing that there was warrant for the statement by Dr. Ballow, made while Brisbane was a penal station, in its earliest years, that the place was quite as healthy as Madeira. The temperatures of different parts

of the colony, sometimes alluded to as distressing, are, obviously, not injurious to health. I use the plural expressly, because it would be absurd to write as though all Queensland experiences one uniform range of heat and cold. Even the wide differences of latitude and the alternation of the seasons do not govern the varieties of climate. Differences in elevation are factors quite as influential. Thus, Herberton, situated between the 17th and 18th degree of S. latitude, has a cooler climate than Brisbane, which lies ten degrees further south. Herberton is on a table-land, Brisbane but a few score feet above sea-level. Hundreds of similar incongruities could be adduced. It will suffice, however, to remark that the summer heat in the coastal regions generally is invariably modified after noon by the upspringing of the sea breeze, which makes existence not only tolerable, but pleasant.

In the western and north-western interior, where this relief does not penetrate, however, the summer heat is great, and, during occasional still nights, oppressive. On exceptional occasions, in some places, the thermometer has ranged as high as 120 degrees Fahrenheit, but that is an unusual maximum. The thermometer, in fact, does not register the degree of discomfort. The dry heat of the interior affects one in a sensibly less degree than the moist

*"Queensland, Past and Present," by Thornhill Weedon, F.R.S.S., London. Brisbane: By Authority, Government Printer, 1898.

warmth of the coastal country. To quote one testimony among many, Mr. A. Weston wrote: "I have been out at Charleville during Christmas, when the heat was 115 degrees in the shade, and felt it no more than 100 degrees in Brisbane." I can personally confirm this sort of experience. My earliest taste of Queensland life was participation in forming a station on a head of the Isaacs River, about 100 miles west from Mackay, and, although not six months from Scotland, and working all day in the sun, the summer heat did not distress me, while winter nights congealed water left in buckets to a superficial flake of ice, while the grass, of a morning, was as white as I have seen it in Scotland. That was in 1862.

The summer shade temperature at Brisbane seldom ranges above 95 degrees, and that is reached only during a few hours, the sea-breeze bringing relief. During the winter months the climate is delightful. During the seventies, Mr. William Senior, a writer of pleasant books relating "to the contemplative man's recreation," and happily influenced by the spirit of Izaak Walton, was, in the seventies, engaged from England to be chief of the Parliamentary reporting staff in Brisbane, and resided several years here before returning to resume his connection with the London "Daily News." In due course he published a volume, embodying his impressions, and in it he employed a phrase relating to the Queensland climate which struck me as so felicitous that it has clung to my memory ever since. In winter, Mr. Senior wrote, "The air exhilarates like champagne." During that season the sea-breeze ceases, and "westerly weather" prevails, keen, and sometimes biting, with generally a cloudless sky, a genial sunshine, and, on still nights, in localities lying beyond the qualifying influence of the ocean, there are frosts more or less sharp, according to latitude and elevation, but in most parts, save the extreme north, sufficient to convert the dew into hoary rime.

Queensland Rivers.

A word or two as to navigable rivers in Queensland. These might almost be dealt with as concisely as the snakes of Ireland, in the celebrated chapter under that heading, of which the contents were, "There are no snakes in Ireland." There is, in fact, no freshwater navigation in Queensland. The lowest reaches of some of the rivers suffice to permit access to vessels of burden in some instances as far as the tide ascends. But the channels almost invariably are tortuous and obstructed by banks of silt, etc. Steamships and other vessels ascend the Brisbane, the Mary, the Burnett, and the Fitzroy, for a few miles from their mouths. These are on the east coast. Of

the rivers on the Gulf of Carpentaria, the Norman is ascendant for vessels of light draught only, which applies, also, to the Albert River, on the bank of which Burketown stands. There are other saltwater creeks—the embouchures of minor streams, along the coast, which small craft can enter—but the mass of territory comprised in the State of Queensland is nowhere penetrated by truly navigable rivers. In some, even of inferior water-courses, there are, in the river beds, long and fairly wide reaches of apparently deep fresh water, in which vessels of great size could float and progress for a mile or two; and during flood-times the rivers run at great speed for many hundreds of miles, with sixty or more feet of water, in their overflowed beds. But when that is said, all is said. Perhaps, before the end of the century, methods will be found of impounding the flood-waters, and converting chains of lagoons and dry channels into canals.

The Beginnings of a Great State.

Such is the territory which, at the commencement of the twentieth century, a modest half million of colonists are endeavouring to reclaim from a state of nature. Only about fifty years have elapsed since the process of genuine colonisation was commenced by a mere handful of free settlers, who replaced, at Brisbane, the convict establishment, then broken up and withdrawn. It is but forty-two years ago since, by political separation from New South Wales, the colonists of Queensland had the future of their country entrusted to their own care. At that time the colony was turned to little use, save grazing. Pastoral occupation extended from the southern border northward, so far as to include the Broadsound country, westward to the tract on the Maranoa, in the vicinity of the present town of Roma, and had overrun the basins of the Brisbane, the Mary, the Burnett, and of the Fitzroy, including the Dawson Valley and the Peak Downs, but not its northern heads, the Isaacs and Suttro.

Beyond these limits all was unknown wilderness, save for such information as was available in the published journals of Leichhardt's first exploring journey, and some hints by naval visitors to the littoral of the Gulf of Carpentaria, where Lieutenant Stokes had viewed certain "Plains of Promise." Excepting round town lots, and some paddocks and cultivated fields near the coast settlements, and the horse-paddocks at squatters' head-stations, there was not ten miles of stock-fences in the territory. Brisbane, the capital, was a village, Ipswich, Maryborough, Toowoomba, Warwick, and Rockhampton mere hamlets. There were but 3,353 acres of land under crop, out of the 668,000 square miles of territory. The crops grown were

maize, occupying nearly half the tilled area; wheat, 214 acres; potatoes, 333 acres; cotton, 14 acres; sugar-cane, not considered deserving of separate record, but probably included under the head of "other crops," 1,256 acres. The live-stock comprised 23,504 horses, 432,890 horned cattle, 3,166,802 sheep, and 7,147 pigs. Gold to the extent of 4,127 oz., and copper to the value of £50 were exported, and the only other mineral product was 12,327 tons of coal, won from the banks of the Bremer Creek, an affluent of the Brisbane.

The output of wool was a trifle over four million pounds weight; of tallow, 640 tons. The Savings Bank depositors num-

who boasted that he landed in the country without a penny in his pocket ten years ago, and look at his circumstances now! He owed five thousand pounds! At the commencement of the twentieth century the colony of Queensland has accumulated an indebtedness amounting to about £25,000,000! But the person who swagged about his liabilities may have had just cause for pride in the evidence they furnished of the excellence of his credit, and, inferentially, the extent of his assets; so Queensland, at the commencement of this century, has something to show in justification of the amount of her borrowings. In the first place, just about twenty



A Famous Goldfield—Mt. Morgan.

bered 163, and had £7,545 of deposits. The revenue of the colony was £178,589, its expenditure £161,503. There was not a mile of railway nor a telegraph line in the colony. The main trunk roads were mere bush tracks. The imports were valued at £742,023, the exports at £523,477. The number of squatting runs was 1,300, and their computed area a fraction over 41 million acres. Public indebtedness there was none, save a liability to New South Wales, on account of expenditure prior to separation.

Creating the Machinery of Civilisation.

In connection with the last item, the story persists in obtruding itself of the vaunting individual

millions sterling have been spent in making railways, and the balance, fifteen millions or so, has been invested in telegraphs, in deepening and improving river channels for navigation, in jetties, wharves, breakwaters, and other harbour works, in bridges, in artesian bores, in buildings for public uses, in roads and bridges, and in immigration. In addition to those applications of loan moneys, however, there are others of a different kind, which place the burden of interest and repayment of capital sums upon co-operative groups of people, organised as local governing bodies, or in particular industries which it has been considered good policy to prefer for financial accommodation. Thus,

for example, a little over half a million has been advanced, under the Sugar Works Guarantee Act, to groups of planters for the erection and equipment of central mills for treating their cane, and large sums have been devoted to the re-purchase, for re-distribution among agriculturists, of estates, the freeholds of which had been parted with by the State in earlier years.

A Contrast Qualified by Drought.

Pastoral occupation now extends over the whole of Queensland, even to the remotest regions of the so-called waterless west. The area leased under squinting tenures had expanded from 41 million acres to 232 million acres in 1899, although, owing to alterations affecting the tenures available, the number of "runs" after rising in 1884 to 9,542, had dwindled again to 2,393. The live-stock has increased to 456,788 horses, 4,078,191 horned cattle, 10,339,185 sheep, and 122,187 pigs. Thereby hangs a tale of present woe. Queenslanders enter a new century in deep tribulation, as regards the pastoral industry of the western country. The closing years of the nineteenth century have been, for the pastoralists or proprietors of the runs in those parts, years of tremendous losses. Drought has parched the soil, and has permitted to the cropped herbage no renewal, till the fear has arisen lest the grasses, not having seeded for years, and having no apparent remains, save withered roots, may have been extirpated altogether from great expanses of country which, in seasons of ordinary rainfall, rivalled, if they did not surpass, in richness of vegetation, the famous Darling Downs. The number of sheep in the State, which had, in 1892, reached 21,708,310, had dwindled, during the subsequent years of insufficient rainfall in the interior, to 15,226,479 in 1899, and by 1900 still lower, as above stated; and horned cattle from over 7 millions in 1894 to over 5 millions in 1899, and less than 4 millions in 1900.

The voice of lamentation was heard in the land at the opening of the century. But a good deal of the wailing came over the seas, from the other side of the world. The proportion of pastoral leaseholds which is owned by foreign investors, represented in Queensland by branch banks and other financial agencies, is not specified in statistical returns, but it must be very large. Hence, the losses due to the destruction of stock, the diminution of the wool-crop, and the increase of station expenditure, rendered necessary by the trucking away of sheep to other districts, and by hiring labour to cut scrub bushes for fodder, have not been appreciably shown in any widespread ruin of resident Queenslanders. There has been no such extensive toppling over of commercial

houses and local financial establishments as attended the financial crisis of 1892, and as I have witnessed, as a consequence of a heavy fall in the value of pastoral products, in the earlier days of Queensland. The last preceding period of prolonged drought reduced the number of sheep in Queensland from 12½ millions in 1882 to a fraction less than 9 millions in 1885, that is to say, 26 per cent.

Energy of Recovery.

The recuperative potentialities of the drought-ravaged country, after the former period of affliction, and the rapidity with which the flocks, by natural increase, made up the diminution, is shown by the figures tabled for the following "good" years. The 8,994,332 sheep of 1835 increased as follows:

Year.	No. of Sheep.
1885 ..	8,994,332
1886 ..	9,690,145
1887 ..	12,927,158
1888 ..	13,444,005
1889 ..	14,470,065
1890 ..	18,007,234
1891 ..	20,289,633
1892 ..	21,708,310

I take sheep as the indicators, horses being scarcely affected, and horned cattle, then, only in a slight degree. The increase of the last-named, moreover, has been disturbed by a trouble totally dissociated from drought. Ticks, and consequent affections, ravaged the herds during the decade, but in portions of the colony remote from the drought-stricken areas. And, despite of that affliction, and of the heavy consumption of cattle by the meat-preserving and chilling works, there has, till within the last five years, been a substantial increase in the herds. Horned cattle had gone up to as many as 7 million head in 1894, and in 1889 still numbered 5 millions—just about as many as there were ten years ago. Observe: 432,890 in the year 1860; 4,078,191 in 1900; not a very grievous state of affairs.

The century opens, all these things considered, under cheerful auspices, in the department of pastoral industry. Prices of stock and of their products have risen even more than their numbers have fallen. While the lessees of the interior stations have been suffering, and still suffer, the squatters of the coastal districts have been flourishing exceedingly, and as there is a much larger proportion of resident Queenslanders among the latter than among the former, their prosperity and increasing affluence unquestionably have had much to do with sustaining the spirits and the prosperity of the community as a whole against the depressing influences of the losses and lamentations of the western run-owners.

Underground Rivers.

The effects of the latest drought were alleviated by the provision which had been made to supplement the surface waters of the interior, requiring frequent accessions to compensate for their rapid evaporation, due to the ardours of the sunshine and the absorption by dry winds. In previous droughts, probably more stock died from thirst than from starvation, and the losses were aggravated by the countless animals which perished, bogged on the miry margins of water-holes and tanks. Casting around for some device by which the inadequacy and unreliability of surface storage of water might be compensated for,

of the tube, but sometimes rising only within reach of pumping appliances—water, limpid and potable, of temperatures ranging from 70 degrees to 196 degrees, and in quantities occasionally enormous. As much as 4 million gallons each in the twenty-four hours is discharged from a few separate bores, but the mean of the discharge is about 500,000 gallons per bore per diem. The Government put down a number of bores, but private enterprise took the matter in hand in earnest. As bores were multiplied, and facts accumulated, Science collected and observed and framed theories.

It is now considered that the major portion of the vast expanse of rolling downs



A Queensland Apiary.

the conception was entertained that, by deep boring, an artesian flow, derived from regions more favoured in respect of rainfall, might be tapped. The facilities for boring to great depth, which American ingenuity had provided to probe the earth in search of the rich reward of mineral oil, were remembered, and put to the test.

Success in a degree which must have exceeded the most sanguine hopes of the experimenters rewarded the enterprise. At various depths, ranging from 180 to 4,830 feet, and averaging about 1,900 feet, a saturated stratum was reached, and water gushed up, sometimes spouting many feet above the top

and plain country which occupies the Queensland western interior, inland from the Dividing Range, and extends into New South Wales and South Australia, marks the position of an ancient cretaceous sea which, in by-gone ages, connected the Gulf of Carpentaria with the Great Australian Bight, and severed the present continent into two. Under this extensive region lie strata of porous sandstone, abounding in crevices, and saturated with water.

Far-gathered Waters.

The source whence this liquid abundance is derived has been the theme of much con-

jecture and discussion. It has been suggested that the supply can only be attributed to some region of lofty eminences, accumulating, every winter, stores of moisture, and locking them up in the form of snow and ice, and yielding them each summer to the wooing of the sun, to be partially absorbed by porous strata on the mountain-sides and on the course of the rills, brooks, and rivulets which coursed towards the lower country. The Alps of New Zealand, the equatorial peaks and ranges of Eastern Africa, even the Himalayas, have been designated as the possible accumulators and dispersers of the waters which spurt from the tubes of artesian wells in sun-baked western Queensland. On these imaginings, magnificent predictions of universal irrigation of the invitingly open country, with soil ascertained to be rich in all the constituents which foster the most abundant vegetation of western Queensland, have been adventured. Inexhaustible supplies of water, spouting freely from a myriad tubes, in a climate of most genial warmth, and upon a soil of unexcelled fertility—what more could be required to convert the interior from a dangerous pasturage into a country of dense population, engaged in agriculture of the most prolific kind?

But the officers of scientific attainments attached to the Geological Department, and to that of Water Supply, have "let down the pegs that make that music."

They reject emphatically the notions which would indicate localities so remote as Africa, Asia, and even New Zealand, as the sites of the reservoirs which supply the cretaceous strata underlying the central parts of Australia. It would be vain, they intimate, to look further than to the Main Dividing Range of Queensland, and they warn the colonists that the area of collection and absorption is so limited that it would be not only foolish, but mischievous, to expect that the underground waters can be tapped by bores without limit of number. Every bore-pipe which is Government property is provided with valve and stop-cock, and no endeavour is spared to impress upon private owners the propriety of imitating the example so set.

Golden Dreams.

It may, however, be observed that, although there has been distinct diminution in the pristine flow of one or two of the earlier artesian wells, nothing has yet transpired to show that these reductions have been due to general causes, and not to conditions strictly local. On the whole, the more recent bores, which are being added constantly to those of prior existence, give flows of water quite as bountiful as the earlier ones. Per-

haps science has not yet said its last word on the subject. In this connection it is worth recording that now, at the commencement of the century, another idea concerning this Australian hinterland has been mooted, suggesting no less an accomplishment than to bring about an entire change in the climate. The notion is that, by a great canal, the waters of the ocean should be admitted from two directions—from Spencer's Gulf on the south and from the Gulf of Carpentaria on the north—to re-occupy the former seabed indicated by the depressions where the brackish lakes of Eyre, Torrens, etc., mark its former depths, and thus saturate the atmosphere with moisture in those regions where now it is desiccated to a degree most detrimental to vegetation.

Distribution of Rainfall.

What this western country is capable of, were adequate moisture in season but available, may be gathered from the facts in connection with wheat culture in Queensland. Nearly the whole of the production of this cereal is effected on the prairie lands lying to the westward of the Dividing Range. But it is a tract where that range sweeps closest to the ocean which almost monopolises that cultivation. The Darling Downs had, in 1900, in round numbers, about 9,000 acres under tillage for wheat. In all the rest of the colony there were only about 10,000 acres additional, and, of these, a little more than 7,200 were around Yuelba and Roma, thirty and fifty miles, respectively, beyond the margin of the Darling Downs district, but on country of similar character, on the slope of the Dividing Range, where it has taken a sharp sweep inland from east to west.

The Garden of Queensland.

Queensland does not yet, despite the fertility of the Darling Downs, where, in the neighbourhood of Warwick, one farmer is able to boast that he has cultivated wheat on one field for thirty successive years, without manuring and without abatement of yield, supply her own population with all the flour they consume. In 1900 the total wheat production of the colony was 1,194,000 bushels, while the importations were 2,346,000 bushels, including flour, calculated as one ton of flour equaling fifty bushels of wheat. It is, I am convinced, no extreme assertion that the Darling Downs alone could, without any strain on its natural resources, make up this shocking deficiency; and that, too, within a couple of years, were its whole area converted from grazing to arable uses. This conversion is, in fact, proceeding, but very slowly. Up to a quarter of a century ago, successive administrations in Queensland were consistently legis-

lating to enable persons to acquire immense estates on the Darling Downs in fee simple. That was not what the laws concocted, professed to aim at. But that is what they were known to be effecting. The present Chief Justice, Sir Samuel Griffith, when in office, fought a down-right fight against the wholesale dummying which was rampant. I write of what I have personal knowledge, acquired at the time. On this theme "I could a tale unfold." But these are affairs of the past. Only their effects now continue. The great freeholds on the Darling Downs cannot have cost, on the average, more than £1 per acre all round. Thousands of acres of the grandest black soil land, free from trees, and inviting the plough, were rated as "first-class pastoral," and parted with at the rate of ten shillings per acre, payable in instalments. Still larger areas, with soil just as good, but carrying some forest fringes, were sold as second-class pastoral, at half the price. Of late years the Government authorities have been repurchasing considerable areas, by virtue of the Agricultural Lands Repurchase Act of 1894, which authorises an annual expenditure, on such acquisition, of £100,000, and the redistribution of the lands in farms of limited area, subject to residential conditions, and on an instalment system, which distributes the payments over twenty years. The prices range from £1 10s. to £5 per acre, and are calculated simply to cover the cost to Government of the purchase, with interest added, and the estimated expense of administration. The estate owners are also emulating the Government in the process, large areas having been, by them, cut up into farms, and sold on instalment terms, while the landlord in some instances gives additional attractiveness to his dealing by assisting the buyer with stock for a beginning. This last accommodation, however, is more generally combined with mere leasing; and side by side with the veteran freeholder class, which the State is founding, a regular tenantry of rich, and in many instances absentee, landlords is being brought into existence.

Possibilities!

A just idea of the comparatively minute degree in which the arts of the cultivator have supplanted the primitive pursuits of the pastoralist on the Darling Downs may be obtained by reflecting on the following facts: "The area of this beautiful tableland," says Mr. Essex Evans,* "is computed to be slightly over 4,000,000 acres of rich black, red, and chocolate soil, ranging from 4 to 60 feet deep, and in some localities to an even greater

depth. . . . In 1827 a virgin land, in 1893 it contains thirteen towns and hamlets. . . . Nearly 2,000,000 of sheep, and 238,000 head of cattle graze over its broad pasture lands; whilst something like 130,000 acres are under cultivation."

Here, then, we have the record for the beginning of the century: 130,000 acres out of four millions, of rich soil, wonderfully deep, in a temperate climate, having a mean maximum of 83.8, and a mean minimum of 38.9 degrees, with an average rainfall of about thirty inches, and a population of some 54,000 souls, three inconsiderable towns, and a dozen hamlets. Of secondary industries, of manufactures, of arts practically none; railways sketchily penetrating the district, and giving access to and from the seaboard. Give us peace in the coming time, and what a transformation should here be wrought in the century!

Since writing the last paragraphs, I have made a calculation of the average price obtained by the State for Darling Downs lands selected under the Alienation Act of 1868, when immense areas were secured. I find it comes to 6s. 8d. and a minute fraction of 1d. per acre! To-day some owners ask £10, £15, and more, per acre, for favourably situated fields.

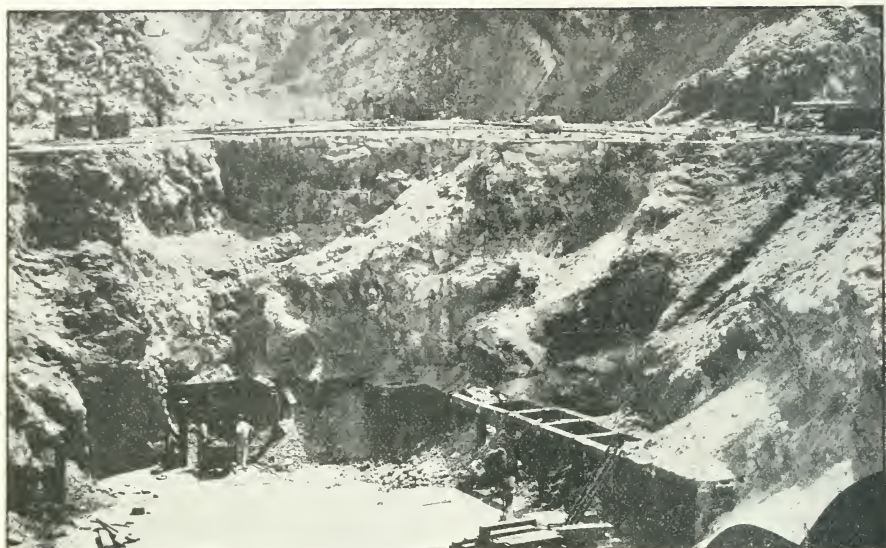
The Darling Downs district constitutes, in fact, the Garden of Queensland, under which designation a very elegant and instructive little book, descriptive of its beauties and its riches, was in 1899 written by Mr. Essex Evans, a resident, the poet whose ode was selected in connection with the celebrations of the institution of the Australian constitution.

Another Type of Settlement.

On the other hand, the population of the districts of East and West Moreton, that is to say, the basins of the Brisbane river and its affluents, of the Logan, and other streams discharging into Moreton Bay, and of some minor watercourses falling into the Pacific further south, amounted to nearly 120,000 from which number I have excluded the entire population of Brisbane (62,380) and of that of one of its suburbs, Toowong (7,750 souls), which is separately enumerated.

In these coastal districts of southernmost Queensland the land is less uniform in quality than that of the downs and prairies of the west. It is encumbered by almost unbroken forests of eucalypti. There are rich bottoms of debris, but these lie between ridges, generally of light and shallow soil. The banks and flats bordering the creeks and rivers are, indeed, of good alluvium, but were originally covered with a dense vegetation, in which the Moreton Bay pine, and the red cedar—long since felled—once existed in fair abundance. Although,

* "The Garden of Queensland (Darling Downs)," compiled and edited by Essex Evans, Toowoomba, Queensland. J. H. Robertson and Co. Ltd. MDCCCXCIX.



A Cutting at Mt. Morgan.

when the pioneer squatters first occupied these tracts, sheep did well for years, it has been found that, ultimately, they did not prosper, and now the stock is cattle almost exclusively. A multitude of settlers combine grazing with agriculture, but the tendency of late years has been for the latter industry to supplant the former pursuit, and among the holders of modest areas dairying has made, and continues to make, great advances, since the introduction of separators and the establishment of creameries and butter factories in every locality.

In the southern district, east of the main range, over 170,000 acres have been brought under cultivation, of which about 64,000 are devoted to maize, over 7,000 to English and 2,500 to sweet potatoes, 4,600 odd to pumpkins, 427 to arrowroot, 18,780 to hay of all kinds, 14,000 odd to green fodder, over 800 to vines, 1,500 to bananas, 740 to pineapples, 1,441 to orange groves, and 1,886 to other orchards and gardens. Wheat is grown on only 703 acres, barley on 550 acres, and oats for grain on but 52. The tract under notice extends from Point Danger on the southern boundary of Queensland to, and embracing, the very broad basin of the Barnett River, from its mouth, near the town of Bundaberg, to its sources in the Dividing and minor ranges, and comprises, besides the waters falling into Moreton Bay, the valley of the Mary. Thus it includes some of the most notable

of the sugar-cane plantations of the colony, as the mention of the Mary and the Burnett Rivers indicates, and the area under sugar-cane is no less than 44,395 acres during 1900, which, however, is less than the area under cane in 1899 by 1,688 acres.

The Tropical Zone.

Having thus approached the tropics, it becomes proper to concentrate attention to the products belonging to these warmer east-coastal portions of Queensland, more especially as the cereals and vegetables of the more temperate regions now sink in importance. Maize, indeed, persists, and considerable areas are appropriated to its culture. But the sugar industry now dominates all others there, and although encouraging commencements have been made with coffee, and banana fields extend over more than 4,000 acres, it will be convenient to here concentrate attention upon the sugar-cane plantations, in view alike of their vastly superior extent, and of the acute stage at which the long-standing controversy relative to the employment of coloured labour thereon.

The Sugar Industry.

The total area of lands under sugar-cane, during 1900, was 108,535 acres, of which 2,101 acres were

for plants; 33,783 acres were "stand over" or unproductive, and of only 72,651 acres was the cane crushed for sugar. From the last-mentioned, 92,554 tons of sugar were manufactured. The Registrar-General estimates the domestic demand in the State to be 27,000 tons. The sugar industry is, in brief, the third in order of importance of all the industries of Queensland. It actually distributes the largest sum of any industry in the State; perhaps a larger sum than any other industry in the Australian Commonwealth. The capital invested in it (including £650,000 of public money) cannot be much less than £9,000,000. Queensland realises from £1,250,000 to £1,300,000 from its sugar-fields. This single industry is the chief factor which has created, and which sustains, the great fleet of steamers plying betwixt Queensland and the other Australian States. Some 22,500 persons are employed by it, or dependent upon it. And the industry is only at its dawn. It has almost limitless possibilities before it. No wonder that an industry which has already attained such a scale, and which has such possibilities, is guarded with jealous care!

To work up the cane there are, in the State, seven mills for crushing only, fifty-eight which produce raw sugar, and two

refineries. Amongst the sugar mills are twelve which exist by virtue of the Sugar Works Guarantee Act, fostered by loans advanced by Government, such advances being limited by the law to an aggregate total of £500,000; and as £497,245 have already been so advanced, an amending Act was last session passed to extend the amount.

It would occupy far more space than is allotted to the whole of this article to give, with any approach to fulness, even a summary of the facts and arguments adduced in connection with the employment of coloured labour on the sugar industry of Queensland. I can proffer, therefore, no more than an extremely condensed summary of the most prominent. It unluckily happens, also, that the latest statistics, including the detailed tables derived from the census of April last, are, on the eve of publication, unavailable to me at this moment, but likely to be issued actually before this paper is in type.

The Kanaka Question.

The number of Pacific Islanders, Chinese, and other Asiatics in the colony at the time when each of the preceding censuses was taken was as follows:



Threshing at Yangan.

Census Year.	PAKISTANIS.		CHINESE.		OTHER ASIATICS.	
	No.	Proportion to Total Population.	No.	Proportion to Total Population.	No.	Proportion to Total Population.
1861	—	—	398	1.79	—	—
1864	—	—	428	1.02	—	—
1868	1,547	1.54	2,630	2.73	—	—
1871	2,336	1.95	3,305	2.75	—	—
1876	5,108	2.95	10,492	6.00	—	—
1881	6,348	2.97	11,229	5.26	246	0.12
1886	10,057	3.11	10,463	3.24	1,205	0.37
1891	9,243	2.35	8,522	2.16	1,357	0.35
1899	8,826	1.72	10,076	1.96	—	—

The figures for 1899 are the Registrar-General's estimate. For that year the Japanese and Javanese are separately enumerated: Japanese, 3,063, being 0.60 per cent. of population; Javanese, 298, equal to 0.06 per cent.; and other Asiatics, 2,357, equal to 0.46 per cent. Thus an apparent decrease in the actual numbers of Pacific Islanders is shown. On the other hand, during the year 1898, there was an excess of arrivals over departures of these Kanakas amounting to 451 persons, and in 1899 of 569.

The chief arguments of the pro-Kanaka people are that in semi-tropical and tropical Queensland Europeans are constitutionally incapable of executing some of the field-work on the plantations; that they would not, even if they could; that they are intractable, and apt to strike at the most critical stages of the cane-harvesting; that the industry, kept in existence by Kanaka field-labour, furnishes employment on contingent occupations, at full white man's wages, to some 8,000 Europeans, representing, with those dependent upon them, over 20,000 souls; and, finally, that even if they could and would execute the field-work, the rate of wages they demand could not be paid without extinguishing the planters' profits, and even shifting the balance to the debit side of the ledger, and so destroying the whole industry.

The anti-Kanaka people assert that Europeans could execute the work; that they would undertake it if wages at the rates current for other hard manual labour, such as mining, were forthcoming, and that, as to profit, if the principles embodied in the Sugar Mills Guarantee Act were extended to apply to refineries, the balance in favour of planters, disturbed by the increased wage rates, would be fully restored by the elimination of monopolists, such as the Colonial Sugar Refining Company, to whose huge profit they point as extorted from the products of the planters. Somewhat inconsistently, it is sometimes urged that the Kanakas themselves suffer from the strain of labour under tropical conditions, and this contention is supported by reference to the tables of mortality. I cannot, at this moment, lay my hand upon a tabulated or other statement showing the averages over a series of years, but from Mr. Weedon's book, already referred to, I extract the following,

having reference to this subject: "The mortality of Queensland is adversely affected at all times by the presence of Pacific Islanders in the population, who, even under present conditions, contribute to the death rate out of all proportion to their number. In the early days of their employment in the colony, however, the ratio of their mortality was excessive in the extreme, and had a marked influence on the death rate." In the year when the foregoing was penned, the death rate of the European colonists was 11.59 per 1,000; of Pacific Islanders, 36.55 per 1,000. In the Registrar-General's annual report on vital statistics for 1899, again, the following remarks appear: "Whilst the coloured aliens adversely affect the birth-rate of the colony by the paucity of the number of their births, the same result with respect to deaths follows from their contribution thereto being out of all proportion to their number." During that year, again, the Pacific Islanders had a death-rate of 39.75 per 1,000, whilst the European colonists died at the rate of only 11.30.

Without further entering into details, the preponderance of reason on the economic side of the question appears to lie with the advocates of the employment of Kanakas. On the ethical aspects of the matter the question is more doubtful. Perhaps in the last analysis the question is one of dearer or cheaper labour. The real offence of the Kanaka is the fact that he works for less—though not for so very much less—than the white man. In any case the whole question of the use to be made of tropical Australia is involved in this question. It is not to be settled off-hand by a picturesque phrase like "White Australia," or by a mere whiff of sentiment.

Manufacturing Industries.

Among the contingent benefits conferred upon the colonists by the growth and prosperity of the sugar industry, not the least is the activity which it has largely contributed to create in the engineering trades. The supply of machinery for sugar mills has been one of the most important functions of such establishments, which are more numerous and on a larger scale than might have been expected in a community of such recent development. It would be misleading, however, to merely quote the official figures enumerating such establishments, to illustrate the degree in which they are dependent on the sugar industry. The returns do not discriminate between large factories and little workshops, and, moreover, the support of all is derived from a variety of sources. Thus, nearly all the locomotive engines running on the Government railways are turned out by local factories. The mining industry also provides a large proportion of work for them. There

are seventeen workshops classified as engineering, and forty-two as ironworks and foundries, and the sources whence they derive their chief support may be at least conjectured, except in the case of metropolitan establishments, by their situation. Taus, the extensive works at Bundaberg obviously minister to the sugar industry. The same applies to the Mackay works, while those at Gympie and Charters Towers live by the mines.

Of what may be termed natural industries, dealing with raw materials of pastoral products, such as boiling-down, bone-manure, tanneries, fellmongeries, wool-scouring, and meat-preserving, there were, in 1899, 119, employing 5,494 hands. Metal and machinery works numbered 330, with 3,862 employes. Carriages and vehicles were turned out in 91 shops by 670 workmen. Boot-making and clothing occupied 3,795 hands in 51 establishments; 24 breweries employed 436 people. To summarise, 28,883 persons earned their livings in manufacturing avocations. In default of the details from the census of April last, those of the preceding enumeration of the people may be adopted as furnishing the best available guide to the proportions in which the population engage in different pursuits. Those figures allot to what are known as "professional" avocations 2.6 per cent. of the entire population; to domestic, 5.2 per cent.; to commercial, 7.9 per cent.; to industrial, 11.9 per cent.; to agriculture and mining, etc., 17.1 per cent.; indefinite, 0.6 per cent.; and dependent, 54.7 per cent.

A Land of Treasure.

The mineral wealth of Queensland is derived from so many different metals and substances, it lies distributed over so vast an extent of country, and presents itself under conditions so varied, that it is exceedingly difficult to compress an intelligible account of it into any short terms. It may be premised that every one of the principal metals put to use by mankind, and most of the other useful minerals, have been found in some quantity within the boundaries of the State. Even the precious gems have been unearthed, although, as regards some of the most valuable, only minute crystals have been secured.

It is possible to clear the way towards an understanding of the localities where minerals are chiefly located by disposing, in a single paragraph, of those central rolling downs and deep-soil plains which, as already fully described, occupy the interior south of the country, dipping to the Gulf of Carpentaria, and west of the Great Dividing Range. Within that very extensive area no deposits of metallic minerals have yet been found, except at the extreme heads of the Condamine, in the Warwick

division of the Darling Downs, where gold in alluvial and reefs exists in somewhat scanty deposits, and a rich silver mine is worked on a branch of the Dumaresque River, which falls into the Barwon. On the true rolling downs country of the interior, however, by way of partial compensation, among some of the low ranges of hills, at intervals of hundreds of miles, in a disconnected series running north and south, opals of superlative excellence have been unearthed, and continue to be extracted. The extent of the stores of these jewels can only be conjectured. It is not considered that more than the merest beginning has been made in their exploitation.

These interior regions being thus eliminated, all the rest of the territory may be described as stored with metallic deposits of the most varied description, and in apparently inexhaustible quantities. There are no less than 69 proclaimed gold fields in Queensland, which are supplemented, and, in some instances, overlapped by proclaimed mineral fields to the number of sixteen. From the first discovery of the metal up to the beginning of the twentieth century, 14,837,049 ounces of gold has been produced from alluvial and from rock in Queensland, the value of the metal amounting to £50,101,486, while the value of minerals other than gold has been £10,179,500. The area comprised within the tracts officially proclaimed as auriferous is 19,305,659 acres, and of the mineral fields no less than 33,828,722 acres. Allowance must be made for the extent, not readily ascertainable, to which proclaimed mineral fields overlap proclaimed gold fields. If that be overlooked, however, the sum of the two areas exceeds by about four million acres the total area of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

A River of Gold.

The new century opens under auspices of the most encouraging nature. Thus, the crown of gold has been taken from the brows of that king of mines, Mount Morgan, yet it continues to distribute treasure with little abatement of its pristine regal munificence, and with no indications of future faltering. The principal gold fields, commencing with Gympie in the south, and extending to Croydon on Carpentarian waters, have, during the closing years of last century, produced metal in quantities exceeding their average annual output of over twenty years. This applies to Gympie, to Ravenswood, to Charters Towers, to the immense tract included in the group known as the Gilbert-Woolgar-Etheridge, and extending over 10,000 square miles of territory—an area exceeding by a fourth that of Wales. Thus, the production of Gympie during

1900 was 91,000 oz. of gold; its average for the years from 1878 forward has been about 80,000 oz., and its greatest production during that period 115,590 oz. in 1889. Ravenswood, again, in the last year of the nineteenth century, produced 33,275 oz., the greatest output since 1877; its average since then having been but 14,670oz. per annum.

In 1898 and 1899 Charters Towers yielded 457,850 and 454,679 oz. respectively, as against an average for the preceding twenty years of 167,288 oz. Croydon, again, a field of later discovery, in 1899 maintained its average since first operations of 62,870 oz. per annum, by a yield of 63,213, derived in great part from fresh discoveries of rich stone in a long line of reef, which had, after superficial workings years ago, lain neglected and practically abandoned. Such has been, also, the condition, not merely of particular lines of reef, but of entire and extensive gold fields, once rich yielders of alluvial gold, and profitably worked for reef gold down to limited depths.

New Fields and Old.

At this beginning of a new century, some of the most famous in the past have begun to attract fresh attention. The Hodgkinson and the Palmer are in this category. That eminent authority, Dr. Jack, for years, until lately, the Geologist to the Queensland Government, repeatedly and energetically protested, in various reports made public at the time when presented, against the neglect of the reefs on these fields. What he dwelt on, with reference to them, applies with equal force to a number of less extensive auriferous areas. The early miner, with very meagre means, and the most primitive appliances, broke into such quartz reefs outcropping the surface as showed payable quantities of gold, worked them profitably to a certain depth, about 100 feet or so, where changes in the character of the ore, and also an influx of water, are ordinarily met with. At that stage the baser metals associated with gold had not been eliminated by atmospheric influences, and defied extraction by simple battery amalgamation treatment, while the haulage of water and of stone from increasing depths exceeded the power of primitive appliances, generally either man-worked windlasses or horse-drawn "whips," to cope with. Hence, abandonment of auriferous reefs unnumbered all over the Queensland goldfields, and of the north especially. But the introduction of more modern appliances into mining engineering, the discovery of the cyaniding process, and the gradual improvement and cheapening of means of approach and conveyance to the fields, are working sensible changes. Already capital from outside has commenced to possess itself of some of

those among mines so abandoned, which have made notable records or traditions of pristine richness of yield.

Other Forms of Mineral Wealth.

Nor is it in stores still untapped, yet inviting, of gold, that Queensland enters upon a new century. In districts the most widely separated, outcroppings of auriferous lodes, of reefs of tin-stone and of silver-lead, obtrude. The Walsh and Tinaroo district is studded with such indications, and already bustling with successful exploitation of some. In the vicinity of the Croydon auriferous area another tract of tin lodes presents itself, and remains practically untouched.

Bismuth, wolfram, molybdenum exist in masses or in pockets, recent discoveries, the real extent to which they may be expanded being yet matter for conjecture. In the very corner of the State most remote from the populous centres of the south-eastern seaboard, away in the far north-west, inland from Burketown, lodes, apparently of great richness, of silver-lead (galena), are being opened, and even a railway to establish easy communication with the port is in projection. In the Cloncurry district, an inland tract on Carpentarian waters, deposits of copper, known for thirty-four years, and steadily believed during all that time to be among the richest and most extensive in the world, lie almost unworked, lack of fuel suitable for smelting on the spot, and excessive cost of conveyance of crude ores having been prohibitive of operations. Here, too, a railway to be constructed by private enterprise is contemplated.

In fine, huge as have been, during the past century, in proportion to the number of men engaged, the mineral outputs from the soil and rocks, the prospects at the commencement of this century, indicate that what has been exploited is but a sort of introduction to the wealth which invites immediate industry.

Coal.

The coal-measures of Queensland underlie a truly prodigious extent of this territory, and have, as yet, with the exception of those exposed by the channels of the Brisbane, and its affluent the Bremer, and known as the Ipswich beds, and of those disclosed by the Burrum, a minor river opening into Hervey's Bay, north of Maryborough, scarcely been touched. These are somewhat too friable for export, but excellent for most local uses. They are excelled in quality, however, by other deposits, at Calde Creek, inland from Gladstone, for instance, where a seam no less than thirty feet thick, without a band, has been penetrated; in the basins of the Dawson and the Mackenzie, where anthracite coal is known to exist

under a most extensive range of country, and at the Styx River, in Broadsound, where most excellent steaming coal has been found, but is in a situation, at present, not convenient for transit to rail or water carriage. A considerable extent of the Darling Downs overlies beds of excellent coal.

There is coal near Clermont, on the Peak Downs. Under the northern heads of the Fitzroy, and a southern branch of the Burdekin, there is coal, and as far north as Cooktown, some distance inland, coal has been found. Again, thin seams have been met with so far into the interior as the neighbourhood of Winton. In short, if coal continue to be the main calorific service of the motive

power. Only during one twelve-month have the net earnings of these railways met the interest charges on the capital invested in them. Thus, their cost to the colony has been swelled by annual drafts upon the general revenue to make good the deficiencies. During the closing year of the past century the amount so charged against the consolidated revenue of the State was £276,422. Against this must be set the benefit conferred upon the country by the facilitation of communication, and the increment of value to the land in the districts and localities traversed by the lines.

These railways are officially grouped as southern, central, and northern. Within the



Underground on the Gympie Goldfield.

power employed for industrial uses, Queensland enters upon the century with confidence in that respect. The actual output during 1900 was 497,132 tons, valued at £173,705.

A Great Railway System.

Queensland begins the new century provided with a little over 2,800 miles of railways, constructed on a gauge of three feet six inches, and equipped with rolling stock, which, from first to last has involved an expenditure of rather more than two millions sterling. The railways themselves have involved a capital expenditure of £17,304,689 of borrowed moneys up to June 30,

first series are comprised all lines starting from Brisbane, through the coastal settlements adjacent to which city quite a network of lines have been constructed. One, striking south, proceeds to Southport, a lovely seaside resort, and Nerang, not far from the border of New South Wales, and is in process of being extended thither, to connect with the detached length of railway in that colony which runs from Lismore, on the Richmond river, to Murwillumbah on the Tweed. A main trunk line is carried, from Brisbane, westward through the town of Ipswich, where two branches diverge north and south respectively. Thence the line ascends the Main Dividing Range,

gaining the interior plateau of the colony, on the Darling Downs, at Toowoomba, a few miles beyond which it again forks, one line pointing south, passing through the towns of Warwick and Stanthorpe, and joining, at Wallangarra, the main northern railway of New South Wales, by which uninterrupted communication is available with the railways of that colony, of Victoria, and of South Australia. The other line continues the original westerly course over the undulating downs and plains of the interior, through Walby and Roma, to Charleville, where it turns south, and terminates at Cunnamulla, heading directly towards Bourke, on the Darling River, the terminus of one of the New South Wales lines connected with Sydney. Only about 100 miles of gap separate Cunnamulla from Bourke, and under Federal conditions the competition for district traffic which has tended to keep that gap open will probably disappear.

From Brisbane, again, a line makes northerly, through Gympie, Maryborough, and Bundaberg, to Gladstone, throwing off three short branches in its course, to inland settlements. Rockhampton is the point whence the central railway starts for the west. At Emerald, 166 miles to the west, two branches diverge, one north to Clermont on the Peak Downs, sixty-two miles, the other to Springsure, fifty miles, from the junction. The trunk line continues westerly to Lurgreagh on the Thompson River, 427 miles from Rockhampton.

From the port of Mackay, further north, a short line, forking a few miles out, has, altogether, thirty-one miles of rail, and serves two centres of sugar production. Still further north, at Bowen, on the harbour of Port Denison, another brief stretch of forty-eight miles points towards Townsville, but stops abruptly half-way, at Wangaratta. From Townsville itself, an important city and port at Cleveland Bay, the principal railway of the northern group is constructed, south-westerly, with a branch to the Ravenswood gold fields, seventy-eight miles, through Charters Towers, the premier gold-mining town in Queensland, eighty-two miles, by Hughenden, 236 miles, to Winton, 368 miles. The two last-named villages are business centres for extensive tracts of the splendid pastoral lands on the heads of the creeks and rivers flowing south towards the far-distant Great Australian Bight, and north towards the less remote, but nevertheless distant, Gulf of Carpentaria.

Another line, starting from the sea-board at Cairns, on Trinity Bay, climbs the coast range, there very close to the ocean, and formidably steep, and penetrates what is known as the Herberton Tableland, as far as Marceba, forty-seven miles.

From Cooktown, a line of sixty-seven miles, originally intended to be carried to the Palmer gold field, terminates half-way, at a place called Laura. Finally, from Normanton, a few miles from the mouth of the Norman River, which flows into the Gulf of Carpentaria, a railway has been built to the Croydon township and gold field, ninety-four miles inland, south-easterly. Should the private line from Chillagoe to the Emusleigh Copper Mine be constructed, only about an equal distance would have to be covered to connect with Croydon, and so establish railway connection from the Pacific coast to the shore of the Gulf of Carpentaria, thus saving the long sea-trip round Cape York Peninsula.

Facing the New Century.

In conclusion, Queensland begins the century with a territory and property in stock and accumulations as already described. Of that territory, 13,323,524 acres have been alienated to private ownerships, including 70,739 acres, granted without payment, for a sum of £47,901,639. In addition to this, and the annual receipts from taxation, and other sources of annual supply, there has been spent, on public works of a reproductive sort, borrowed moneys, represented by a present public indebtedness of £35,898,414, which is a liability of £72 0s. 11½d. on every individual of her population. Against this Queensland can show her railways, her public works and buildings, and her partial reclamations of what was a mere wilderness. Her expenditure averages £9, 15s. 5½d. per head; her revenue £9 0s. 4d. There were, in June last, 84,796 depositors in her Government Savings Bank, with deposits aggregating £3,624,740. In 1900 there existed, for the education of her children, 1,105 schools, attended by 122,723 scholars. Her total exports for that closing year or the past century were of the value of £7,184,112; her imports, £9,581,562. She had 10,221 miles of electric telegraph lines. Her revenue amounted to £4,249,324. Her inland pastures are still unrecovered from the ravages of drought; but Queensland, in many respects one of the richest and greatest provinces in the British Empire, faces the new century in a buoyant spirit, and confident of the future, if Providence but grant her prayer, "Give us peace in our time, O Lord!"

INDUSTRIAL SUPPLEMENT.

THE NORTH MOUNT LYELL MINING AND RAILWAY COMPANY.

Tasmania has already earned world-wide fame as a beauty spot, yet some of her most magnificent scenery is comparatively unknown. The little township of Pillinger, better known as Kelly Basin, is so tucked away in one of the folds of Macquarie Harbour that it is often overlooked. But its time is coming. The search for health, enjoyment, and scenic beauty is too keen to allow its claims to pass unnoticed. Macquarie Harbour is the gateway of the West Coast, and somewhere on its sheltered shores will be the port of the richest quarter of Tasmania. Most likely there will be two great distributing centres. Kelly Basin will be one of them. It is a delightful circumstance that nearly the whole length of the celebrated harbour must be traversed in order to get to the little township growing beside Kelly's Basin. That part of the trip alone is worth crossing half a continent to see. All the wondrous beauty of lake and mountain are added to seascape.

The ever-varying coast line is always in sight, and the glory grows with every mile. The ragged bleakness of the white sea-bitten hills, about Hell's Gate, makes sentinels grim enough to guard the

portals of Fairyland. The sea may snarl angrily about the miniature Kronstadt in the harbour mouth, but that rocky, light-crested islet, with its background of spumy breakers, drops out of the picture early. By and by the fantastic barrenness of the scrubless hills disappears behind more fertile and loftier chains. Rounding a point on the left, an emerald patch seems to slip off from the main to be an island. Then the coast line becomes more striking. High up, the driving wind blows the misty clouds along, and suddenly a cold gray peak thrusts through the white and takes shape. Gradually the veil is lifted, and Mount Sorrell appears, majestic, commanding, beautiful. A brown base in a green setting surmounted by basaltic columns of storm-hewn masonry, just tipped with glittering snow, the whole viewed across blue waves rimmed with white foam. But that is only a scrap of the landscape. Here to the right is the historic Settlement Island, with its grass-grown ruins, hardly visible against the verdure. Once it was covered with close-packed buildings as thickly as a city centre, and hummed with busy life. Now nature has claimed her own again, and soon not even a



THE GATEWAY OF THE WEST: KELLY'S BASIN.

One end of the North Lyell railway line.

scar of the hideous past will remain. Tiny tufts of islands toss back the ripples here and there, while beyond, around the head of this splendid harbour, rise new systems of mountain ranges. About the distant summits float mist wreaths, giving them an ever-changing glory, the perfect beauty of which is indescribable. To the left the mountains divide and recede a little to make room for an exquisite bay, and at the head of this nestles the embryo of Kelly Basin. An air of newness broods over the spot. Everything seems fresh and clean as paint. A pier and a jetty streak out into the Basin from either side—one 400 and the other 800 feet in length. Nature here is so niggardly of her level

through scenery worth looking at. Of course, there is a good hotel near the rail head and many another evidence of the North Mount Lyell Company's faith in the future not only of the mine, but of their intention to make the whole country between it and the sea prosperous. Twice a day the train climbs up to as near the mine as a railway can go. The passenger gets the full value of his fare in scenery even in the first mile of the journey. From the pier itself the outlook is grand, and for the first few minutes the way lies in among the brushwood and around dark pools of sheltered stillness, reflecting every leaflet. Presently we are at the water's edge again, with a clear outlook across



THE OLD CONVICT CHAPEL.

A relic of the vanishing past.

ground that man must scoop away the hillsides and reclaim the foreshore to get standing room near the water. The railway has not been stinted and the pier has been built to hold three trains at a time. The steamer drops into her moorings, and the first thing that strikes the wanderer in this quiet corner of the world is the perfection of the railway equipment. The engines are so impressively powerful and the carriages so well found. The whole equipment is so unexpectedly up-to-date, complete, and comfortable. The roomy vestibule cars, with wide platforms and large and numerous windows, at once suggest a passage

Kelly's Basin, to where the Gordon River enters the harbour from between the far-off marble cliffs. Other bays in miniature are skirted with many a curve, and the engine runs into a straighter track. If anything was spoilt in the laying of the line, nature lost no time in healing the wounds. Everything is green from ballast edge to forest depth, and no ugly three-rail fence straggles across the pictures.

A New Type of Scenery.

There is no "bush" here, as we have come to understand the term; but rather a magnificent



A TYPICAL BIT OF SCENERY: THE BIRD RIVER GORGE.

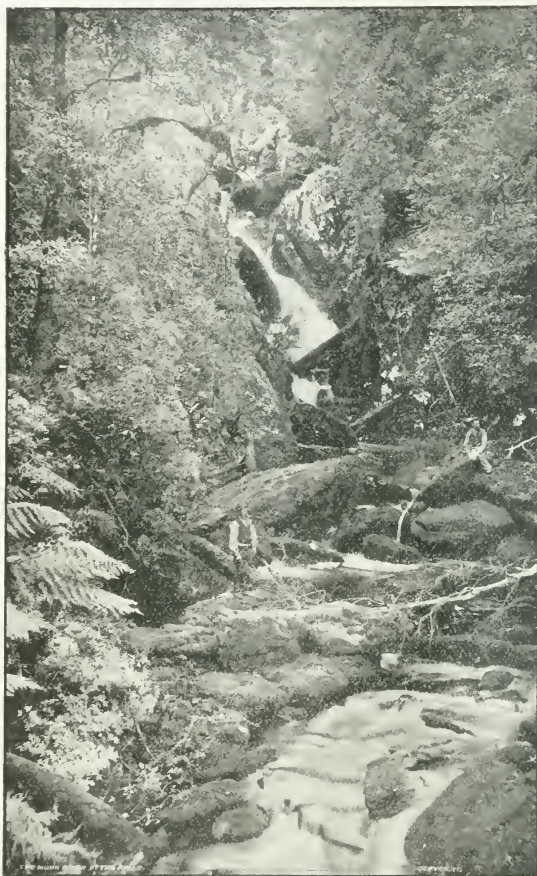
stretch of park more beautiful than ever man designed. Pine, myrtle, and blackwood rise out of a water garden of innumerable ferns. Luxurious couches of moss cover up the ground and lap over into a thousand pools. The murmur of many a streamlet filters through the fronds, not one of which is misplaced. There is no overcrowding of luxuriant growth, but rather a series of wide glades, such as one seldom sees in a fern gully. The quiet beauty of this spot is perfect, and indeed it would be almost impossible to find anything more fair in the whole Commonwealth. Yet it may be looked on from a railway window!

Long before the eye tires of these scenes set in cool shade the line curves, and suddenly you slip into the sunshine. The pulse beat of the engine informs you of the grade as the climbing begins. New forms of loveliness surround you, and in place of the penetrating stillness of Narcissian pools, the glad sparkle of rushing water scintillates through the branches. The Bird River tumbles down the gorge, clattering on the water-worn stones and swishing past the great fern trees. In the next seven and a half miles the rail rises nearly 900 feet, so presently the engine stops for a long drink at a mountain runnel, for hill-climbing was ever thirsty work.

The trip up the gorge with the river for constant company is superb. Even the railway cuttings are

most picturesque. The felling of the trees, to make the way, may have spoilt small patches for a little while, but glorious views of river and mountain have been opened up. The variety of foliage and form is endless; and ever as you rise, the panorama expands. The fern-clad razorbacks beyond the river are sometimes broken by a tinkling water-

fall, and ideal spots for picnics are never out of sight.



A GLIMPSE OF THE NORA RIVER.

Into the Interior

The first half of the trip, the best of the scenery is more or less close at hand and detailed; but when the uplands are reached it is the more distant view that charms. Thus contrast adds to enjoyment. Rivers to be crossed are plentiful, and both up and down stream one gets glimpses from the trestle bridges that are worth remembering. Round about Mount Darwin the foreground is a stretch of tussocky grass, amongst which the brilliant blandfordia grows in great profusion. The long brown and gold spikes of flower look so trim and stately that you always expect to come on the well-kept garden from which they have escaped. Hereabouts, too, the land seems

made of pebbly gravel, as of some old river bed, and ballast enough for all the lines in Tasmania ready made.

A cluster of gray huts dotted irregularly over the plateau just before you come to the Governor River stands for Darwin township—a Zeehan in the mak-

ing. Away upon Darwin the white streak of a 550ft. waterfall shows out for miles. Then other ranges come into the landscape. These culminate in the Frenchman's Cap, the second highest mountain in the island. At length the King River is crossed at Thureau Hills, and though so high up among the mountains, it is a hundred and fifty feet wide. Near here the North Mount Lyell Company's smelters will soon be in full blast, and serving not only the great mine, but also turning the vast stores of mineral in Mounts Darwin and Jukes to gold. Mount Owen lifts above the line, which sweeps away round its base along the broad Linda Valley to the terminus, almost 1,000 feet above the sea.

The mine is not far off now, as the piles of the ore bins testify. But the ore comes down from among the clouds, 700 feet higher up, where they are tearing the heart out of the mountain.

All the world over the traveller continually lights upon the unexpected. Freakish Nature awes with her grandeur or startles with the astonishing incongruity out of which she makes her pictures. And the West Coast of Tasmania is a proof of this. Let the tourist who thinks he has seen all that Australia has to show go there! He has grown tired of broad acres of waving wheat, of sheep runs larger than some English county, of wide beaches and rocky headlands. Perhaps he has seen the

river dredges creeping about the shallows in New Zealand, or the forest of poppet-heads on Bendigo. It may be, too, that having mastered the intricacies of sluicing and become familiar with dry-blowing, he thinks that the Commonwealth holds no new mining interest worthy of his investigation. Even to such may be promised an education, a revelation.

Despite the life-long efforts of Ruskin, industry and beauty rarely join hands, and the world's beauties are seldom found amongst the world's workers.

Rough Country.

Admiration for the manifold works of the Creator and a splendid sense of respect and honour for the endurance and energy of man fill the mind as one looks out from the side of North Mount Lyell. Standing on a rugged mountain slope, you realise that beneath, and above, and around are vast treasures of copper and silver and gold. It may be that Mount Lyell is a mere pimple compared with Mount Everest; but, intrinsically, it might easily be worth twice as much. Away up here, among the rolling cloud wreaths that are for ever soaking the boulders,



MOUNT OWEN IN A PICTURESQUE SETTING

From the Carriage Window.

is one of the richest mines men know. Yet even this mountain has only been sampled by hand-fuls. The clouds are swept aside, and the great Linda Valley glistens in the sunshine. As far as the eye can see, range on range of mountains are piled up to the sky line. To left and right Mounts



ONE OF THE MANY CUTTINGS ON THE LINE.

Lyell and Owen stand as pillars at the entrance to an enormous storehouse of undiscovered wealth. With all their effort, men have as yet only nibbled at the crust of the mountains. Close at hand the peaks rise sheer, bare, scarred, and splintery; but a softer haze lies on the more distant undulations, whose slopes are wooded to the peak. Not long since, North Mount Lyell was as thickly clad as any; but axe and fire, followed by wind and water, have peeled off the thin shell. Strangely enough, Mount Owen, over the way, never seems to have been able to grow anything, and has the aspect of centuries of baldness. But that only adds to the interest of the panorama. The lower spurs just across the valley are dotted with the iron huts and corrugated cottages that so soon take the place of tents in West Coast townships. They are not beautiful or comfortable, but they keep out the wet. Also they make up the greater part of Gormanston. And the future greatness of that township depends on the development of the North Mount Lyell mine.

To develop a mine is an easy-sounding phrase, and, under ordinary conditions, implies sinking, driving, crosscutting, raising the "stuff," and turning it into hard cash for dividends. But to mine a mountain that is set twenty-eight miles inland, on the shoulders of other mountains, requires energies

on a corresponding scale. A glance at the illustrations to this article will give the reader some idea of the nature of the virgin country, and a fair notion of the difficulties that had to be overcome. In this connection one or two items from the last yearly report are interesting, as showing the preliminaries to Tasmanian West Coast mining. The property first cost over a third of a million to purchase. Then, to run the railway from the seaboard to the mine meant an outlay of £240,000. Timber and clay were provided by kind Nature in abundance, but, unfortunately, in the raw material; so £16,700 went in erecting sawmills and brickworks, and a further £15,000 in converting their products into wharf and pier and bridge and building. But the initial obstacles have been grandly overcome or swept aside. A reservoir of wealth, whose capacity can only be guessed at, has been tapped, and shareholders anticipate a steady flow of coin to recoup them for the heavy outlay of past years.

The construction of the railway line has resulted in a direct saving in the treatment of the ore of something like two pence sterling per ton. The rolling stock consists of three locomotives, three composite carriages, sixteen low-sided twenty-five-ton goods waggons, four twenty-five-ton bolster

waggons, seven composite guards' vans, sixty-nine eight-ton ore trucks, and a powder van.

Geographical and Historical.

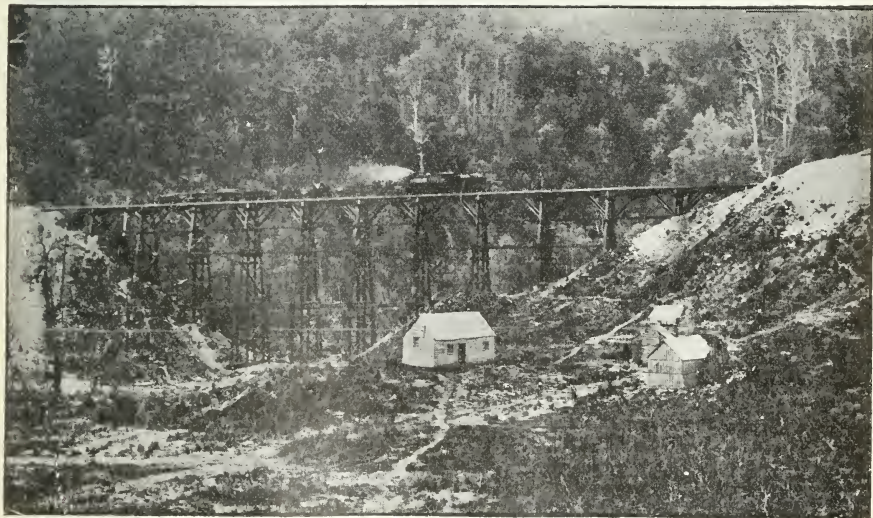
The property held by the North Lyell Company comprises three contiguous blocks of ten acres each, under mining leases; the Company also holds various easements for wharves, brickworks, clay reserves, sawmills, and water rights at Kelly Basin, also large timber reserves along the route of the railway, which consist of magnificent forests of gum, myrtle, and pine, in addition to the leases and easements at the township of Crotty, for the smelters and reduction works, and other privileges, under their Railway Act; and, finally, the 23 or so miles of railway connecting the mine with the port. The 30 acres of mining property—held, by the way, under gold-mining leases—is situated on a high ridge or saddle along the south flank of Mount Lyell. In the centre of the area a bare, cone-shaped peak stands overlooking the mining operations like a huge sentinel watching a treasure-chest, the rifling of whose contents he is unable to prevent.

The history of North Lyell as a mine dates back to the year 1896, when an experimental lot of ore was sent to England, by Mr. H. S. Muir, for testing. The result of the test, and the further revelations of some exploratory work were quite

up to expectations. The average assay of the ore shipped during the first year was 23 per cent. copper, 11 oz. silver, and $\frac{1}{2}$ dwt. of gold. It is not to be wondered at that great things were expected, and when, in the middle of 1899, Mr. Muir modestly reported to the directors in London that £5,000,000 worth of ore was in sight, shareholders were only too anxious to provide the necessities for converting the visible ore into tangible sovereigns.

The tourist who runs through the country is perhaps more interested in the aerial tramcars that, far above his head, as he stands at the North Lyell Station, swing clicking along the wire ropes in endless succession, like the cash trams in a draper's shop at sale time.

One after another the trucks glide down the ropes, deposit their half-ton burdens in the ore bins, and make the return journey for more. Then the railway trucks are backed alongside the bins, and their hoppers—each capable of holding eight tons—are filled. When the trucks are all loaded they are all hauled to Kelly's Basin, and shunted alongside the ore crushing plant. A pair of chains dangles down from a crane, catches the hopper in its grip, and swings it up to be crushed, bagged and shipped away for smelting and reduction. By and by the company's own smelting and reduction works will be erected and with a consequent further reduction in expense.



THE GIANT BRIDGE OF THE LINE.

(The highest trestles are 86 feet.

But for the benefit of those who are concerned in mining, a paragraph may be quoted from the pen of one of the leading mining reporters of Australia. He describes how the ore body proper, a mass of silicious rock, heavily impregnated with the ore of copper, known as bornite, lies immediately alongside the peak referred to above. "This mass," he goes on, "lies alongside an extensive rock formation of conglomerate and hematite which forms its footwall, and it is from just here that the wealth of the North Mount Lyell mine begins. The ore body proper has on the surface a length of 160 ft. and width of 70 ft., and has been followed down to a depth

posits are almost continuous throughout the whole length of the property, and form a grand addition to the main ore body. The system of extraction is, and will be, by open cut and stoping; that is, from the surface to 130 ft. in depth the main ore body and subsidiary ores will be taken out by open cut, and below that level by ordinary stoping and filling."

"The company's mine," writes the same authority, "is the richest in Australia, and its railway promises to be one of the most profitable in the colony."

But, as already hinted, it is not North Mount Lyell shareholders alone who will benefit by the



ON THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT OWEN.

of 330 ft., and surrounded by drives at four different levels. These results show that the ore body is shaped like a cone, and that at the 330 ft. level the greatest diameter of that cone has not yet been reached, its width being 115 ft., as against 70 ft. on or near the surface. Contained within this mass, which has been thoroughly explored and determined as to value, lie several million pounds, worth of copper and silver ready to be easily and cheaply extracted."

"Besides the main ore body, extensive subsidiary ore bodies of schistose rock worth 6 per cent. in copper lie along the contact of the conglomerate and hematite rocks. These minor de-

opening up of this line of railway. Mount Lyell is not the only richly mineralised peak on the West Coast. The prospector's pick has been scratching the hillsides for miles round, and not in vain. The line from Linda to Kelly Basin has, at intervals along its extent, "stations," which now consist of a slab hut, or, maybe, merely a disused kerosene case on the end of a gum sapling. But the hut and the sapling are indications that, away up above, men are searching for the precious ore. In some instances—Mount Jukes Proprietary, The Comstock, Tasman Lyell, and Lake Jukes, to quote a few—the ore is already found in satisfactory quantity, and, as soon as practicable, these companies will



THE MINE IN INFANCY—MOUNT OWEN IN THE DISTANCE.



A QUIET POOL.

take advantage of the railway for transporting their riches. And the holiday-seeking Australians across the Straits will also benefit. Tourists are already finding out the beauties of the West Coast, and to-day a magnificent trip is available through country that, twelve months ago, was impassable, except under considerable hardships. Macquarie Harbour is a comparatively short run from Port Phillip, and future visitors to Tasmania will no more think of missing the West Coast trip than of avoiding the better-known cataract at Launceston, or the salmon ponds at New Norfolk.

The North Mount Lyell Company is not an old one, and yet it has achieved wonders. It was originally registered in Melbourne, but was after-

wards put on the London market, and taken over by a company with a capital of £500,000 in 500,000 shares of £1 each, of which the whole have been issued and are fully paid up. The London board of the company consists of Messrs. William Jacks, LL.D., chairman; Hector MacDonald, deputy chairman; John S. MacArthur, D. J. Mackay, James Calvert, J. P. Lonergan, with a local Board consisting of Mr. J. P. Madden and Captain J. F. Anderson. Mr. L. C. Trent, late of Butte, Montana, U.S.A., is general manager and metallurgist. Rapid progress is now being made with the erection of the Company's smelting plant, and the first two furnaces will be shortly in blast, when the patience of the shareholders should be amply rewarded.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

A PICTURE-BOOK OF THE WAR.*

This is a remarkable book, which deserves to command an immense success. It is primarily remarkable on account of the admirable manner in which Mr. Menpes' sketches of the men and scenes of the war have been reproduced in colour by Messrs. Carl Hentschel, Limited. In this volume of not quite 250 pages, there are ninety-nine full-page illustrations, most of them coloured. They are almost as good as original water-colours, and, if they were taken out of the book, they would form a charming gallery for the decoration of any room. It is a positive pleasure to reflect that such a book can be produced at such a price in London. Messrs. Hentschel deserve to be heartily congratulated upon their success. If they can keep up their reproductions in colour in this fashion, we stand at the beginning of a new era of illustrated picture-books. It is a veritable portrait gallery of all the more notable men whose names have been familiar in the newspapers during the last two years. We have not one, but three or four portraits of Lord Milner, even more of Lord Roberts, quite as many of Mr. Rhodes, while the other portraits include the Duke of Norfolk, Rudyard Kipling, Colonel Frank Rhodes, Winston Churchill, Dr. Conan Doyle, Lord Algy Lennox, General French, General Pole-Carew, Mrs. Rochford-Maguire, and the late Admiral Maxse. Some of these portraits are good and some of them bad; but they are all taken at first hand by a very competent, sympathetic artist. Most of them are printed in colour, and they form a very welcome variant upon the monotonous black-and-white half-tone blocks which have hitherto monopolised the field.

Nor is it only portraits in which the book abounds. There are almost as many sketches of African scenery, of Table Mountain in the early morning, Modder River, Groote Schuur, Ladysmith, Bloemfontein, and any number of sketches of Boer prisoners and Boer children. Mr. Menpes' pictures have the great merit of enabling us to understand something of the colouring of the African landscape. On the whole you have about 100 water-colour pictures and portraits of notable Africans bound up with 240 pages of letterpress. The pictures, therefore, average out at less than 2½d. apiece, and the letterpress is thrown in.

But the letterpress is no mere makeweight. These War Impressions are about the most readable book that has yet appeared about the war. Its method of composition is original. Mr. Mortimer Menpes is not only blessed with a facile pencil, but he has a singularly gifted daughter. She is a mere chit of a girl, not nearly out of her teens, but she has already made her mark as a very clever writer on her own account. In this book she acts as the amanuensis, or interviewer, rather, of her father. He talked to her of what he had seen and heard, and she has strung together his disconnected reminiscences and scraps of conversation so as to construct one of the most compact, readable, and interesting books which the war has yet brought forth. I congratulate Miss Menpes

upon her talent, and rejoice to hail, in her, one of the coming women, who will maintain and enhance the reputation of her sex in the field of letters.

Mr. Menpes leaves a singularly pleasant impression upon the reader. He is, primarily, an artist. His chapter entitled "The Enemy" is necessarily slight, for he never saw the Boer excepting as a prisoner. The scene with the 4,000 prisoners who were made captive on General Cronjé's surrender is very sympathetically described by Mr. Menpes. The procession, he says, was solemn, grand, and indescribable. The prisoners had toiled for miles across the blistering plain, and when at last they came to the watering-place, they made a mad rush to the troughs, drank almost like animals, and then sank down to the ground utterly exhausted. To his amazement these weary, dusty, foot-sore people, many of whom were wounded and suffering intensely from fatigue and privation, instead of rolling over and going to sleep like logs, joined with great energy in the singing of a hymn, eager to pray and to praise. When Mr. Menpes pointed this out to General Pole-Carew, he replied, "Give me an army of psalm-singing Britishers, and we would carry everything before us. Nothing could resist it."

Of the British Army, Mr. Menpes says that neither officers nor men are properly trained. Tommy Atkins is splendid material, but his mind is stagnant by disuse. The soldier's individuality is never developed, and Mr. Menpes says that in examining the contents of Tommy's pockets, they will be found to be precisely what they were ten or fifteen years ago at the Board School. Cooking, Tommy does not understand. He cannot light a fire or make himself a cup of tea. The Kaffirs and the Australians on the march never found any difficulty in lighting fires and boiling their tea, while poor Tommy looked around aimlessly for a bit of wood. Two things Tommy knows nothing about are his horse and his rifle. For all he knows about the steed which he rides, it might be an elephant or a camel, or even a motor-car. It is just as bad with his shooting iron. Mr. Menpes says, apart from horses, the average British officer and Tommy are appallingly ignorant of the rifle. "If artisans were to use their tools as Tommies use their guns, we should not have a house fit to live in; our whole Army is, as it were, composed of uneducated artisans." Poor Tommy is not only uneducated, and without any proper training as to how to use his tools—he is not even supplied with proper boots. Mr. Menpes declares that the boots the troops wore were practically composed of brown paper. Two pairs of the best shooting boots would have lasted a man through the whole campaign. As it was, he has seen Tommy crippled and limping on the march through these boots. "As it is," says Mr. Menpes, "we are on the verge of sending into the battlefield an army of cripples wearing rough, coarse boots, which render them practically immobile."

Another thing upon which he comments was the appallingly foolish overloading of the staffs—Mr. Menpes suggests by petticoat influence—which embarrassed the generals whom they ought to have assisted. The first thing Lord Kitchener said to a friend of the artist, on his arrival in South Africa, was:—"I wish to good-

* "War Impressions," being impressions in colour by Mortimer Menpes. Transcribed by Dorothy Menpes. Published by Adam and Charles Black, 30, Soho Square, London. 235 pp. Price 20s. net.

ness I could lighten this staff of mine. I have an overloaded staff; and I could do my work just as well, and in fact far better, with two or three wooden chairs, a table, and a couple of capable clerks." From all of which it will be seen that Mr. Menpes, although only an artist and making no pretensions to be a military authority, is not afraid to speak his mind as to

The Governor was cool in colouring, his thin, scholarly face looked like the finest ivory, browned with age; his hair was of a silvery colour, his eyes had a glint of steel; his clothing was sad, without a touch of warmth. His very manner was cool, courtly and polite.

Mr. Menpes felt as if he must freeze, but when Sir Alfred smiled, the whole face changed and became sweet and gentle. He felt he was face to face with Mr. Arthur Balfour's double. There was the same lack of colour in the skin, and in the quality of the hair, the brilliancy of the eye, the mobile face and expression while talking, the same lack of magnetism and apparent naturalness; and certain little eccentricities such as the crossing of the legs and the doubling up of the body while writing reminded him in every particular of the Leader of the House of Commons:—

"He talked delightfully, in what seemed to me a wonderfully indiscreet manner, but he never by any chance goes beyond the fence within which he permits himself to talk, and when the conversation is over, you find it is only you who have been indiscreet."

Sir Alfred Milner's expression varied every minute:—

"Now it was sad, now severe, sometimes with a strange melancholy, but every time created a totally different picture."

The artist was in despair at finding himself confronted with the task of painting a kaleidoscope of subtle expressions. Nevertheless, he achieved no small success, as anyone can see who examines his portrait, and is in a position to compare it with the original. "He has the look of a man," says Mr. Menpes, "who is worn out with great and hard work, and who toiled unremittently far into the night over endless bundles of despatches."

He had many conversations with Lord Milner, some of which he records. Milner was much disgusted with the smart society butterflies who had flocked to the Cape. South Africa, he said, was not the place for women. In fact, women gave him a great deal of trouble, especially those who forced their way to the front. There was one woman who defied the Commander-in-Chief for two whole hours. From this and many other remarks it would seem that the representatives of

English fine-ladydom in South Africa brought as much discredit upon the country as the masher officer to whom Mr. Menpes so frequently refers with unmitigated disgust.

After Lord Milner, Mr. Rhodes, whom Mr. Menpes tells us Lord Milner distinctly admires, although I gather that Lord Milner's admiration for the Colossus is not so great as that with which Mr. Rhodes suc-



MISS DOROTHY MENPES.

what he saw with his keen artist eyes during his sojourn in South Africa.

The chapters to which most people will turn with interest are those which deal with Lord Milner and with Cecil Rhodes. Mr. Menpes' first impression of the High Commissioner was that he was "a cold, quiet, sedate figure, in an ivy Government room," which filled him with a sense of awe. He says:—

ceeded in inspiring Mr. Menpes. His picture of Mr. Rhodes is extremely vivid and interesting. He brings out one side of Mr. Rhodes which has very seldom been described in the innumerable articles written about him—that is, his boyish love of fun. Mr. Menpes says when he first met Mr. Rhodes at luncheon he seemed bubbling over with mischief, and took a wicked pleasure in quizzing one of his guests. "After this," says Mr. Menpes, "I lunched with Mr. Rhodes many times, and he was always the same, always getting an immense amount of fun out of one or other of his guests." His picture of Mr. Rhodes, although very good, seems rather to exaggerate the impressions of his bodily dimensions. He says:—

"His stature is not over the average. It is the head that is so big, like the head of some great lion, full of brain and capacity. He is all head; he seems to fill the room. His face is like the face of Nero on a coin—strong and determined, with a mouth like iron. In repose his expression is very severe, but when he is talking the lines of the face turn up, and the eyes look down benignly upon you. He does not care two straws about his personal appearance, and generally wears a rough tweed coat that seems to have been dragged on through sheer force, with the buttons invariably hitched up to button-holes that were never meant for them."

Mr. Menpes says:—

"Never was a man so full of violent contrasts. He is the roughest man possible, and amazingly animal, yet as delicate and sensitive as a schoolgirl, and thoroughly spiritual. I have never seen a man look more angry than Mr. Rhodes, and almost at the same moment I have seen tears shining in his eyes. He is a giant, dwarfing the strongest men, and capable of almost any emotion—capable of almost any mortal thing. He is palpitating with sympathy, loves nature and naturalness, loathes hypocrisy, and will never stand an affectation in anyone. Yet he is a man of many moods, and at times can be almost brutal."

He upset Mr. Menpes altogether by the first sitting which he gave him. "'Sir,' he said, 'do you intend to paint me full face? If not, you don't paint me at all—unless it is the back of my head.' Then he flung himself back in his chair, broadside on, growling, 'Now, begin.'"

Yet Mr. Rhodes is, at heart, an exceedingly shy man. But the artist soon got on with him, and, as their minds ran on parallel lines, they seem to have had a very good time together. Like everyone else with whom Mr. Rhodes was intimate, he realised the horror which Mr. Rhodes has of growing old. Mr. Menpes says:—

But I thought of the work he had set himself to do. I realised that he certainly was not growing younger. The pathos of the thing almost overpowered me, and I burst out with, "Rhodes, you will never be old. Your mind is young, and you are young. You must always be a boy." Rhodes loved me for it, and kept repeating in an exultant way, "I am a boy. I am a boy. Of course I shall never get old." He dived himself up, this huge body of his, and said, "I never felt younger." Then he talked of the romance of life. "Of course I am romantic," said Rhodes. "Why do I love my garden? Because I love to dream there. Why not come and dream with me in my garden at Kenilworth? Come to-morrow morning." I went in the morning,



RT. HON. C. J. RHODES.

and did dream with Rhodes for hours. That day no trace of the harsh imperial Rhodes showed itself, but only the artistic and sympathetic, and here was this great financier dreaming and loving his garden as only an artist could.

Mr. Rhodes is laying out an avenue, to be called the "Siege Avenue," a mile long, broad enough for coaches and four to drive through abreast, an avenue of vines, covering trellises grown so as to form an arch. On either side of the vines are planted pepper trees, for the sake of their beautiful berries,

orange and eucalyptus trees. In the midst of all this beauty will be erected a monument to the men who fell in the defence of Kimberley. In the midst of all these discussions, artistic and otherwise, Mr. Rhodes was wearied with endless quarrels between Volunteers and Regulars, and he determined to make himself a Colonel. He appeared in an ill-fitting, badly-buttoned uniform, and swung himself on to his horse, both legs on one side; and, sitting as an apple-woman sits on a kerbstone, he addressed the troops. Mr. Rhodes talked as freely to Mr. Menpes as he does to all his friends concerning the muddling way in which the war had been carried on. It disgusted him, he said, to think of the frivolous detail which occupied the attention of the military when there was serious work to be done.

"Mr. Rhodes," said Mr. Menpes, "is at times terribly hard, and almost cruel. Now and then it is hard to believe that there is any sensitiveness or kindness in his composition, but all his dependents love him and all have some story to tell of his kindness. He is tender, sensitive, and jealous, and will never enter the house of one of his farm labourers without being invited beforehand." The following story is very characteristic:—

Mr. Rhodes once visited a poor man during the siege of Kimberley, who was down with enteric fever, and asked if there was anything he could do. The invalid wearily shook his head, and said, "No, I don't care for anything, sir, except a drop of milk. I know I can't get that," and indeed milk was an unheard-of luxury in Kimberley just then. Mr. Rhodes said nothing, but came again next day. He cast a furtive look round the room, and, blushing like a schoolboy, took from his pocket a little medicine bottle, filled with milk, dropped it on a chair by the bed, and bolted.

As to the other side of Rhodes, Mr. Menpes tells a story of how he treated a young artillery officer, who began by saying:—

"I know Mr. Blank, a near relation of yours, Mr. Rhodes—in fact, he is my great friend, and he ——" Mr. Rhodes cut him short by saying: "That man is a loafer. He has left his profession—soldiering—and gone in for riding, walking, and fishing. He is a loafer." The poor artillery officer, thoroughly embarrassed, muttered something about having met him in Europe. "Umph," said Rhodes. "Europe. Monte Carlo, I suppose; still riding, walking, and fishing. No sir, if you give up soldiering and go in for the same pastimes, you will also become a loafer." Then he turned his back and said no more. There was an awful pause in the conversation. Not a word was spoken, and the poor artillery officer drifted aimlessly out of the room.

Mr. Rhodes keeps open house. Anyone is allowed to go at any time and wander about his grounds, nor is he ever refused to see the interior, or to stay to luncheon or dinner. He thinks of everything in clumps and masses; his colossal mind can grasp big things only. Details muddle and bore him. His way of doing business is quite extraordinary. It is sweeping and to the point. There is no question of price, no unnecessary talk about details that can be attended to by others. If he employs a man, he has absolute faith in that man. Woe betide him, though, if he dares worry Rhodes with questions as to the means of carrying out a work. His fruit farms cover an immense tract of country, cost fabulous sums to buy, and are managed in quite a regal way. Groote Schuur commands the most beautiful scenery in the whole of South Africa. Everything is cool in colour, and seems

to suggest silver. His favourite flower is the passion-flower, and wherever it is possible he will always have long trellises of it. When he was making his avenue at Kenilworth, one of his managers wished to know whether he proposed it to be 50 or 100 yards long. "Make it a mile," said Mr. Rhodes. Everything he does, says Mr. Menpes, "is done with vigour and determination—the way he eats his food, as though he is not enjoying it; the way he gets up and walks out of the room when the conversation does not interest him; the determined, jerky way in which he crosses his legs, so that you are almost afraid he will throw off a joint."

Mr. Menpes tells a story of Rhodes' extreme impetuosity. It is the story of the three apple trees which blocked the view of a beautiful piece of scenery:

In a moment Mr. Rhodes wanted to sweep them away. He pulled and tore at them with no result, and then screamed out for a chopper. The door of the nearest cottage was locked, and the manager said he could not get in. Mr. Rhodes swept him aside, flew to the cottage, and hammered and kicked at the door, then screamed for a crow-bar to force it open. In the end, through sheer force, he broke open the door, fetched out an old rusty chopper, and with his own hands cut the apple trees down. Then, tired out with his exertions, he sank down on the bank, and expressed his complete satisfaction by saying:—"Now we can see this beautiful view."

Of Rudyard Kipling, he says:—

He had a startling face, rather pale features, black eyebrows, tremendously developed, a black moustache—three blobs in vivid contrast to the pallid face, a face that attracted by its strength, power of determination, keen, vivid, original.

Of Mr. Winston Churchill Mr. Menpes speaks at great length. He says that he found him a very sympathetic individuality, not arrogant, not stuck up, a good listener, and modest:—

Like Mr. Gladstone, he is more of an orator than a conversationalist, and even when talking to a friend he seems to be addressing a large audience or a deputation keenly waiting upon him to learn his views. He is a curious combination of hypersensitiveness and placidity. His face is nervous, clean-shaven, with firm mouth and chin. He is fair, rather inclined to the gold than to the silver, and his head droops forward slightly as if it was difficult to hold upright. Altogether his face, or rather his body, seems to belong to someone else. His conversation makes you think that he is rather too well pleased with himself, but by his actions you are quite sure that deep down he is modest.

Of his conversation Mr. Menpes quotes scraps, from which we learn, among other things, that Mr. Churchill thinks that the army chaplains at the front are a lot of illiterate, dull people—"men without capacity."

General French was the shyest sitter Mr. Menpes ever had, and the sitting was the shortest and most disjointed that the artist had ever known. The General sat upright in a chair, reading his paper upside down through sheer nervousness.

General Pole-Carew, with his seraphic smile, is Mr. Menpes' chief favourite. He is the handsomest man in the army, with a complexion that any girl would envy—a smart, dapper fellow without a speck of dust on his boots, who shaves every day. He has charming, lovable manners, never loses his temper, and is absolutely without affectation. Mr. Menpes says: "One good point about the General is that he can always tell a funny story with being unnecessarily Rabelaisian—rather a rarity with generals, in my experience."



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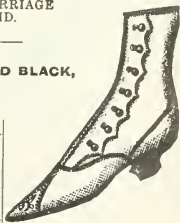
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PORTFOLIO No. 1: MODERN PICTURES.

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No. 1 consists of a portfolio of twelve pictures, reproduced by a special process, with a good margin of white paper, which are quite sufficient for the four walls of any single room in an ordinary house. It is a picture gallery in miniature, containing many specimens of some of the best work of our best-known modern painters. The presentation plate is one of the most famous pictures of the late Sir Edwin Burne-Jones, entitled "The Golden Stairs."

Portfolio No. 1 contains pictures by such men as Sir E. J. Poynter, Leighton, Alington, Leader, Gilbert, Constable, Tissot, and Sir Edwin Burne-Jones.

MURILLO FOR THE MILLION. PORTFOLIO No. 2.

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By the kind permission of Mr. Alfred Beit, we have been permitted to reproduce the famous set of pictures by Murillo, illustrative of the parable of the Prodigal Son, as Portfolio No. 2. There is no doubt as to the Murillo pictures of the Prodigal Son being masterpieces. They tell the whole story of that marvellous parable with great feeling and dramatic force. The presentation plate is that of "Sistine Madonna," that perfect embodiment of womanly beauty, of maternal love, and of childlike grace and glory.

FAMOUS PICTURES OF ANIMALS. PORTFOLIO No. 3.

18 Plates measuring 12½ x 7½ each.

The third Portfolio differs in character from either of those which have preceded it. Instead of using six or twelve pictures, with the presenta-

tion plate, we have published eighteen pictures. We thought it well to try the experiment as to whether the six extra pictures would not be preferred to one presentation plate.

The pictures in No. 3 Portfolio consist exclusively of animal subjects. The Portfolio contains several of the best-known specimens of Landseer, and three of Mme. Romer's imitable cats and kittens.

FAMOUS PICTURES OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN. PORTFOLIO No. 4.

12 Plates measuring 12½ x 9½ each, with Presentation Plate in Collootype.

Our fourth Portfolio is devoted to types of female beauty. The presentation plate is Mr. Edward Hughes' celebrated portrait of the Princess of Wales (now Queen of England), and there are twelve pictures, reproducing some of the most famous paintings of beautiful women by English and foreign artists.

PORTFOLIO No. 5

Contains 9 Pictures measuring 10 x 12 each, with two Presentation Plates by Rossetti.

Portfolio No. 5 is perhaps the most popular of those yet issued, on account of the two fine colotypes of pictures by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, entitled "Johi Coeur" and "Blue Bower."

In addition to these two presentation plates, the Portfolio contains nine other pictures, each measuring 10 x 12, by such artists as Rossetti, Linell, Vicat Cole, Constable, Pito Lessi, Ward, etc.

PORTFOLIO No. 6: THE ROYAL PORTRAIT PORTFOLIO.

12 Plates measuring 12½ x 10 each, and one Presentation Plate in Collootype.

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PORTFOLIO No. 7: TWO FINE COLLOTTYPES.

Instead of a number of pictures, with a presentation collootype, Portfolio No. 7 is made up of two fine colotype plates only—THE "PERKUB CHOR," by Sir Joshua Reynolds, measuring 13 x 13 inches, and "A VINEYARD," a picture of worldwide fame, by J. M. W. Turner, R.A., measuring 13½ x 9 inches.

COLLOTTYPES.

It is impossible here to describe in detail the large and very beautiful collootypes that have been published, in addition to the Portfolios already described—beyond repeating the opinion of the Director of the National Gallery, Melbourne, that they surpass photographs in steel engraving.

The following is a list of the collootypes issued to date, any one of which will be sent to any address for 2s. 6d.

- 1.—"BLOSSOMS," by Albert Moore, R.A., measuring 28½ x 11½ inches.
- 2.—"THE FIGHTING TEMERAIRE," by J. M. W. Turner, R.A., measuring 20 x 25 inches.
- 3.—"JUNE IN THE AUSTRIAN TYROL," by J. C. McWhirter, R.A., measuring 20 x 25 inches.
- 4.—"A SUMMER SHOWER," by C. A. Perugini, measuring 20 x 25 inches.
- 5.—"THE MONARCH OF THE GLEN," by Sir Edwin Landseer, measuring 20 x 25 inches.
- 6.—"DEATH BEATRICE," by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, measuring 25 x 20 inches.
- 7.—"THE CORNETFIELD," by Constable, measuring 25 x 20 inches.
- 8.—"THE VALLEY FARM," by Constable, measuring 25 x 20 inches.
- 9.—"CUPID'S SPELL," by J. Wood, R.A., measuring 15 x 22 inches.
- 10.—"PROSERPINE," by Rossetti, measuring 15 x 22 inches.

Any five Portfolios and any five Collootypes will be sent to any address, post free, on receipt of 20s. for 2s. In Cash or Money Order, or 2s. 3d. In Stamps or Postal Notes. Collootypes for 2s. 6d. In Cash, or 2s. 9d. In Stamps or Postal Note.

Address all communications to T. SHAW FITCHETT, "Review of Reviews" Office, Queen St., Melbourne.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

THE FINANCIAL HISTORY OF THE MONTH IN AUSTRALASIA.

By "AUSTRALIAN."

The past month has been decidedly unfavourable in more ways than one. Apart from the general uncertainty in trade, and consequent losses caused by the delay in bringing forward the tariff, the weather has been so much against pastoralists and agriculturists as to cause great fears of another bad season. Appearances at the moment certainly point to the probability of this occurring. Excluding Queensland, which is, generally, in a more favourable state than for some years past, owing to continuous and good rains, the remainder of the Commonwealth is suffering more or less from lack of rain. All that great area of New South Wales included in what are known as the Western and Central districts, large enough to cover two European countries with ease, is as dry as the proverbial bone. The light rain that has fallen caused little or no grass to spring. The few blades that did come up have long since gone to sustain the multitudes of rabbits which swarm everywhere, and subsist where cattle and sheep are dying by hundreds from starvation. The great dust storms have swept the land bare in many cases, and what were once rabbit proof wire-netting fences are now indicated by mounds of sand and small timber gathered together by the winds. The country is in a deplorable state, and the few anchored pastoralists left—it can hardly be thought that any remain there from choice—are making what preparation possible to meet another dry, monotonous year. The agricultural lands of New South Wales are in a better condition than the pastoral, but are still very patchy, and do not by any means indicate the probability of anything like a big crop. Indeed, as far as general indications go, one can certainly look for a short yield of all agricultural products, together with a reduction in wool.

In Victoria, at the time of writing, the outlook is decidedly the reverse of favourable. Prospects are worse then even in 1895 and 1896 at this date, and it looks very much as if a very poor cereal season was to be experienced. Dairy farmers have been caught with little feed, short grass, and no shelter for stock in perhaps the hittest winter for thirty years or so. The result has been disastrous. Dairy stock have been more than decimated, and the survivors are not likely to give anything but a much reduced supply of milk. A short butter output must, therefore, be expected. The shortness of grass has tended to induce extremely high prices for fat stock, and record rates for both sheep and cattle have been obtained during the month at the markets, with a consequent advance in the retail selling prices of meat, inflicting considerable hardship on the poor.

In South Australia agricultural and pastoral prospects are patchy. Generally, the outlook is considered to be unfavourable, though there, as in Victoria, there is time for a marvellous recovery in the weather to change what appears certain to be a bad season into a fairly good one. The plentiful use of fertilisers has made many farmers less dependent on the rainfall for good crops, for well manured crops will stand twice as much drought as unmanured fields.

West Australian prospects have, so far, not been reported on. Of Tasmania, it is yet too early to speak with certainty.

From the foregoing it will be seen that the position of two of our great industries is unfavourable, and likely to remain so unless heavy rain soon falls.

The Trade Outlook.

When our mining, pastoral, and agricultural industries are flourishing, the trade of the Commonwealth can be expected to be active. When any one of these three great divisions of our natural wealth are affected, trade will reflect its conditions. At the moment, the agricultural and pastoral prospects are gloomy, and, in addition, mining is under a cloud. Trade, therefore, apart from the artificial activity which is induced from time to time by speculations regarding the coming Federal tariff, has been dull, and from present prospects seems likely to continue so for many months to come.

The pastoral and agricultural conditions at present ruling we have already dealt with. Take mining: Gold production is only increasing in one State out of the six forming the confederacy. The returns for the first seven months are as follow:—

	1900. Oz.	1901. Oz.
Victoria	417,274 ..	425,713
New South Wales	209,820 ..	158,687
Queensland	582,949 ..	443,230
Western Australia	871,793 ..	1,018,414
Tasmania	39,700 ..	39,637
Totals	2,151,536 ..	2,085,681

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ADVANCES OBTAINABLE at Current Rates on approved freehold securities either by way of fixed loans or on the cash credit system. In the former case the borrower has the option of reducing the principal at any interest due date, and is therefore only chargeable with interest on the balance; and in the latter case interest is charged on the amount used; or in other words, on the daily balance.

JOHN F. MUIR, Manager.

Forms and particulars on application.

Western Australia shows a recovery from the great depression of 1900. In other States there has been a general decrease, together with a still greater reduction in the number of men employed.

So much for gold. The fall in the value of lead has clean knocked the bottom out of Broken Hill. Notwithstanding the recognition, for some very considerable time past, that a cheaper and better process for treating zinciferous ores was badly wanted, such process has not been found, and, with lead down to £11 15s., or thereabouts, half the mines have closed down, and many of the others are working at reduced rates. The outlook there is bad. Scarcely one company finds it profitable to continue to produce lead, even in hopes of the price again advancing. There are no working reserves to speak of, and the result is that several thousands of people have been rendered almost destitute by the stoppage of work. It is not as if they could immediately turn their energies in other direc-

tions. They are a few hundred miles from any decent trade or producing centre.

The copper mining of Australia has also received a severe blow; Chillagoe has dropped like lead, and Mt. Lyell is selling at reduced levels. Taking the prices of the principal gold, lead, and copper mines for the past twelve months, we have the following:—

GOLD.

	Aug., 1900.	Jan., 1901.	Aug., 1901.
South Germans ..	£5 6 0 ..	£3 8 0 ..	£1 16 0
Birddays ..	5 0 0 ..	2 15 0 ..	2 4 0
South Glenfines ..	9 5 0 ..	9 10 0 ..	1 7 0
Great Boulder ..	1 13 0 ..	1 4 6 ..	0 18 0
Lake View Consols ..	1 115 0 ..	7 15 0 ..	7 19 0
Boulder Perseverance ..	1 110 0 ..	7 0 0 ..	7 11 3
Ivanhoe ..	10 5 0 ..	8 6 3 ..	7 16 5
Associated ..	3 4 0 ..	2 10 0 ..	2 6 0

SILVER-LEAD.

Broken Hill Pty. ..	£2 7 3 ..	£2 8 0 ..	£1 13 0
Black 10's ..	6 2 0 ..	5 4 0 ..	1 14 6
Broken Hill South ..	2 5 0 ..	2 6 0 ..	0 10 6
North Broken Hill ..	1 2 3 ..	1 5 6 ..	0 7 6
Sulphides ..	1 0 6 ..	0 17 6 ..	0 7 6
Junction North ..	0 12 6 ..	0 6 6 ..	0 1 6

COPPER.

Mount Lyell ..	£7 17 6 ..	£5 17 6 ..	£3 18 0
North Mount Lyell ..	3 10 0 ..	2 15 0 ..	1 18 0
Chillagoe ..	1 10 0 ..	1 10 3 ..	0 11 3
Mount Garnet ..	2 15 0 ..	2 17 6 ..	1 11 0

TIN.

Bischoff ..	£8 0 0 ..	£48 10 0 ..	£35 0 0
Briseis ..	0 8 0 ..	0 7 6 ..	0 8 4

To complete the data, the prices of the leading metals at mid-August last year and the latest cable rates are appended:—

	Aug., 1900.	Aug., 1901.	Fall.
Copper ..	£74 0 0 ..	£66 0 0 ..	£8 0 0
Tim ..	142 15 0 ..	116 0 0 ..	26 15 0
Lead ..	17 15 0 ..	11 17 6 ..	5 17 6
Silver (per oz.) ..	2s. 4 1-16d. ..	2s. 2 13-16d. ..	1 1-4d.

The comparisons are decidedly discouraging. It is plain that as far as mining is concerned in these States, marked depression exists. Agricultural prospects we have shown to be poor, and those of pastoral industry are not bright. With these facts in mind it is impossible to regard the trade outlook for the next six months or so as favourable. True it is, occasional spurts may be induced by the bringing down of the tariff and other factors, but, generally speaking, traders in the Commonwealth must make up their minds for a period of dulness, and more than ordinary caution will need to be exercised to avoid loss.

The Money Market.

After a prolonged period of easiness there are signs that the money in the Commonwealth is about to become dearer. In fact, in some cases it has already hardened. The first move made was by the Union Bank, Bank of Australasia, and Bank of New South Wales all increasing their rates for twelve months' deposits by 2 per cent., bringing them on to the level of other institutions' allowances. This has been followed by a gradual hardening in the rates for advances and discounts, and it is just possible that with the demand for money now ruling continued during the next few months further advances for both borrowing and lending rates will be noticeable. It is possible that the period of easiness here which has been taken by nearly all critics as an unfavourable sign in a new country, is passing.

The factors at work in inducing the present movement are threefold. First and foremost is the continued demands for money by Governments for loans. True it is that much of the money borrowed has, in the ordinary course of events, found its way back again to the deposits of the people, but continued application to the market for funds, even if it do not appreciably reduce the amount of capital available for investment, must, in the end, tend to harden rates. Secondly, the flow of British capital out of the States continues. Rates here are unprofitable for the renewal of mortgages now current, and as loans fall due the repayments are naturally withdrawn. The movement has not the same terror for us as it has for some writers. We look upon it as but natural. When money is cheap here, an outflow is to be expected. That very outflow helps to harden up rates, which, when they reach profitable levels once again, cause an inflow of capital. The third cause has been the continued demand for advances from the banks. With no advance in deposits, and considerable increases in the demand for money, naturally the position of the market is firmer. Considering agricultural, pastoral, and mining conditions, which suggest greater demands on the banks, we certainly look for a fair hardening of the money market during the next twelve months.

The Investment Position.

Many enquiries have been made as to the effect an advance in deposit rates would have on gilt-edged investments. The answer is simple, and should be held in mind by all intending investors. A rise in the rate of deposits by another $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. would assuredly put a stop to Metropolitan Board of Works $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. loans at £99 or £98. With, say, 4 per cent. offering by banks, there would be no inducement, except for trust purposes, to buy debentures at existing levels. A fall in prices of Government loans would be but natural, and other gilt-edged securities would also ease.

The movements in what are generally known as investment stocks over the past twelve months are appended, as being of interest at this juncture:—

	Aug., 1900.	Aug., 1901.
Victoria, 4 per cent.	£112 0 0	£106 10 0
Do., 3 per cent.	—	96 7 6
Do., 3 per cent. stock	99 12 6	99 0 0
Metropolitan Board, 5 per cent.	104 5 0	103 0 0
Do., $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.	104 10 0	104 5 0
Do., 4 per cent.	104 10 0	104 5 0
Do., $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. 1917 to 1936	100 7 6 to . . .	100 0 0
Australasia	73 0 0	80 0 0
Colonial, ordinary	0 17 0	1 1 0
Do., preference	9 0 0	9 15 0
Commercial, ordinary	1 3 0	0 14 0
Do., preference	6 16 0	6 13 0
London, ordinary	3 10 0	4 10 0
Do., preference	12 5 0	11 5 0
Royal	0 14 0	0 17 0
Union	39 0 0	44 0 0
National, ordinary	3 18 0	3 13 0
Do., preference	11 17 0	11 8 0
Victoria, ordinary	3 6 0	3 5 0
Do., preference	11 14 0	11 4 0
Melbourne Tramway	0 19 0	1 2 6

In almost every case where dividend or interest payments have remained unaltered, a decline is noticeable. There are a fair number of advances, due to increased dividends, but, generally, the public appear to expect improved rates of interest from investments in gilt-edged securities.

Melbourne Tramway and Omnibus Co. Ltd.

Increasing prosperity in the city, departing contingents, and the Duke of York's attendance to the opening of the Commonwealth Parliament helped this company very largely during the past twelve months; yet

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Assets (December 31, 1900) ... **£66,889,764**
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Subscribed Capital ... **\$2,500,000**
Paid-up ... **\$500,000**
Reserve Fund ... **\$1,425,000**
Accumulated Funds ... **\$5,115,956**

Including £235,189 Sterling, Invested in London and Melbourne.

This Society offers special inducements and facilities for Marine Insurances, and has made a name for prompt and liberal settlements of all claims.

Bonus is paid annually out of profits to contributors of business, and for the last six years has averaged twenty-three per cent.

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J. THOS. WOODS, Acting Agent.

Sydney and Brisbane: Messrs. Gibbs, Bright and Co.
Adelaide: Messrs. Nankivell & Co.

it may be fairly claimed the results are no better than we anticipated some time previously. From the report of the directors to the shareholders, at the meeting held lately, one would think that the company is chronically hard up, or just able to pay its shareholders a small dividend; but, for the purpose of showing how fallacious this is, we append a few comparisons of the principal headings which will be of interest, both to holders of shares, and the general public, who advocate reduced fares and extension of the system:—

	Income.	All Expenditure.	Net Profit.
1895-1896	£353,785	£329,204	£26,581
1896-1897	367,947	329,437	38,510
1897-1898	378,632	350,397	28,235
1898-1899	339,771	359,026	40,745
1899-1900	426,234	369,038	57,166
1900-1901	483,451	372,747	110,704

	Working Expenses.	Tramways Renewal Reserves.	Debenture Interest.	Sinking Fund.
1895-1896	£206,046	£15,158	£76,050	£31,950
1896-1897	206,079	15,158	76,050	31,950
1897-1898	227,239	15,158	76,050	31,950
1898-1899	235,868	15,158	76,050	31,950
1899-1900	243,660	15,158	76,050	34,200
1900-1901	262,479	15,158	76,050	34,200

There is little need to dwell on the results shown. They prove that the company is driving an excellent business. We are not fools enough to believe that the profits were not diminished as far as possible by any necessary writings down, etc., for the company has to face, first of all, the labour question, and, secondly, the clamorous public for cheaper fares. As a proof of this we can refer to the cars, grips, punches, etc., account, which has been written down, prior to the profit being struck, by £27,000 in 1900, and £20,000 in this year. The reductions are important, and are only a sample of what is done in other directions. Should the company's lease not be extended in 1916, the division of the assets of the company among shareholders would lead to a much larger return of capital than the present value of the shares.

Insurance News and Notes.

"The Pavillon de Hanovre," recently acquired by the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, to serve the purpose of a branch office in Paris, is one of the most celebrated buildings in France. Its history goes back to the year 1705. The Pavillon de Hanovre is the last vestige of a famous mansion whose history deserves to be briefly recorded. It was built about 1705, at great expense, for a financier, Francois Mauricet de la Cour, after the plans of Pierre Leve. Some years later Louis XIV. became its owner, and gave it to the Count de Toulouse, in payment of a debt. Then the Duke d'Antin settled there, and created a garden and a magnificent park. Finally, in 1757, Marshal de Richelieu, finding his palace in the Place Royale too small, and its situation out of fashion, transported there his household goods. It was restored in 1887, and a story added to it under the direction of the architect Soty, the fine facade of the first floor, however, being carefully preserved. The building is splendidly situated, and under its present ownership will be saved to the French people for many years.

A destructive fire broke out on the 26th inst. on the steamer Palmoral, berthed alongside the Sugar Refining Company's wharf at Port Adelaide. The vessel had arrived a few days previously with a cargo of 5,000 tons of sugar from Java ports. The fire was discovered about 10 p.m., and the ship's hose was set to work, but

proved ineffectual. The Port Adelaide brigade was summoned, and by the time it arrived the sugar had become a liquid, boiling mass, and continued burning until about 7 a.m. the following morning. About 1,500 baskets of sugar were destroyed, and a large quantity in the lower hold damaged by water. The cause of the fire is unknown.

* * * * *

News of a disastrous fire at Foochow was received in Melbourne at the close of last month. The offices and go-downs of Messrs. Odell and Co., R. Anderson and Co., John Gittens and Co., F. Cave, Thomas and Co., and Fraser, Ramsay and Co., have been totally destroyed.

* * * * *

The Transvaal gold-mining companies have been defeated in their action against the Alliance Marine and General Assurance Company for the recovery of £223,750, value of gold commandeered by Kruger, the court holding that the risk was not covered by the policy. No claim was indeed possible under the policy-wording, a copy of which we possess, unless the commandeering could be construed as an act of theft. But at the time the Transvaal Government was a defacto one, and the gold was enemy property. The war risk was neither mentioned nor covered by the terms of the policy. It is perhaps worth the while of the companies to enquire whether they have good ground of action against the British Government as successor to the Transvaal Government.—“The Argus.”

* * * * *

The insurance profession has lost one of its members by death during the month. Mr. F. Pantlin, who for twenty-five years has been the manager of the Lion Insurance Co., at Melbourne, passed away at Dr. Seelenmeyer's private hospital, Dandenong-road, on the 9th inst.

* * * * *

The ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the latest “Annex” to the Mutual Life Insurance Company's office in New York City was performed by President McCurdy on April 5. This annex is chiefly remarkable on account of its foundation, which extends one hundred feet below the kerb, and rests upon bed-rock. The surrounding buildings are supported by caissons sunk beneath their original foundations, involving a feat of engineering never equalled in the construction of any other building in the world. There will be four stories underground and fifteen above. It is impossible to give a technical account of the work in the limited space we have. The “Engineering News,” of New York, devoted five pages to a description of this foundation. Some idea of the amount of work in the foundations may be obtained from the quantities of material used. For instance, 2,600 tons of steel will be left in the foundation, as well as about 20,000 barrels of cement, 10,000 cubic yards of stone, and 5,000 cubic yards of sand. Approximately, 45,000 cubic yards of material will have been taken out and carted away.

* * * * *

Mr. T. H. Payne, M.L.C., has joined the board of the Victoria Insurance Co. Ltd.

* * * * *

An extraordinary disaster occurred last month at Gaddsvigen, a port in Sweden. The Louise Adelaide, 672 tons, of Portland, Maine, had arrived in the port laden with petroleum. The Customs authorities were sealing up the hatches, and were using a lighted match for the purpose, when a terrific explosion occurred. The ship was blown up, and the captain, nine seamen, a shipbroker, and two Customs officials were killed on the spot.

* * * * *

At the inquest into the death of H. Clegg, who was killed in the great fire at Anthony Hordern and Sons', in Sydney last month, the chief engineer, in charge of the electric lighting plant gave evidence. He stated that if the wires were overloaded with electricity they would grow red-hot, and might cause fire, but they

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New Ordinary Branch Assurances Issued,
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In the Company's Ordinary Branch Every Year
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were not overloaded on the morning of the fire. It was impossible to run lights at a greater voltage than 110, or to overload the wires without altering the engine. The assistant engineer stated that on the morning of the fire 105 volts were generated, and he did not think it could have been caused by the electric light installation. The superintendent of the fire brigade stated the strength of the brigade was totally insufficient to cope with a fire of such magnitude. The chief accountant of Hordern's said the loss sustained by the firm (after allowing for the insurance) was estimated at £130,000. The jury, in their verdict, were unable, from the evidence adduced, to say how the fire originated, and added the following rider: “We are of opinion that the buildings should have been provided with some special means of escape in case of fire, and that the employees should have been instructed in the use of the appliances to extinguish the fire. We intend these remarks to apply to all similar buildings in the city of Sydney.”

* * * * *

At the recent examinations held by the Institute of Actuaries (London) there were four members of the Australian Mutual Provident Society's staff who succeeded in passing:—Mr. Robert Thodey, Head Office, Part 3, Section B (final); Mr. S. O. Benjamin, Victoria Branch, Part 2; Mr. H. D. Franklin, Victoria Branch, Part 1; Mr. B. Latham, Victoria Branch, Part 1.

* * * * *

An action in the Supreme Court, arising out of the defalcations of William Hurst Buckley, formerly chief clerk and accountant in the Crown Law Department, was dealt with by Mr. Justice Holroyd in the First Civil Court, Melbourne, on the 23rd ult. The defendants were the Australian Alliance Assurance Company. Buckley was guaranteed by the Australian Alliance Coy. in the sum of £2,000, up to December 31, 1897.

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VERY SPECIAL.—50 Africa, 1s. 9d.; 100 Africa, 6s. 6d.; 50 Asia, 1s. 9d.; 100 Asia, 6s. 6d.; 100 North America, 5s. 6d.; 100 South America, 5s. 6d.

SOME OF OUR AGENTS.—LANCASTON, Birchall and Son; HOBART, Miss Kelly; ADELAIDE, Camworne and Co., Gawler-place; WELLINGTON, N.Z., S. & W. Mackay; GERALD, Vic., J. Purdie; BELLARAT, J. O'Connell, Staff-street; HAMILTON, J. A. Keenan.

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He then replaced this policy by one in the Colonial Mutual Insurance Coy. for a similar amount, commencing from January 1, 1898. In August, 1899, he was suspended for irregularities in his books. An audit showed that the deficiency in his accounts amounted to £1,013 up to December 31, 1897, and to £1,750 after that date. He thereupon repaid £1,500 to the Crown, leaving a deficiency from January 1, 1898, of £250. This sum the Colonial Mutual Coy. were willing to pay, and offered a cheque for the amount, but it could not be accepted until a settlement was effected with the Australian Alliance Coy., who refused to pay, as the policy had been taken over by the other company, whom they held to be liable. They also claimed that even if liable, they were entitled to share in the repayments made by Buckley subsequent to the date of transference. The court gave its decision in favour of the Crown, and entered judgment for £1,013 against the Australian Alliance Assurance Coy. with costs.

* * * * *

Twelve life offices doing business in Queensland have funds invested there of £3,140,563; out of this amount, the sum of £2,702,415 is to the credit of the Australian Mutual Provident Society.

* * * * *

An interesting letter on life insurance in China, from Mr. J. H. Wattie, has recently appeared in the insurance press in England, and we quote the following:—

"The Chinese Mutual is the first life insurance company ever started in China, and it began one year ago, with a capital of 500,000 taels, with 10 per cent. paid up. The company is not mutual, as the term applies in this country. It writes 10, 15 and 20-year endowment policies only, which, in fact, is the only kind of business that can be written, as the Chinese take insurance only as investment, and to show them the benefits secured in their estates at their death is to lose the business. You cannot insult a Chinaman more than by saying anything about death to him. When a man insures and is examined he considers that he is 'guaranteed' to live for the full term of his policy, and this is, to a great extent, the way business is conducted here in the Chinese mind. A great deal of business is also done through 'friend pigeon,' after canvassing for some time, in a sort of way to get rid of you they will give you a policy for friendship which they call 'friend pigeon.' They are also very much afraid that at death or during sickness it will be necessary to have a foreign doctor to attend them. They raise a great objection to this.

The Peerless Bath Cabinet, a most novel invention just placed on the market, particulars of which appear in our advertising columns, permits of everybody enjoying an excellent bath at home in their own bedroom at practically no expense. It accommodates itself to little space, folding up like a screen when not in use. Many of our best household and hygienic appliances come from America, and by no means one of the least valuable is the Peerless Bath Cabinet.***

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noises in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, gave £5,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Address No. 500 N, The Nicholson Institute, Longcott, Gunnersbury, London, W.

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"John Hancock," 21 jewels, ... for gentlemen
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Gray Hair is Starved Hair
Ayer's Hair Vigor
Feeds the Roots of the Hair.



Old at Thirty-five

Nothing tells of age so quickly as gray hair. Do you derive genuine comfort from looking old before your time?

If not, then get rid of this telltale sign of age. Bring back to your hair all the richness and color it had when you were in your early teens. Ayer's Hair Vigor will certainly do this for you.

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If your hair is thin, too short, or splits at the ends, it is being starved. Then why not feed it? Why not give it something from which long, rich, thick, dark hair may be made? Why not give it the great hair-food, Ayer's Hair Vigor? You will be perfectly satisfied with it, we are sure.

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You don't have to wait long. In a couple of weeks the old color begins to return, and soon you have again all the rich, dark color of early life. Look in the mirror today and take a glance at your gray hair. Then use Ayer's Hair Vigor for a couple of weeks and look again. You will look ten years younger.

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